Voyage of the Two Sisters

EGBERT BULL SMITH

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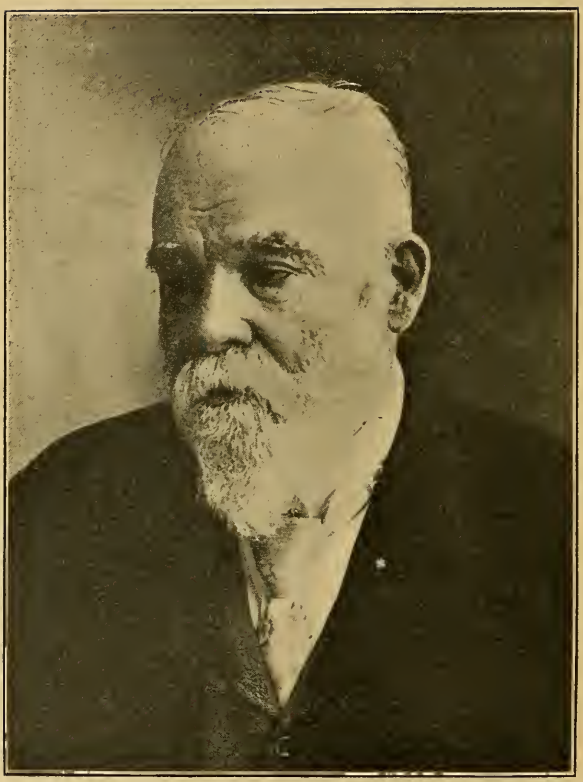

Egbert Bull Smith.

Voyage of

"The Two Sisters"

A Cabin Boy's Story

By

EGBERT BULL SMITH

NEW YORK
1908

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To
The Young People of Port Jefferson
Who Love the Sea
This Book of Travel is
Affectionately
Dedicated

Preface

THIS book contains an account of a three years' cruise—including two years on the coast of China and Japan. It is a cabin boy's story, extending over the period between September 1st, 1858, to October 13th, 1861, on board the bark "Two Sisters;" Capt. Benjamin.

The author has been blind more than thirty-one years, and it has been through much patience and perseverance that he has completed this work. Scarcely a page of it was written, however, without invoking Divine aid.

The readers will, undoubtedly, find errors, but they will be indulgent when they remember the great disadvantage under which it has been written.

I am indebted to Alexander George Findlay's Sailing Directory, third edition, for some of the descriptive matter.

Respectfully submitted by the Author,

EGBERT BULL SMITH,
Port Jefferson, Long Island,
NEW YORK.

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Voyage of the Two Sisters

Chapter I.

My Home and Its Surroundings.

Our home circle consisted of my mother, two younger sisters, and a brother, three years my senior. My father was absent from home, far away in the gold fields of California. Our home, a humble, yet neat and comfortable dwelling, was situated on the main road running east and west, halfway between two villages, located at the extreme end of a beautiful and picturesque bay, adjacent to Long Island Sound. It was a story and a-half high, painted white, with a red roof, making it quite conspicuous for some distance around.

The thoroughfare east and west of us was lined on either side with hedgerows, which we children had occasion to explore frequently in search of balls, arrows, and other things belonging to a boy's and girl's stock of playthings; also for hens' nests. Back of these hedgerows were grain fields, gardens or pasture lands. During the summer months the highway was very picturesque; in the rear, yellow grain, green gardens or cattle grazing quietly. On either side were fragrant and beautifully tinted blossoms without number, yellow and variegated butterflies darting hither and thither, busy bees and other insects with their activity and continual hum, and many birds of different species, filling the air with their melody, "without money and without price."

On our side of the hedgerow, a well kept vegetable garden could be seen. My mother took the most prominent part in planting and caring for it, with the help of brother and myself after school hours and on Saturdays. My brother became a valuable helper, but I never had much success in gardening. I acted as salesman, however, going before school hours into the village east of us, with a basket filled with lettuce, radishes, cucumbers and other vegetables in their season. The proceeds of my sales defrayed the expense of preparing the ground and buying the seeds.

We also kept chickens, turkeys, pigs and sometimes a cow, which made it necessary for us to have a field of corn which, after having the ground prepared and some assistance in planting, we would then 'tend and, in due time, gather. My brother and I, for our own amusement, would sometimes keep rabbits, of which, alas, the cats made too frequently sad havoc. The woodpile was especially under our immediate supervision, which duty I evaded as often as possible, though the opportunity seldom, if ever, occurred. My little sisters had their duties to perform in household affairs, and took delight in their flower gardens. My brother and I were always detailed at the proper time to assist them in preparing the ground, by turning up the soil with a spade. My mother, too, was fond of flowers, she always showed a lively interest in all the innocent amusements of her children; while at the same time, she lovingly watched over them and cared for them in sickness and in health, so far as possible with the means at her command, and well did she, with heart and mind and strength, perform her duty in the fear of God.

Of course, boys and girls must, necessarily, have time for play as well as for work, which fact our mother never failed to recognize. A short distance on either side of our home were neighbors who had their full quota of children of about the same ages. We visited one another often, but not quite so frequently, perhaps, as we might have desired, especially during the vacation season.

The seat of learning for this vicinity was situated about a mile distant, to the west of us. Some part of the way was quite lonesome, but we generally had company to and from school, a little too much, sometimes, to enable us to make the best time on our way home, especially during the season of playing ball and marbles. The district fathers were careful to engage competent instructors, every parent paying a small fee for each child. Can it be possible that one should ever forget the little red schoolhouse with the woodshed on the east end, the faithful and patient teacher, the boys and the girls? "There the orchard yonder, here the deep old fashioned well with its green moss-covered bucket." The memory of these, even to this day, thrills me as no tongue can tell.

I had an eventful experience one day at the old well. The good fathers, in committee assembled, resolved that the children should no longer drink from the "old moss-covered bucket" or from the trough "like dumb driven cattle." but that a tin dipper should be provided.

In due time the new dipper was installed, not fastened with a small chain to the well curb, but simply hung up on a nail. In those days it was not deemed possible that a child would be so careless as to run off with the dipper or let the dipper run away from him. But one day I ran

to the old well to slack my thirst, pulled up the "moss-covered bucket," filled to the brim, and eagerly seized from off its nail the new dipper, when lo; through some unforeseen cause, that bright, new, tin dipper escaped from my hands and proceeded, ding! dong! ding! dong! down the well. It filled and sank to the bottom. Alas, for me, my hopes and ambitions went down also, and even to this day, I can seem to hear the echo of that sound, "ding! dong!" as that tin dipper went down the well. Of course, this great calamity was forthwith communicated to the teacher, by some of the boys and girls, who, by the way, had a peculiar method of their own, though strictly in accord with human nature, of expressing their sympathy for a playmate who may have "fallen in life's battle." To be sure just such tale-bearers have lived and died in all ages, as well as the present.

Now, the actual cost to the school district for the useful source through which flowed all the water power necessary to run the institution, both for students and faculty, was exactly six cents, and the nail was its only security. Immediately after school was called for the afternoon session, court was convened and I, John Smith, was brought to trial. The charge against me was that, carelessly or purposely, I had permitted the new tin dipper to fall out of my hand into the well. I pleaded guilty to the first charge, carelessness, but firmly defended myself against the second charge, purposely. The witnesses were about evenly divided, but the teacher, Miss Alida L. Brown, whose duty it was to act as both judge and jury, sustained the whole charge and maintained that the defendant was purposely careless. In vain I protested that the act was not intentional and pleaded earnestly that the case be dismissed on the ground that the offense committed was

purely accidental. My motion was denied, inasmuch as the "laws of the Medes and Persians" (the decision of the school-teacher), "could not be altered." The teacher proceeded at once to pronounce sentence, as follows: I, John Smith, promise, here and now, that on the following morning I would bring to the teacher either a new tin dipper or six cents in cash, and, in default of such promise, I must remain that very afternoon after school and be punished. I earnestly appealed from the decision, as I had not any bank account, and I knew also that six cents would be a serious draft on our family treasury; *I was willing to promise almost anything, but how to perform*, I knew not. My appeal, however, was denied, and I was doomed to accept the inevitable. I was sent to my seat, court adjourned and the students resumed their regular studies, but I meditated all that afternoon, my head filled with tin dippers, the old well, six cents and PUNISHMENT.

As the hours went slowly by I imagined that I could feel a strange, peculiar sensation in the extremity of my forearm (for the information of my young readers I will state that I was born and brought up during the ferrule age). The long afternoon came to an end at last. After the school was dismissed, I was called up to the front. While my sentence was not commuted, I believe even to this day that my punishment was much mitigated. No questions were asked, however, or advanced, but as the faithful teacher proceeded to administer justice, I had an inkling that she was sharing with me a portion of my burden. After it was all over, and as I now had the matter fully in hand, I was set at liberty and my mind soon resumed its normal condition.

I want to tell you, boys and girls, that children in those days were not little angels, anymore than they are now, but it was not thought necessary to have officers of the law to look after us, for a case of "playing hookey" seldom occurred; yet, I, one day, did commit the deed. It came about in this way. I had the misfortune to be born with an affliction which has followed me, more or less, all my life up to the present moment. Of course, I was in no wise responsible for it, yet it was always a source of mortification to me, especially in my childhood days. Boys and girls, like those who so eagerly testified against me in the dipper case, seldom lost an opportunity of informing me of the fact, which information was not at all necessary, for the realization of it was ever before me. It was the custom in the schools of those days, at the opening of the morning session, to read from God's word. We would all stand opposite our seats, facing each other, forming a hollow square, the teacher standing in the center of the space at the bottom, and the primary department sitting on their little low benches in the same order, directly in front of us. Each one standing would read in turn their respective verses, the boys on the south side and west end and the girls on the north side. There was a continuous desk running around the south, west and north sides of the room and our seats were long benches without backs. I sat generally near the south-east corner opposite a window, a few feet from the inside door. Those in the primary department were more fortunate; their benches were fitted with backs.

One cloudy morning, which seemed especially dark, to me, knowing that I could not possibly see to read my verse from the little black testament that we used, I dreaded to make the attempt. It did not occur to me that

I might have been excused, but the old feeling was revived in me that somehow I was to blame for it all, so I determined to pass the school by, which I did. I went down to the stores around the shore, and wandered about until the noon hour, and then slowly came to the school grounds and joined myself to the boys there at play. That afternon I attended school, as usual. No one ever called me to account for this misdemeanor, although my mother, brother and sisters knew that I had been absent from school that morning. The teacher and students also knew that I was not there; perhaps all of them guessed the reason why.

I have stated before that my father was in California. We received letters from him, from time to time, indeed, he had provided the comfortable new home in which we were living since his absence from us. I was always looking for him, and never came from school but what I hoped to find him at home. He did come; but not until many years had come and gone. I little thought then that when I had grown to be a man, and was on my way around the world for the second time, I would meet him in his little cabin home, in the gold fields of California. But so it happened. One afternoon we came home from school, as usual, and found that a friend of our father, direct from California, and from the very camp where he was working, had called during the day. Father had sent by him a present for each of us. My brother and I each received a gold pen and pencil in a beautiful gold case. My sisters each a gold ring and twenty-five cent pieces, coined in gold. Mother was remembered more substantially. He also sent us bits of free gold, diagrams of some mines, and sketches of implements and machinery used in mining. That day was a high day with us all.

It is needless to say that after all my wanderings I still have my gold cased pen and pencil. My father also promised that when he came home he would bring me a real Indian bow and arrow. Well, the bow and arrow never came, because I went to him; however, the anticipation of receiving it was as much pleasure as the actual possession would have been. Yet, after all that is said and done, boys then, as boys now, liked to possess things once in a while.

A great change has taken place around about us, no more humming or buzzing of the insect life and activities in the hedgerows; no more green foliage and fragrant blossoms; no more yellow or variegated winged butterflies, flitting hither and thither; no birds on the bough or on the wing, making the air ring with their melodies; no grain waving in the fields. All about was cold, barren and apparently dead, but we children were generally contented. Therefore, "December was as pleasant as May" for us, especially about Christmas time, for of all the days, the day most blest was Christmas day. Why is it, boys and girls, that all over the Christian world it is considered to be the best, the most gladsome day in all the year? Is it not because of God's great gift of His Son to all nations, peoples and tongues? If there are any of the millions of boys and girls in this wide world to whom Christmas is not a gladsome day, it is because they do not know that a Savior has been born. The meaning of it all was explained to us in language as simple as a mother's love could make it. With what eagerness and earnest expectation we would hang up, near the fireplace, one of our very best stockings with a determined purpose to watch for old Santa the whole night long, if necessary, so that we might

be sure to see him when he came. But somehow, he always managed to come and go, just when we were dreaming. Perhaps his sleigh was not as large as it is in these days and could not bring as many things, yet he was just as good and kind, and just as generous with what he had then, and he brought as much happiness as he does now.

In addition to the holiday pleasures, we had our coasting and skating, snow forts to build and snow balling to do. During these winter months, it was mostly all play and very little work, with the exception of going on errands, and the wood pile, which was always in evidence, as I have previously stated.

It was a delight to attend school during this season of the year, and the old, long, box-shaped stove, which stood in the center of the school room, was especially attractive to us. School being called, we would come in, after handling the snow freely, and the nearer we got to the old stove, the more our fingers would ache. Many were the discussions that were held among the boys in the old wood-house which was attached to the school building.

The evenings were usually spent at home, and from time to time we would crack walnuts, pop corn and make candy. Mother would frequently read for us, after which we generally had lessons to look after. Sabbath evenings, we attended church, occasionally, especially if "protracted meetings" were being held. The church was a mile distant to the east from our home. On the opposite side of the street, just back of the hedgerow a miniature lake was formed in the fall of the year because of the heavy rains. Of course, this little lake was frozen over during the winter. It was about thirty by three hundred feet, and many were the happy hours which my brother and I spent upon it. We had a back fitted on one

of our sleds. One would get on, with plenty of wraps to make himself comfortable, while the other would furnish the motive power and, taking turns, go from end to end of the pond, back and forth, time and time again.

I must tell you how each of us became the owner of a store sled. I have stated before that we sometimes raised a field of corn. The first part of the winter in question corn was worth a dollar a bushel and sleds were being sold for a dollar each. One Saturday, mother told us that we could shell two bushels of corn and take it and buy each of us a sled. We had to shell it by hand, so we got a spade and a shovel and went to work with a will. It is needless to say that the corn was at the store in good time, the sleds were there, too, all painted brightly, each with its name on in fancy letters. But, alas! it happened that mother had an account at the store. The clerk said to us, "Tell your mother we give her credit for two dollars." That credit business rather staggered my brother and me. However, we retired in good order and consulted with each other, and thus reasoned: "All honest bills should be paid as soon as possible." But mother had said that we might buy sleds with that corn and that was law for us. Then we took courage and went again to the store and said to the clerk: "We don't want credit for that corn, we want sleds." The kind old storekeeper was consulted and said: "Well, my boys, sleds you shall have," and sleds we received. The name of my sled was "Speed," and the name of my brother's, "Victor." Our hearts were full of joy and gladness as we took them home, envied by every boy and girl we met. Our sisters were promised the free use of them occasionally. That was a great day for my brother and me, never to be forgotten.

Everything that a boy has is liable to meet with some accident, and so it happened with my sled. One day during the following winter it broke down. I repaired it in part, so that it was not put entirely out of commission. It happened that one of our neighbors was a carpenter and had a shop down in the village to the east of us. On a certain Saturday I took my sled down to his shop to get an estimate of the cost of getting it repaired. I had not the slightest idea, however, of having the work done; as I had only three cents. But, with this amount of capital in my possession, I thought I was justified in making the inquiry at least. The old man looked the sled over and said: "Well—some very bad breaks." "Yes, sir. How—how much will it cost to fix it?" I stammered. "Well," said he, "I think I can fix it up all right for you," and without answering my question, he actually began the work, and as he worked, hummed an old church hymn.

I mused within myself, thus: "I wanted my sled repaired very much, and I did not have nearly enough money to pay for it; my only three cents was in evidence to this fact. Now," I said to myself, "I asked him how much it would cost, but he did not tell me, and if he had a mind to go on with the work and take the chances for his pay—well, I am sure I cannot help it." And so I waited, patiently, saying in thought, "Let the good work go on." Occasionaly he would ask me a question about school, our home or about some local affairs. After waiting and watching an hour and a half, he pronounced it finished, all complete, as strong as ever it was. I expressed myself as being much pleased and with as much assurance as possible, I said: "Mr. Jones, how much is it?" He took off his glasses and quietly laid them down on his bench, then turning he looked on me a moment and said:

"I guess about three cents will pay for the screws I put in it, that will be all." Of course, I was much surprised, and as soon as I had recovered from my astonishment, I got my three cents together and stepped up and paid him like a man. Perhaps he knew something about my circumstances and charged me accordingly. The dear old man has long since passed into his eternal home, but I cannot forget his kindness to me that day.

How eagerly we watched for the first fall of snow. We were a happy lot of children and, as I have said before, the winter, as well as the summer, brought to us many pleasures. "Consider the power and the weakness of the snow; can anything be gentler? A child's hand catches and subdues it; ere he can see it, it is gone. The babe can master that which masters mankind. Boys gather it, it is submissive. All things seem stronger than the snow, new born. Yet, one night weaving, it covers the earth through wide latitude and longitude with a garment that all the looms of earth could not have furnished. One day more and it sinks the fences underneath, obliterates all roads, and levels up the whole landscape as spade and plow, and ten thousand time ten thousand engineers and workmen could not do. It lays its hand upon the mighty engine and stops its wheels. It stands before our harbors and lets down a white darkness that baffles the pilot and checks the returning ship. It mounts the hills and mountains and gathers its army without the sound of a drum or trumpet, until the day comes when it charges down, and who can withstand its coming in battle array? What power is this in the host of weakness! So the thoughts of good men, though small and silent, gather slowly and at last become masters of time and of the ages. If such be the power of God's weakness, what must be

the almightiness of God, the thunderings of his power. Consider that the descent of snow has relations not alone thus to fancy, but it is also a worker. It has become a proverb that the snow, fresh and newly fallen, is the poor man's fertilizer. It gathers again the waste material of earth and spreads it with equal distribution over the land and brings back to them their richness without the stroke of hammer or the sound of turning wheel. There is more going on under the silent snow than in all the smithies, all the factories upon the earth. The power of God upon the natural earth is silently underworking. Not simply cold and chill, and waste and barrenness, but all forms of beauty, all promise of strength and all hope for the coming summer. So may our winter of trouble be to us."

CHAPTER II.

Hopes and Fears

At different points along the shores of the bays near my home were located shipyards, and in them were built some of the fastest vessels that ever wore canvas and some of the finest looking crafts in the world, not racing machines, but sea-going vessels. I will mention, as a sample, the yacht, "Wanderer," which was built about fifty years ago. One vessel especially excited my curiosity more than any other. It was being built in the yard of Mr. Bacom, at Setauket, and was nearly completed. It was easy for me, during the school days, to slip down to the yard during the noon hour and with other boys play "hide and seek" about her decks and cabins, hoping all the time that some day, I might sail in such a ship, but I was afraid that time would never come. I little thought then that within a few months my hopes would be realized, my doubts become certainties and my fears, assurance.

It was about this time that my uncle promised to take my brother and me with him on one of his trips across Long Island Sound. My turn was to come first. I made great reckoning of the event. At length the day came. Mother made cake and baked beans for me, and fitted me out in general and I embarked. The vessel was loaded with wood, and bound for New Haven, Conn. We arrived in due time, and after disposing of the wood, took a cargo of oyster shells and returned home. The whole trip occupied about a week. I enjoyed it greatly, and as I was a guest of my uncle, who was both owner and captain, on

this little trip, it greatly increased my ambition for a seafaring life.

Now, it happened that one of my schoolmates, whom I will call Carl, had engaged himself to one of our local sea captains as cabin boy and had actually sailed for Genoa, Italy, far away across the Atlantic ocean and up the Mediterranean sea. Far away, sure enough, so it seemed to his playmates then, and so it was in those days. Many were the long talks we boys had together about Carl. Would he fall overboard and be devoured by sharks? Would the vessel be wrecked on some lonely island and the crew be eaten by cannibals? Again what curiosities he would see in the far away land, the mighty fortress of Gibraltar, and the great Vesuvius. In short, would he ever get back home again and tell us about all the wonders of the deep.

There was a rumor through the village of Setauket that the vessel in which Carl sailed had arrived at the port of New York. Of course, we boys were very anxious to meet him and see what sort of a looking chap he was after being a sailor boy for over five months on a voyage to the old world and back. On the following Saturday after Carl's arrival in New York, I was sent to the village to buy some groceries. As I drew near to the stores I noticed a crowd of men and boys standing around, and I knew something must be up. As I came up I beheld Carl, standing in the midst of a circle of inquiring friends. To us, boys, he looked every inch a hero. After expressing my delight in seeing him home again, I said: "Did you see any whales?" "Yes," he said, "I have seen schools of them." As I withdrew from the crowd I overheard an old man, who was standing there looking at Carl, say: "Well, he looks like a boy that's seen foreign parts." As

I returned home that afternoon with my basket of groceries, I repeated to myself, "He looks like a boy that's seen foreign parts." Of course, I told them all at home whom I had seen, what was said and what I was thinking about: —that I might, ere long, go away on some ship as cabin boy. My sisters looked grave and said: "Carl is three years older than you are." Mother observed, as she went about quietly preparing the supper, "Well, my son, I do not know what is in store for you yet." My brother, who was about the same age as Carl, encouraged me and said to us all: "If he can get a good chance to go on a voyage, and if he does not like it, he will be contented to remain at home and go to school."

Carl continued to be THE BOY of the village for a long time. To us boys, the following quotation seemed fitted to him: "If any man can preach a sermon, or write a book or make a mouse trap better than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." And many were the boys that called on him, whom he received on his front fence or around in his woodshed. Of course, all these things increased the longing desire which had gotten hold upon me to see foreign parts.

Chapter III.

My Determination

The vessel in which, while building, I was especially interested had been completed, launched and towed to New York to be rigged. I had made great reckoning of seeing her with masts, yards and sails, in fact with all her rigging on complete, but I was at this time disappointed. She was named the "Two Sisters." I was determined to know more about her or about some other vessel in the near future.

The "Two Sisters" was now on her first voyage bound for Mobile, Alabama, and back to New York. The captain, on his last voyage up the Mediterranean Sea to Italy, had engaged an Italian lad as cabin boy, of whom he became very fond. His name was Keiff. Of course Keiff was duly installed as cabin and sailor boy in general on board the "Two Sisters." I thought perhaps that Keiff would soon graduate into a real sailor before the mast, and that then I might be fortunate enough to secure his position as cabin boy on board the "Two Sisters," as I had met him before and both of us being young we would be company for each other. So I reckoned within myself and planned. But "man proposes and God disposes." And so it came to pass, not in my way, however, but in God's way.

The "Two Sisters" had arrived in the home port of New York from Mobile, Alabama. A successful

voyage financially no doubt, but one of the crew was missing. Who could it be? It was one who had not a loved one in all this new world to mourn for him. But there was a mother in a far away sunny land whose heart ere long would be rent and torn because her boy had been laid away in the great ocean cemetery, until the sea shall give up its dead. Yes, it was Keiff, the little Italian boy who had fallen from the mainroyal-yard. He fell across the starboard forebrace, and from thence inboard onto the deck. He uttered not a word. He was mortally injured, and in a few moments took his departure to that beautiful land, the nearby "home of the soul." We trust that the mother's heart was comforted by the Comforter.

The captain of the "Two Sisters," who lived in the village of Setauket, was spending a few days at his home while the cargo of his vessel was being discharged. It was my purpose to meet him, if possible, but it was not my intention, at this time, to endeavor to get a berth with him on board of his ship, for he had said, "After my experience with the boy Keiff, I do not care to take any other boy on board, for the present at least." Well, my desire to meet him was gratified. I had occasion one day after school to go into his brother's store. The captain was there and he was talking with some gentlemen present about his last voyage. I overheard him make the following statement: "It may seem like a ghost story to you at first, and so it appeared to us, but like all other ghost stories, it was simply cause and effect, and as such, easily explained; but I am free

to confess that I never was so frightened in all the days of my life. The officers and men stood like statues bolted down to the deck. I will tell you how all this scare came about. The poor boy was buried from the quarter deck. At the time, it was a dead calm, the sea being perfectly smooth and clear. One could see many fathoms below the surface. Everything was ready, and as I finished reading the burial service, I raised my right hand as a signal, and the body of the lad, with a hundred pound weight at the feet, was launched into the deep. Our eyes could not help but follow the remains, incased in a white canvas shroud, as it sank deeper and deeper down into the depths below; but just a moment after it had disappeared from view our eyes still fixed on the spot, it suddenly reappeared in sight again and slowly yet steadily continued rising. What was it? Was it a ghost? No. It was not a ghost, it was the real body with the hundred pound weight attached coming back to us. What could it all mean? Was it a resurrection? So it appeared to us. Our hearts came up into our throats. I tell you gentlemen, the body actually came to the surface and stood up out of the water, up to the knees. It remained in that position only a moment or two and then sank, gradually at first and then faster and faster. It went down and out of sight, never to rise again until time shall be no more. Not a word was spoken; we all seemed paralyzed with fear. The ship was standing comparatively still, when suddenly a fresh breeze sprang up and, as quick as a flash, there came into my mind the cause of all our fear. I said to the

men, 'Men we did not cut any holes in the top of the shroud to allow the air to escape, and so the confined air brought the body back to us again.' Everyone quickly recognized the fact. The spell was broken. The sails were then trimmed, and the ship headed on her course.

"Well! it is not an unusual experience to lose a man at sea, either by sickness or by accident; but for a young lad, as Keiff was, to go out of the world in that way, seems rather rough. No! No! I do not want any more boys with me for a while." The captain's last sentence seemed to be especially addressed to me, yet he did not know anything about my plans; certainly the captain's statement of the death and burial of Keiff, also his last remark, took off the keen edge of my enthusiasm, but I was still determined to watch and wait and to take advantage of the very first opportunity available.

Chapter IV.

Shipped on Board the Barque "Two Sisters" with Captain Benjamin

The "Two Sisters" had gone to sea again. This was her second voyage. She was bound for Mobile, Alabama, and back to New York as before. My brother, in talking over the situation, reiterated his former suggestion, namely, that I had better go with Captain Parker in his sloop; as he had expressed his willingness to take me. As I had been to New Haven already on board of a sloop, my brother's suggestion did not meet with my approval, especially after I had heard Carl tell of his experience and what he had seen, and then I thought of the "Two Sisters." She was only sailing to one of our southern ports, which did not quite come up to my expectations, as I had heard the old man comment on Carl's appearance after his return: "Wall! he looks like a boy that has seen foreign parts."

So the time went on. Summer had come and gone. Autumn was at hand. The whippoorwills had sung their song as usual. The katy-dids were about half through with their concerts. My brother and I had gathered our little crop of potatoes, beans, corn and apples. Bean poles had been stacked up together for future use, and so on. The fall term of school had begun with the new teacher installed. I missed my former teacher very much. Our present teacher was

a lady from our own town. Everyone was much pleased with her. Once in a while I would run down to the stores at noon time to hear the news, if there were any. One day I heard something that greatly surprised me. The "Two Sisters" had arrived from Mobile, had discharged, was even then taking on board a cargo for China, and expected to sail in a few weeks. This news did not arouse my expectation, for I remembered what the captain had said.

A few days after I had heard this news, the captain came home for a day or two. There was a rumor about the village that Captain Benjamin's wife expected to go with him on the voyage to China. Now, my brother was much more of a philosopher than I. He argued that if Mrs. Benjamin was going on the voyage with her husband, he might reconsider his former decision about boys. Up to this time my mother had not given her full consent for me to go away from home, even if I had an opportunity offered me. Of course, we all had talked the matter over, several times before, but when I asked for a definite answer she said that she could not tell, but promised that if I saw the captain, and if he said he would take me, then she would consult with him and decide. It was her purpose to do that which would be for my best good, and to trust in God for divine wisdom to decide aright. By this time the captain had gone to New York, but was expected home again for a few days. The question then would be settled for the present, at least. Those were anxious days for all of us, especially for my mother and me.

I was born on February 8, 1846. It was now September 8, 1858, consequently my age at this time

The Captain.

was just twelve years and seven months. I did not then realize how hard it was for my mother to come to a decision. The captain had returned home again. The very next afternoon, after school, I went down to his brother's store to see him, and to ask him if he wanted to engage a cabin boy. I set out that

afternoon as brave as a lion, at least I thought I was. But when I met him face to face, my courage failed me, and while I was considering the matter he departed. I went home disappointed and disgusted with myself for having failed in my very first attempt. My mother and sisters seemed rather pleased, they thought the question about my going away was settled for this time at least; but my brother, as usual, came to my rescue.

"I will go and ask the captain for you," he said.

"I wish you would, if mother is willing," I replied, and as she had consented for me to go, of course she did not object, so off he went. As it was not yet quite sundown, he was home again before dark. He had seen and talked with the captain, surely enough, and he had said:

"I want a cabin boy, and if your mother is willing I will take John, and if it is possible I wish to see your mother and John this evening to talk the matter over with them, for I will not be home again until a few days before sailing."

My brother's message from the captain was a surprise to us all. While I hoped that it would be so, yet the news came suddenly to me, after all, and I was not as pleased as I had imagined I would be. After supper had been cleared away, my mother, my younger sister and I, set out for the captain's home, which was about a mile to the west of us.

On our way, while I was thinking seriously about the matter, my mother asked me, "Are you sure you want to go away from home?"

"Yes, mother," I said. "I want to go, but not for the sake of leaving home, for I love my home." I was just about ready then to give up the whole thing and go back home again, but I did not.

After reaching the captain's house and a few preliminary remarks, we went straight to business, at least my mother and the captain did. He said:

"I intend to take Mrs. Benjamin with me on the voyage. We think the boy will be useful about the cabin, and if you are willing for him to go, he may have the berth. Of course, I will take good care of him. I will see to it that he is not unnecessarily exposed, such as going aloft or being on deck in bad weather, etc."

In answering, my mother called his attention to the fact that I was very young and that I would need encouragement, instruction and correction, and if Mrs. Benjamin would promise to care for me if I were sick, she would give her consent for her boy to go. Mrs. Benjamin was not present, but the captain said there would be no question about that. So the agreement was made, the die was cast! Able seamen's wages at that time were twelve dollars per month, ordinary seamen, eight dollars. My wages were put down at three dollars per month.

The voyage was to extend from New York to Shanghai, China, and back to New York, and if nothing unusual happened would consume between eleven and twelve months. The captain, after giving us some instruction as to the clothing I would need, said:

"I expect to sail on the twenty-third, which will be one week from to-day. John had better come on board Monday the twenty-second, so as to get used to things a little." He then invited my mother to come on board with me and remain until the ship went to sea. After all these things, we bade him good-night and departed. We did not talk much on the way home. My expectations were being realized rapidly.

Chapter V.

Leaving Home

You must know that leaving home for the first time to be gone a whole year or more is a great event in anyone's life, especially for a boy only twelve years and a-half old, and so it was to me, and not to me only but also to the rest of the family. My brother was the bravest of us all, yet he began to realize how much he would miss me. My sisters wondered if ever I would get home again. My mother was too busy in getting me ready to say very much, only about the things that I would need to make me comfortable while absent from her. There is not a person in the whole wide world but a mother, who would know just what her boy would need for such a long voyage; and in-so-far as a loving heart and hand could provide, all the necessary things were made ready. Among other articles of clothing, a suit was made for me that was mounted with brass buttons, a sort of uniform. My neighbors, the boys and girls, pronounced it just about right. In addition to all the necessary things, mother made for me a large cake. My brother made ready for me a bag of apples.

My last day in the old, red school-house, a day never to be forgotten, came on the Friday previous to my departure, which took place on the following

Monday. It was generally known among the children that this would be my last day at school; consequently, I was "the observed of all observers." I was not thinking so much about my present surroundings, however, but rather on the things which were past and gone, and of my future. Very many happy hours of school life, we had had together, notwithstanding the new tin dipper and similar experiences. We were never to meet again as school children. The teacher reminded them that I was going far away and that I would be gone a long time (it proved to be much longer than any of us expected); and bade them all to bid me farewell. Indeed, it was a long farewell for some of us, for ere I returned our beloved teacher and some of the boys and girls, had passed on to their eternal home.

On may way to and from school that day in company with my brother and sisters and others, we talked the matter over in detail, and as we passed by the familiar scenes we wondered what changes might take place before I would pass that way again. One little green triangular plot, formed by a road on each of the three sides, we boys had named "Fiddler's Green." We would often stop there on our way home from school and play a game at mumble peg.

The next day being Saturday, one of the old family trunks had been brought down from the garret and made ready for the reception of all my earthly goods, at least all that I was to carry with me. My sled, ball and kite, with my other playthings, were to be kept intact for me during my absence. It is needless to say that my mother guarded them with jealous

care until I returned. All took a great interest in packing my trunk, which, to my mother especially, was a hard task to perform. Each one had a corner reserved for himself. Mother had the right hand upper corner, my sisters the lower corners and brother the upper left hand corner. At length, late in the afternoon, all things had been put in their respective places. Clothing for warm weather, clothing for cold weather, every day clothes and Sunday clothes. The corners also had been filled in with shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, mufflers, caps, combs, brushes, a comfort bag, and other tokens to remind me of home and loved ones. In mother's corner, on the top of everything, she had placed her Bible, which not only expressed her interest in my spiritual welfare but also to call my attention directly to my heavenly Father's will concerning my eternal destiny. As far as possible everything now had been made ready for Monday morning.

My last Sabbath at home was a bright and beautiful day. My brother and I attended church in the morning. A delicious dinner was in waiting for us on our return. Mother and the girls had prepared just the things I liked ordinarily, but my appetite that day, and the appetites of the others, were far below normal. Just to think of a boy's last dinner at home with mother, sisters and brother, to be gone for such a long time. The rest of the day was spent around the house, going up and down, out and in. Our neighbors came in during the afternoon and bade me good-bye. Some of my boy and girl friends also called and gave me a word of encouragement, which

I greatly needed. One of them remarked how beautiful the day had been and called attention to the glorious sunset. Each expressed a desire that my future experience might be as bright as the day had been, and the end of my life as beautiful as the sunset scene, spread out before us.

After thanking them all for their many expressions of earnest solicitude for my future welfare, the final good-byes were said and they departed.

Our little family circle sat about the table during the evening, each of them making loving suggestions of advice and encouragement. As we children talked on, mother said but little, only expressing a loving thought now and then. We each noticed her anxiety and the strain which was going on in her mind. It was pictured on her countenance. No one but a mother in like circumstances can fully realize just what her feelings were during those days. Finally she said:

"Well, children, it is getting late and the stage will be here for John and me bright and early to-morrow morning. We will read a chapter together and then go to our beds." As I kissed her good-night, I whispered, "Never mind, mother, bright days will come again." Many, many years have passed since that Sabbath, yet the many acts of kindness of friends and neighbors, and especially the blessed, loving fellowship of the home circle is still fresh in my memory.

Mother called us at five o'clock in the morning. "Breakfast is ready," she said. She lingered a moment and looked on my brother and me in bed together. As mother and I were to leave at six o'clock,

we hustled into our clothes and got to the breakfast table as quickly as possible. The meal was partaken of in silence, and the silence expressed our thoughts and feelings at this time more adequately than words could have done. We had said all that we had to say during the previous evening. Mother gave a few

Jack and His Mother.

directions to my brother and sisters. They were to keep house during her absence, and lo! ere we knew it, the stage was at the door. All of my baggage was quickly made secure on the rear end of the coach.

Words fail me to tell of that parting scene; all the loving intimacy of brother and sisters, all our hopes and fears concerning each other's future, were made manifest in that earnest look into each other's faces

and lovingly expressed by the grasp of the hand and the good-bye kiss. The stage driver made some practical remarks about the weather and the condition of the roads, and in a moment we were off. Home and all the past were left behind, and an entirely new experience was opening up before me.

We were soon rattling through the village east of our home, taking up a passenger here and there. All familiar scenes were soon passed by; the passengers conversed with each other on the general topics of the day. My mother called my attention to objects of interest along the way. At length, after a ride of about twelve miles, we reached the railroad station. In a few minutes the train came thundering along, and in a moment we were on board and off for the great metropolis. This was my first experience on a railroad train, and as we went rushing on, everything appeared to me to be going the other way. We arrived at South Brooklyn in due time and were soon on the ferry boat crossing the East River. With the exception of my trip to New Haven with my uncle, I had never been five miles away from home. Everything was new and strange to me. A ringing of bells, blowing of whistles, the great ships that lay at the wharves on either side of the river, with their tall masts and square yards that seemed in the distance to be all tangled up together as trees in a thick forest.

After landing, we soon found the "Two Sisters." She was lying at pier 32, East River. She was a gallant looking craft, a clipper bark of about seven hundred tons burden, very noticeable among the sur-

rounding shipping because of her graceful lines and lofty rig, having a main skysail yard across. Captain Benjamin was on board and received mother and me kindly. He introduced us to the first and second officers, Mr. Stover and Mr. Fletcher, also to the steward, Mr. Newton, who took charge of me as the cabin boy. Mother was entertained in the after cabin. A strange sensation came over me as I was taken from her control and became subject to a stranger. The steward spoke kindly, however, and led me to his stateroom, which I was to share with him, he occupying the lower berth, while I was to have the upper one. The room was in the forward cabin on the starboard side. He said, "You need not turn to until to-morrow morning. I suppose your mother will want to take you up-town this afternoon." Everything was real to him (that is, our immediate surroundings), but very, very unreal to me. After this, I rejoined my mother and the captain said:

"I expect to get out to sea to-morrow afternoon. Mrs. Benjamin will not come on board until to-morrow; I will remain all night on shore." He then gave mother the freedom of the cabin for the afternoon and evening. He also invited her to sail with us down the bay in company with others, assuring her that the tug-boat would bring them all back to a safe landing. As mother desired to go as far with me as possible, she gladly accepted the invitation.

After dinner, mother and I went on shore and up into the city. She was somewhat accustomed to the surroundings, having lived here when a young woman. Everything was confusion to me. Large

coaches rushing hither and thither over the rougl cobble stone pavement, each making as much noise as a railroad train. Great buildings and multitudes of people were in evidence everywhere. Mother and I had our pictures taken together. After buying a few things and seeing some of the sights, we went aboard the ship.

After supper we spent a little time in looking about the decks and the cabins. Everybody had now gone on shore except the first officer, Mr. Stover. He was not very communicative and soon went to his room. My baggage had arrived and was put in its place. As I was to go on duty in the morning, mother opened my trunk and took out a suit of working clothes for me, and then had some conversation about our experience during the day. We were then very tired, and after prayers together, she arranged my berth which was to be my bed for the next three years to come, and seeing me safe in it, she carefully folded my shore suit, the suit which was mounted with the brass buttons, and laid it away under the other things in my trunk. After our good-night kiss, and one long lingering look into my face in which all her love for me was expressed, she slowly turned away and went to her room and I was alone, yes, in bed alone almost for the first time in my life and that, too, in a berth on board of a ship. How strange! If my brother were here, we could not sleep together, the bed is so narrow. I am sure they miss me, they surely must be lonesome at home to-night; and so I mused. In a very short time I was asleep, and my first night on board the "Two Sisters" was a past experience.

Chapter VI.

Sailed on the Barque Two Sisters from the Port of New York bound for Shanghai, China

The steward called me at five o'clock in the morning and set me at work cleaning up the cabins. After the cleaning up process had been gone through, he took me to the pantry, which was very complicated, I thought, pigeon holes, lockers, closets and shelves. dishes of different sizes and colors, lamps and many other things too numerous to mention. He told me what dishes were to be used for each meal; he then instructed me how to prepare the breakfast table.

"That will do for the present," he said, "I will not tell you too much at one time."

Soon my mother made her appearance. She told the steward that I might be slow in understanding some things, as the surroundings were entirely new to me. She hoped that he would be as patient with me as possible.

"Oh, yes, madam, I will tutor him all right." This answer did not please her at all. However, he did not mean harshness, as his remark seemed to imply. Mother complimented me about the work I had already done and assisted me in getting the table ready for breakfast.

After breakfast was over and everything cleared away, mother and I went up on deck to look about

us. Ships there were in every direction, both great and small, some of one rig, some of another, tug-boats darting hither and thither, each one of them after something, but I could not see what in the world they were in such a hurry about. The wharf was filled with horses and trucks, boxes, barrels and bales and stevedores, all mixed up together.

On board the "Two Sisters" all was hurry and bustle. The cargo had all been taken in. The crew had come on board in the morning and were now reaving off running rigging and bending sails. The hatches were being caulked and battened down. The small stores were being taken on board and put away in their respective places. I assisted the steward and cook in this work, my mother watching my every movement. The ship stores consisting of things too heavy to be handled by hand had been previously taken in and stored away.

At this point Captain Benjamin came on board and announced that we would leave the wharf at one P. M. sharp and after the first officer, Mr. Stover had assured him that everything would be ready by noon, he went on shore, saying: "I will go and get my clearance papers and will be on board soon after dinner."

Our cargo consisted of bales of cotton cloth. In addition we had on deck two heavy sticks of timber, each ninety feet in length, the butt ends of which were three feet square. They were placed one on either side, one butt end forward and the other aft. They had been previously secured with great care

by chains and lashings, which consisted of cotton rope, which does not shrink when wet, nor stretch when dry, like manilla rope. I overheard several remarks that the ship was loaded down very deep for such a long voyage. It was now half-past eleven A. M. The running rigging had been roved and the sails were bent. Mr. Stover said to the second officer:

"Mr. Fletcher, the weather looks a bit hazy and the barometer is going down. I think we had better furl all of the light sails up snug, and tie up the topsails and lower sails temporarily, so that they will not hold us back while towing down the bay."

At this time the steward ordered me to prepare the dinner table, which I did with mother's assistance. As soon as dinner was over and the cabins made tidy, the captain with Mrs. Benjamin and their friends came on board. I was introduced to Mrs. Benjamin as the cabin boy. She spoke kindly to me, saying: "We will get along nicely together, I think." Then noticing the expression of anxiety on my mother's face, she said:

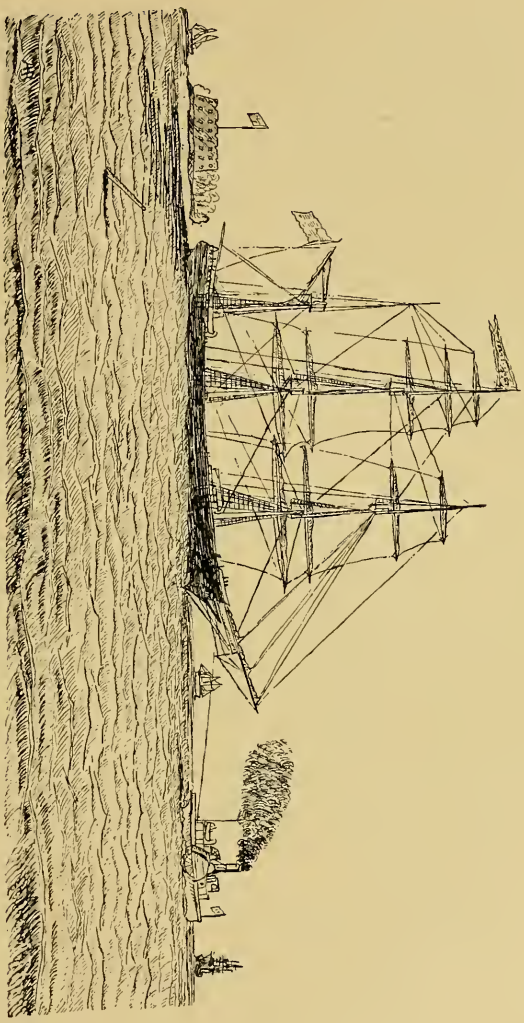
"Never mind, Mrs. Smith, we will all be glad when we get back home again, which will be a little less than one year, I hope." Mrs. Benjamin was an invalid and hardly expected to see her earthly home again.

It was a very unpleasant experience for Mrs. Benjamin to say good-bye to home and friends as well as for my mother and me to be separated from each

other. By this time the guests, about twenty in all, were all on board.

A few minutes before one o'clock the tug came alongside, and everything was ready. A hawser had previously been led from the bow and made fast with a slip line on the quarter, which is the extreme after part of the ship. The tug took the end of the hawser and exactly at one o'clock the ship began to move out of the slip. A number of longshoremen and friends of our crew, with other people, a large crowd in all, had gathered on the wharf, and as we were being pulled out into the stream, they gave us three cheers. The crew and our guests answered them. When we got out into the river, clear of everything, we let go the slip line that held the hawser to the quarter, and the tug boat soon got us straightened out and headed down the bay. Then we dipped our ensign three times, which signifies good-bye to everybody left behind. This was the twenty-third day of September, 1858. We passed many points of interest on our way down the bay. The most interesting to me was Fort Wadsworth. As we towed close under the walls, its guns pointing straight at us, it looked very warlike and dangerous. All hands were busy making everything secure about decks.

In the meantime I was helping the steward in and about the cabins. After a while he said to me: "You can go now and see your mother, and after the tug leaves us you can pack all these spare chairs away in the after stateroom on the port side (the left-hand



The "Two Sisters" Towing to Sea.

side of the ship), and then you will have to prepare the supper table." We were now going down the lower bay, everything was new and wonderful to me; yet I was thinking more especially of my home. The crew was hurrying to and fro about decks and up aloft. Orders, which I did not understand, were being given in rapid succession. I knew, however, that they were getting ready to make sail. My mother and I sought to be alone together as far as it was possible. It was now her desire and purpose, in the few minutes left us, to express in words every thought which her love for me could suggest. We met a number of ships with flying colors, homeward bound. I called my mother's attention to them and said to her:

"Some bright day you will hear that the 'Two Sisters' has arrived at Shanghai, China, all safe and sound. You will then receive a letter from me. I will tell you all about the outward voyage, but the best of all will be, 'When we come sailing home,' and it will not be so long after all, not too long, I hope. Give my love to brother and sisters. Tell them I expect to receive a long letter from home some day." Just at this moment the tug blew a long blast from her whistle, which was the signal that she was about to come alongside.

As the hawser was being hauled in, the tug gradually drew alongside. The last good-bye was hurriedly said. It took only a few moments to transfer the passengers. My mother was the last one to be helped to the tug's deck. As she looked up and saw me

watching her, she uttered a cry of anguish which pierced me through and through.

"My boy!" she cried. All her sufferings and anxious care over me in the past, all her love and anxiety and hope for my future were expressed in that last look. I answered her the best I could, saying:

"Good-bye, mamma." All the guests knew that she had made a very great sacrifice. They all gathered around her and I could see her no more. All our fore and aft sails had been set on our way down the lower bay. The square sails were being set as rapidly as possible.

The distance between us and our friends was now increasing rapidly and for the last farewell we dipped our ensign. They answered by three long blasts from the tug's whistle, which being interpreted was, "a speedy and safe voyage, farewell." We had now fully entered upon our long voyage, and I hardly knew which way to turn. It seemed as though I were in a dream and wishing that I might awake out of it, but I soon found out that everything around me was very real, all too real. The steward came to me and said:

"Now get those chairs packed away and then set the supper table."

"Yes, sir," I stammered out.

"Never mind your 'yes, sirs,'" he said, "say, 'Aye, aye, sir.'"

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered. As I went into the cabin to do his bidding, I said to myself, "Supper, well, that is the very last thing I want to-night."

The tone of everybody's voice seemed to have changed since the guests left us, so it appeared to me. Only Mrs. Benjamin's voice seemed to be natural. She spoke kindly to me and gave me some instructions in regard to the chairs, which encouraged me. After I had put the chairs away the best I could, the steward came and looked at them and said: "They will do for the present." He placed a rack on the dining table to keep the dishes from sliding off, which precaution was becoming more and more necessary as the ship was beginning to make strange motions, up and down, from side to side. I prepared the table in the same manner as mother and I had done the night previous, as nearly as I could remember. By this time, I began to feel a creeping sensation coming all over me and I was soon put out of commission for the time being.

I got up on deck as soon as possible. I secured a position in the corner formed by a break in the quarter deck which was about two feet in height. I sat on the edge of this break on the leeward side, holding fast to the railing as tightly as I could. I had placed myself in just the coldest place that I could have found anywhere on deck. The wind swept down upon me from the mizzenstaysail, with great force. It was blowing fresh from the southwest, and increasing. A bell was struck every half hour, which told the time, but I did not understand it. It

was now dark; I was exceedingly homesick, also very seasick. Everything around me looked wild and boisterous and I was afraid. By and by the bell was struck eight times (eight o'clock P. M.) Orders, which were all Greek to me, were being given. The crew became very active in taking in sails, which continued about thirty minutes, then I heard the order given, "Relieve the wheel" and "Go below, the watch," also simultaneously, "Keep a good lookout ahead." An answer came back from the foreward part of the ship, "Aye, aye, sir." The captain consulted a few minutes with Mr. Stover, and then went below. There was nothing in their actions which betrayed anything unusual going on or any especial danger contemplated, which fact encouraged me a little, but I was feeling so badly that I did not care very much what happened.

The wind continued to howl and the sea to roar more and more fiercely. Nobody said anything to me and I did not speak to anyone. I simply held to the railing as tightly as I could and suffered on. I thought how different to actually have the sea roaring because of the swellings thereof, all around you, than to read about it out of the Bible in the Sunday School. "I am not like poor old Jonah," I thought, "trying to run away from God, I am only a little cabin boy. I am sure I have not done anything very bad. Oh, mother! mother!" I cried. Mr. Stover, (it was his watch on deck from eight until twelve midnight) called out to me:

"Well, don't make so much noise about it."

"Is it possible," I thought, "that he could hear me crying above all the roar of wind and sea." But a boy crying for his mother was a very unusual sound to be heard on board of a ship at sea.

It had been raining for some time and my clothing was about wet through. A boat, bottom up, was lashed on the weather side (the weather side is the side from which the wind is blowing) of the after quarter deck. I thought, if I could only get under it, I would at least be out of the rain and perhaps a little warmer, so I made the attempt, and after walking and crawling, I succeeded in reaching it. It proved a little shelter from the rain and wind, but I continued to be just as sick as ever. I remembered the captain's promise to my mother, that I would not be unnecessarily exposed on deck in bad weather. I presumed that he thought it was the very best and quickest way to cure me of sea-sickness; but I can testify from experience, that the remedy was just about as severe as the disease.

The wind steadily continued to increase. The captain came on deck and consulted with Mr. Stover about taking in more sail. He called out, "How do you head?" Someone answered, but I did not understand what was meant. It was a call to the man at the wheel to ascertain in what direction the ship was heading. It was now eight bells again (midnight). The watch below was then called and I heard the order given, "All hands on deck," "Shorten sail." In five minutes' time, the men were all on deck and ready for action. A series of orders was now

given but I only understood the words used: "Stand by the foretopsail halyards," "Man the reeftackles," "Weather foretopsail brace," "Lower away, foretopsail." I could hear the blocks rattle as the yard was lowered. Then all hands, including Mr. Fletcher, went aloft to reef the sail. I heard from aloft, in a few minutes, above the roar of the storm, "Haul out to the leeward." In a short time all hands were down from aloft. I heard Mr. Fletcher's voice, "Man the foretopsail halyards," "Hoist away." While the sail was being hoisted, the men began to sing, a shantie, (a real song, it sounded very strange to me in the midst of the storm). It was inspiring however, but what they could find to sing about in all this darkness, rain and tempest, was a mystery to me. Yet the vim and enthusiasm, they put into their song cheered me up a little, although I was awfully homesick. The very same manoeuvres were gone through with the maintopsail, after which the spanker was reefed. At two bells (one A. M.) everything had been made snug, as Mr. Stover expressed it. I heard the very same order repeated that I had heard the first part of the night, "Relieve the wheel," "Go below the watch," "Keep a good lookout ahead."

In the meantime the ship was pitching and rolling heavily, and I imagined that somehow, or by some means, the boat might be thrown into the sea and I would be lost, so I had crawled out from beneath it and had taken up a position close by the weather side of it, with my arm around one of the lashings. Soon after the sails had been reefed, and the first mate

and the captain had gone below, the second mate came to me and said:

"Jack, you had better go below, perhaps then you may get some sleep and you will feel better in the morning."

"Yes, sir," I answered, "but nobody wants to help me." My voice was very weak because of exposure, suffering and crying. His sympathy was aroused and he said:

"Well, well, my boy, I will help you."

His voice appeared to be as an angel's from heaven, although he was a strong, hard fisted typical Irish sailor. Underneath all the rough exterior of this man there was a kind heart, which fact was proved in my case, not only on this night in question, but also on many other occasions.

As he was helping me down to the cabin and to my berth, the steward was awakened and inquired: "What is the matter?" "Matter enough," said Mr. Fletcher, "don't you suppose the lad needs any shelter and rest?"

The steward said, "Oh, I supposed the boy was all right," and before I had fairly settled in my berth he was asleep again. After Mr. Fletcher had spread my wet clothing over a chair, he turned to me again, and said:

"Now, laddie, go to sleep. Sure, you will feel better in the morning."

I thanked him the very best I knew how. I told him where my bag of apples was and that he must help himself to them, after which he hastened up on

deck. I was too exhausted to think or to be home-sick, or even to say my prayers. I heard four bells (two A. M.) and then forgot all about my troubles for the time being, for I was soon happy in sleep, dreaming about home. My first night at sea was a thing of the past and became one more link in the chain of my life's history, forged by a very unpleasant experience.

CHAPTER VII.

A Description of the Ship

THE HULL.

The hull was about one hundred and forty-five feet on the load water line, built after the model of a medium clipper, painted black. The ship's name could be seen on either side of the bow, on both quarters and also under the stern. The letters were carved beautifully and overlaid with gold leaf. On each side of the bow and under the stern were carved scroll work and designs consisting of the Union Jack, the United States coat of arms and the Stars and Stripes, supported by cannon, all overlaid with gold leaf and otherwise decorated. In every respect, the "Two Sisters" made a very graceful appearance.

THE DECKS AND CABINS.

The extreme length from taffrail to the knight heads on deck, over all, was one hundred and fifty-five feet. First comes foretopgallantforcastle deck. This deck extended from the knight heads, the extreme point of the bow aft twenty feet. A capstan was mounted on the center of this deck which was used to hoist the anchors to the cat heads, for boarding the fore-tack and for many other purposes where hoisting or pulling power is needed. The cat heads are two pieces of timber bolted down to the deck, one on either side. They extend over

each bow two and a half feet, so that when anchors are hoisted up to them they swing clear of the bow. They were placed about thirteen feet from the knight heads. The anchors are secured to the ends of the cat heads by a hook device, which is locked with a small steel pin. When the pin is removed and the hook is struck lightly with a hammer, it slips out of place and the anchor is let go.

There were also on this deck, two feet from the after edge, and two feet from the outside railing, solid bits, one on either side; these pieces of timber extended up through the topgallantforecastle deck, two and a-half feet above it. They were used for making ropes fast under many different circumstances. The sampson post, as its name implies is a large and strong stick of timber, the lower end of which is secured to the top of the keelson and extends up through the main deck and also through the forecastle deck and three feet above. The sampson post has several uses; first, the heel of the bowsprit is secured to the forward side of it; second, it is a stay for the windlass, which is connected to the after side of it; third, the hawser is always made fast to the top of it when the ship is being towed; fourth, the gearing of the windlass, which works from the foretopgallantforecastle deck, is attached to it; fifth, the ship's bell was hung near the top of the after part of it. This deck was surmounted by a railing or solid waist, one foot and a-half high. On the top of this railing were chocks, placed in different positions, through which ropes were led to

the capstan, bits and sampson post. Directly aft of the sampson post were steps which led down to the main deck five feet.

The main deck proper continued from stem to stern, but in reality on the "Two Sisters" it terminated eighteen feet forward of the mainmast, the remaining part of it was covered with poop decks, cabins, etc. Underneath the topgallantforecastle deck and on the extreme forward end of the main deck were coal bunkers, chicken coops and pens for pigs and sheep. There were also paint lockers and boatswain and block lockers. A boatswain locker is the place where all manner of tools and tacklings which sailors use about the rigging are kept. All of these lockers and pens were equally distributed on either side. Next came the windlass, which was about twelve feet in length and three feet in diameter in the center; it was placed under the edge of the forecastle deck, just aft of the sampson post and connected with it. Each end revolved in solid chocks.

Near the foot of the steps which led down from off the forecastle deck was a hatchway, four feet square. This hatch was not used for taking cargo in or out but simply for ventilation. Directly aft of this hatch and just forward of the foremast were two large bits, one on either side, about four feet apart. A heavy piece of timber, placed across, connected the two, forming one large double bit, a railing extending out from the after side of these bits, supported by stanchions, surrounded the foremast. Two feet aft of the foremast is the center house,

containing the chain locker, forecastle (sailors' quarters), carpenter's room, cook's store room, cook's room and the galley. First comes the chain locker, across the forward end. On the starboard forward corner was the forecastle, containing berths for eight men. On the starboard after corner was the carpenter's room, with two berths. On the port forward corner was the cook's store room, and on the port after corner the galley was located and the cook's room, having two berths. On the top of the center house the ship's long boat was lashed, also some booms and light spars.

Aft of the center house we come to the fore hatches. This hatchway had an opening space of eight by ten feet, divided by a movable beam across the center and covered with four separate hatches. Three feet aft of this hatchway, and just forward of the poop deck, were the main pumps. There were secured on this deck six casks and two large tanks for water, also some spare spars. This deck was protected by bulwarks six and a-half feet in height. They were built strong in three tiers, one above the other. Next comes the poop deck which extended as far as the cabin, within three feet of the mizzen-mast. This deck was five feet in height and formed what is called "between decks." It was reached from the main deck by two sets of steps, one on either side, and was protected by a waist one foot and a-half high. A capstan was mounted on this deck, twelve feet forward of the mainmast. Between two heavy bits and connected with them, a cargo winch was placed. A railing from these bits extended around the mainmast and the after pumps. Three feet

aft of this railing the after hatchway was situated. This hatchway was covered, not only by the regular hatches but also by a booby hatch with a companionway by which easy access was had to between decks.

Between decks was used not only for cargo but also for the ship's stores. Opposite the main rigging and two feet from the waist on either side of this deck were a series of bits running fore and aft and connected with each other by a cross railing. This railing was full of belaying pins to which some of the rigging was attached.

Sixteen feet from the booby hatch takes us to the quarter deck. This deck was twenty inches higher than the poop deck and was protected by an open railing supported by fancy stanchions every few feet apart. This railing continued around the stern. The quarter deck covered the cabin, the entrance to which, or rather the companionway, cut through the port forward edge, leading from the poop deck, three feet from the mizzenmast.

Next we come to the mizzenmast on the quarter deck, three feet from the forward edge. Six feet aft of the mizzenmast is a skylight, six by four feet. This skylight was partly over the forward and partly over the after cabin. Six feet further aft we come to another skylight, three by two and a-half feet. We come next to the binnacle, which stands in the center on the after edge of this deck. The binnacle contained two compasses, one on either side, and a lamp in the center. Now we step down off the quarter deck and into the wheel pit. This deck covers

the lazarette, which is the after part of the ship and is on the same level as the poop deck. Three feet aft of the binnacle is the wheel and its gearing. There were large bits, one on either side.

The Cabins.

The cabins have but one companionway. After reaching the floor of the cabin, which is the main deck proper, we stand in a vestibule, facing aft. Two doors opened from this vestibule, one at the right, opening into the first mate's stateroom, the one in front of you opening into the forward cabin. On the port side of this cabin was the second mate's room. On the starboard side were two rooms. The steward and I occupied the forward one. On the forward end, the pantry was located. The mizzen-mast came down through the pantry on the port side. There was also a spare room on the starboard after side of this cabin. On the after end, directly under the skylight, was the dining table. Back of the dining table, a large mirror was secured and a beautiful swinging lamp hung over the table. This cabin was painted pure white, with two gilded mouldings around the top. In the starboard after corner, eight rifles, with bayonets nicely polished, stood in a rack. On the port after corner a door opened into the after cabin, on the port side of which were two spare rooms. On the starboard side forward was the captain's room and on the starboard side aft was the toilet. On the after side a door opened into the lazarette under the wheel pit deck. In the lazarette

were two water tanks, one on either side, containing eighteen hundred gallons of water each. There was also in this place considerable storage room. The after cabin was finished in hard woods and nicely furnished.

MASTS, YARDS, AND BOOMS.

MASTS: Foremast, foretopmast, foretopgallantmast, and the foreroyalmast; second, the mainmast, maintopmast, maintopgallantmast, mainroyalmast and mainskysailmast. The topgallant, royal and skysail masts were composed of one spar. Third, mizzenmast and mizzentopmast. The "Two Sisters" was bark rigged, consequently the main and fore were square rigged and the mizzen a fore and aft rig.

YARDS: First, the foreyard, foretopsail-yard, foretopgallant-yard and foreroyal-yard; second, the mainyard, maintopsail-yard, maintopgallant-yard, mainroyal-yard and mainskysail-yard.

BOOMS: First, the flying jib-boom, jib-boom, and bowsprit; the flying jib-boom and jib-boom consisted of one spar; second, the spanker boom and gaff; third, studdingsail booms, the fore or lower-studdingsail booms fitted on the top of the foreyard on either side. The foretopmast, studdingsail booms fitted on the top of the foretopsail-yards, one on either side. The lowermain and the maintopmast-studdingsail booms are fitted exactly as on the fore.

STANDING RIGGING.

The STANDING RIGGING consisted of stays, backstays, shrouds and backstays. First, the fore-rigging, sometimes called the foreshrouds, were six

in number. The forward one is called the fore-swifter. They extend from the foremast-head down to the chain-plates. Five of the after ones are connected with each other by ratlines, made of small hemp rope, which form rope ladders, by which means the sailors ascend into the foretop. These shrouds are very strong and set up as taut as possible. Of course, both sides of the mast are equally stayed. Next comes the foretop. The foretop is a platform around the foremast-head in shape of a half moon with a square edge aft. The top is large enough for twelve men to stand six on either side. The foretopmast rigging or shrouds are eight, four on either side. They extend from the foretopmast-head to the outside edge of the foretop, connected with steel rods leading down to a band around the foremast, three feet under the top. These rods are fitted with ratlines, by which the men climb up, over into the top, a difficult feat for a landsman. The foretopmast rigging has also ratlines in order to make the ascent easy.

Next we come to the foretopmast crosstrees. The crosstrees are an open frame which is fitted over the foretopmast-head secured just under the eyes of the foretopmast rigging, just as the foretop is secured under the eyes of the forerigging. The crosstrees have two arms extending out horizontally, three and a-half feet on each side of the foretopmast-head, also two longer frames one on either side extending out diagonally about thirty-five degrees aft. These are called outriggers. The foretopgallant-shrouds

are two on either side extending from the topgallantmast-head, down to the crosstrees. They are without ratlines. In addition to all this, there are stays and backstays. First, the backstays. The foretopmast backstays are two on either side extending from the foretopmast-head down to the chain-plates just aft of the forerigging. The foretopgallant backstays are two on either side and extend from the topgallantmast-head to the railing just aft of the others. The foreroyal backstays, one on either side, extend from the royalmast-head down to the railing. The top-gallant and royal backstays lead down through the outriggers which are supported by the crosstrees. The foreroyalmast extends about nine feet above all of the rigging and is surmounted by a gilded ball with a pulley inserted for the foresignal-halyards. All of the main-rigging is fitted exactly as the fore-rigging, with the addition of the mainskysail gear with its mast, yard, stays and backstays. The mizzen-rigging or shrouds are five, on either side, extending from the mizzenmast-head to the chain-plates, the four forward ones connected by ratlines. The mizzen crosstrees are fitted around the mast head with its outriggers about the same as the fore and maintopmast crosstrees, only a little larger. The mizzentopmast rigging is two shrouds, on either side, extending from the mizzentopmast-head down to the crosstrees and is without ratlines.

The mizzentopmast backstays are two, on either side, extending from the mizzentopmast-head, down through the outriggers to the chain-plates, aft of

the mizzen-rigging. The chain-plates are secured on the ship's side opposite the rigging.

Next in order we have the fore and aftstays, first the forestay leading from the foremast-head, down through chocks on both sides of the bowsprit a few feet from the cap, and thence into the knight heads. The fore and mainstays, also the fore and maintopmast-stays, are double. The foretopmast-stays lead from the foretopmast-head to the end of the bowsprit through chocks, and thence into the knight head.

A small spar called the martingale, about ten feet in length, is hung perpendicularly under the end of the bowsprit, the lower end secured by chain guys leading to the end of the flying jib-boom and to each cathead. The jib-stay leads from the foretopmast head down through the end of the jib-boom and thence through a chock on the martingale to the knight heads on the starboard side. The foretopgallant-stay leads from the foretopgallantmast head, down through the end of the flying jib-boom and thence through a chock on the martingale to the knight head on the port side. The flying jib is set on this stay. The foreroyal-stay leads parallel with the foretopgallant-stay.

The mainstay leads from the mainmast head to the bits just forward of the foremast, and the maintopmast-stay leads from the maintopmast-head to the same bits as the main-stay. The maintopgallant-stay leads from the maintopgallantmast-head to the cap on the foremast-head. The mainroyal-stay leads from the mainroyalmast-head to the foretopmast-head. The mainskysail stay leads parallel with

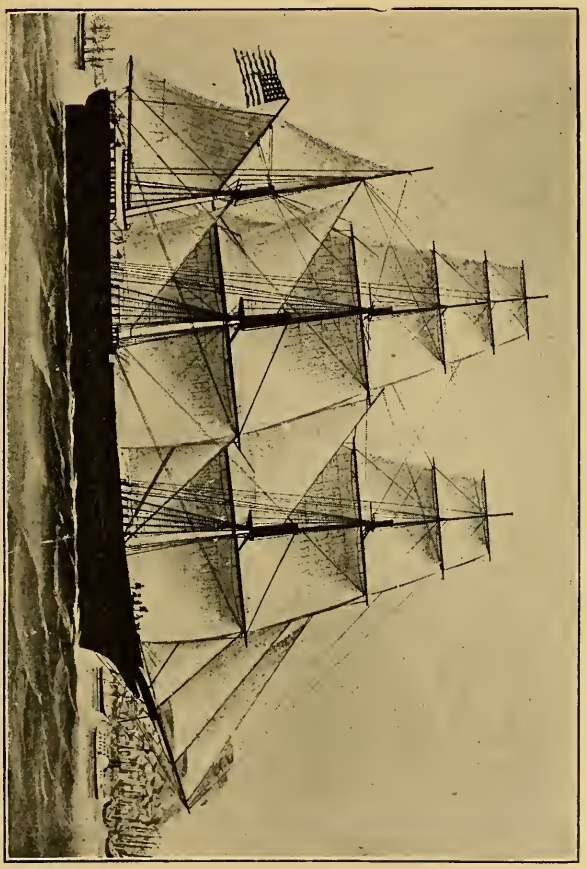
the mainroyal-stay. The mizzenstay led from the mizzenmast-head to a band around the mainmast six feet from the deck. The mizzentopmast-stay leads from the head of the mizzentopmast to the cap on the mainmast-head.

The jackstays are small steel rods running along on the top of each yard leaving a space of about an inch and a half. The head of the sails are secured to the jackstays. Life lines or hand beckets are also secured to them, also gaskets, that are used in furling the sails. The bobstays are heavy chains, three in number; they lead from the end of the bowsprit to the stem. They support all of the headstays.

SAILS

SQUARE SAILS: Foresail, foretopsail, foretopgallantsail, foreroyal. Mainsail, maintopsail, maintopgallantsail, mainroyal and mainskysail. Lowerstuddingsails, topmaststuddingsails, topgallantstuddingsails. The lowerstuddingsail is hoisted up to the end of the lowerstuddingsail-boom underneath. The topmaststuddingsail is hoisted to the end of the topsail-yard and hauled out to the end of the lowerstuddingsail-boom. The topgallantstuddingsail is hoisted to the topgallantyard-arm, and is hauled out to the end of the topmaststuddingsail-boom. All of the studdingsails have a small boom across the head of each of them. The lower and topmast studdingsails are set from the deck. The topgallantstuddingsails are set from the tops. The lowerstuddingsails are triangular in shape. The "Two Sisters" was fitted with studdingsail gear both for the fore and main.

The studdingsails are used both on the fore and main when the wind is abeam or on the quar-



The "Two Sisters" Entering the Harbor of Hong Kong.

ter. When the ship is sailing directly before the wind, they can be used on both sides, either on the fore or main.

FORE AND AFT SAILS: Flying jib, jib, foretopmaststaysail, mainstaysail, maintopmaststaysail, maintopgallantstaysail, mizzenstaysail, mizzentopmaststaysail, spanker and mizzentopsail.

RUNNING RIGGING AND ROPES

First, RUNNING RIGGING: The foresail and mailsail are fitted with clewlines, buntlines, bowlines, leachlines, reeftackles and sheets and tacks. These sails can be made smaller by taking in one reef. The fore and maintopsails are fitted with halyards, clewlines, buntlines, reef-tackles, reef-jiggers and sheets. These sails can be made smaller by taking in three reefs. The topgallantsails, royals and the mainskysails are each fitted with halyards, sheets, clewlines and buntlines. Each yard is fitted with topping-lifts, life-lines or hand-beckets, foot-ropes and braces. The jibs and staysails are fitted with halyards, downhauls and sheets. The spanker has throat and peek halyards, downhaul and sheets. Mizzentopsail has halyards, clewlines, tack and sheet. The lowerstudding sails are fitted with outer and inner halyards, tacks and sheets; topmast and topgallantstuddingsails have halyards, tacks and sheets. Although there is much running rigging on board of the ship there are only a few ropes—so called; bolt rope, leech rope, tiller rope, man rope and bucket rope.

I hope that the above description of the ship will prove to be satisfactory to my young readers.

It will take some time for us to become accustomed to all of the running rigging, the halyards, sheets, clewlines, buntlines, tacks, downhauls, etc., so that in the darkest storm we can lay hold of just the right one.

Chapter VIII.

From New York to the Equator

The morning after my first night's experience I was called, by the steward, at seven bells (seven-thirty A. M.). I was greatly refreshed by sleep, and while dressing I thought, "Well, never mind, I will be home again inside of a year." When I reached the deck, I found the storm had abated somewhat, yet it was still quite rough. I was feeling very much better, however, than I did the night before. The steward assisted me in my morning toilet; I followed him to the leeward side of the main deck, not walking very gracefully from a sailor's standpoint, yet I managed to keep within hailing distance of him. He gave me a canvas bucket with a long rope (bucket rope) attached to it. He showed me how to make the end of the rope fast to a belaying pin before I let the bucket over the side that it might not get away from me.

"Now," he said, "just as soon as the bucket touches the water pull up quickly or else it may pull you overboard."

"Well," I thought, "I don't want to get overboard, and that's the truth, especially on the first day out, for that would bring my voyage to an abrupt ending in more ways than one, but is it possible that I will have to run the risk of losing my

life every morning in order to wash my face?" However, I did as he told me and succeeded fairly well in bringing up the bucket half full of the briny deep. I then proceeded to make my ablutions. It was not as efficacious as some warm water and soap, yet it was quite refreshing and I rather enjoyed it.

I had not as yet been formally introduced to the cook and, as no one had taken it upon himself to perform that little bit of shore etiquette, I took the grave responsibility and proceeded to do it myself. Now, the cook was not as white as the rest of the crew (on the outside I mean), but he proved to be a good fellow.

"Good morning," I said.

"Hello, what's yer name?"

"My name is John Smith."

"Well, guess everybody round dis part of de world will call ye Jack; my name is Cook," (I never knew him by any other name) "or at least that's my official capacity."

"Well, Jack," he said, "how are ye getting 'long?"

"Just as fast as the rest of you are, I suppose."

"Well, I reckon ye are, but how be ye feeling this morning?"

"Oh, very much better than I did last night."

"Dat's de ticket, you'll be skippin' 'round decks in a few days just like a real sailor, dat ye be."

"I thank you, Mr. Cook, for your encouraging words."

"Don't put any handle onto my official capacity; isn't anyone does it here except he be starving, 'sides it isn't sea logical. Here," he says, "do you sees that basin, it's all'es hanging right here and in the mornin' when ye'se washin' ye can use him, but keep 'em hanging rite there all the time. Say," he added, "cooks and stewards and cabin boys don't use de sea water all de time in washin'."

Just at this time the steward came to the galley with a basket lined with tin. He put some dishes containing food into it and bade me follow him to the cabin. On the way he called the second mate to breakfast. Breakfast was served at seven bells (half-past seven), dinner at eight bells (noon), and supper at three bells (half-past five).

The captain, Mrs. Benjamin and the first mate sat at the first table, the steward, second mate and I at the second table. Mr. Fletcher said, "Well, my boy, are you hungry, this morning?"

"Yes, sir, a little," I answered.

"That's right," he said, "why I expect to see you upon the mainskysail-yard in about a week."

"Don't know, sir," I said.

"Well, I know," ejaculated the steward.

After breakfast (eight bells) I heard the order given, "All hands on deck, make sail." Making sail was not in my line of work, just yet, but in going to and from the cabin to the galley, I took notice. Every sail was set, at least I thought so, except the skysail. The wind was fair and blowing fresh. The steward sent me to the galley for hot water and then

gave me my first lesson in dish-washing. There was a place for every dish, and of course, every dish must be put into its place. Next came the lamps; I cleaned the chimneys and the steward filled the lamps. He sent me to get the binnacle lamp. I did not know just which way to go but guessed it was where the man was steering, and I guessed right.

The captain was in the wheelpit, taking his morning walk just where he could observe everything going on above decks, both fore and aft.

"How are you this morning, Jack?" he inquired.

"Quite well, sir," I said.

"Good for you, Jack," he said. "Your Sweetheart is slacking up a little. Perhaps you have got one over in China somewhere, there seems to be somebody pulling very strong that way this morning."

I did not quite understand what he meant, but I knew it was intended for a little pleasantry. He then showed me how to take out the binnacle lamp and how to readjust it.

After the dishes were washed and lamps trimmed, I went on deck to dispose of the dishwater. Now I had heard that nothing but hot water and ashes were to be thrown overboard to the windward, and, without thinking, I supposed it was the proper thing to dispose of it in that direction. Well, some of it went over the ship's side, the rest over me, and on deck. The captain looked at the first mate, and I heard Mr. Stover say something about experience being the best teacher. I looked and felt as though I had been taking a bath in dishwater. The steward

had provided me with an apron, which covered me from head to foot. Now I remembered that the cook had spoken kindly in the morning, so I beat a retreat to his galley.

"Cook," I said, "I have made a mistake."

"That's so, I see's ye has. No matter, every chap done dat once, for de last time. Get off dat apron thing, we'll fix 'um up. Here, wash de face between the middle of the eyes. Dat's good. Say, does ye see dat cask dere, lashed to de heel of de spar for topmast, we'll keep him full ob de rain water providin' it rains, den we'll keep 'em clean as de lily. Now be gone aft quick."

I thanked him and obeyed. The steward said nothing to me about it. He knew that the inevitable had happened.

An old uncle told me before I left home that I would get along all right on board the ship if I always kept on the right side of Mrs. Benjamin. It would depend on her estimation of me whether I suited the captain or not, so I had purposed in my heart to keep in close touch with her. After I had made the forward cabin and pantry tidy and made up the berths, I ventured into the after cabin and inquired of Mrs. Benjamin if I could do anything for her.

"Why, good morning, Jack. I am not feeling very well this morning, but how did you sleep last night through the storm?"

"Very well, ma'am, after I got to my berth," I answered.

"At four bells (ten A. M.) you can bring me some hot water."

There was something unusual going on out on deck, and as I had some spare time, I went up to take a look around. I saw that they were setting more sails on booms attached to the end of the yards on the weather side, both fore and main, they are called studdingsails (see chapter seven), and the sky-sail had also been set. A good breeze was blowing but the ship was comparatively steady. I heard some one say that we were sailing thirteen knots (miles) an hour. Just at this time I heard, "ding dong, ding dong," which reminded me of Mrs. Benjamin's order. As soon as possible, I was at the galley with my pitcher.

"Is't de water for de missis?" the cook inquired.

"Yes," I said.

"Then it must be hot and dat's de fact." So he gave an extra poke at his fire, and a minute or two I was off for the after-cabin.

Mrs. Benjamin was ready for the water and after congratulating me for getting over being sea-sick so soon, she told me to go to the steward and ask him to show me how to make a glass of egg-nog, and bring it to her. I found the steward in the cook's store room, in the midst of his pastry, and delivered Mrs. Benjamin's request.

"All right," he said, "you go and bring me a saucer and goblet." He then took an egg and separated the yolk into the goblet and the white into the saucer. Then he put a teaspoonful of fine white sugar into

the goblet with the yolk, which I beat together. He beat the white of the egg to a froth and added it to the contents in the goblet, and bid me serve it on a tray. Mrs. Benjamin added some port wine, and pronounced it very good. I performed this little service as long as eggs were available, most of the time during the voyage, and it is needless to say that I became very proficient.

Mrs. Benjamin then ordered me to beat up her bed, turn it over and make up the berth, after which I made her room tidy and also the after-cabin.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin. "Now, to-morrow morning you will not be seasick, and after you have a good night's sleep you will be up bright and early; if possible you must do all your work in the after-cabin before seven bells and your work in the forward cabin after breakfast. Then, when I get ready, you can tidy up my room. By the way, Jack, suppose we have a piece of your mother's cake."

The mere mention of my mother touched a tender spot in my heart; Mrs. Benjamin, with her womanly instinct, noticed it.

"Well, Jack," she said, "I like a boy who loves his mother. I love my mother, too, and I suppose that eating this delicious homemade cake, will make both you and me a little homesick." (The truth was that I did not get over being homesick until after all my apples and cake were gone, which was in about two weeks).

After all this, I reported to the steward, who told me that at seven bells (half-past eleven) I should

prepare the dinner table. It was now only six bells, so I had half an hour to myself. I occupied the time in looking about the main deck.

The men of the watch were all at work. The wind had moderated since morning, and I ventured to ask one of the sailors how fast we were sailing.

"Oh, between nine and ten knots," he answered. "What are you doing here, are you the captain's son?" he inquired.

"No, sir," I said, "I am the cabin boy."

"It is too bad to take a young lad like you from his home."

"I wanted to come, sir."

"What's your name?" he asked.

"My name is Jack, sir."

"Jack," he said, "you need not 'sir' any one who lives in this part of the ship, you just say yes and no, and you will get along all right." I thanked him for this bit of information and went on with my investigations.

I took a look on the topgallantforecastle deck. The flukes of the anchors had been turned over on the deck and were lashed down to the catheads and to each other, and that brought the stocks of the anchors perpendicular hard up against the outside of the railing. Underneath this deck was quite a little menagerie,. There were fowl, pigs and a goat. The goat was permitted to roam about the main deck in good weather. We never became very friendly with each other.

From thence I came to the forecastle proper, which opened on the starboard side of the center house. I just peeped in on the watch below. They were all sleeping in their berths. I noticed that the running rigging led along down the standing rigging through fair leaders, which were seized on the shrouds and backstays about fifteen feet above the deck and thence down to belaying pins about as high as a man's waist. There were fifteen to twenty of these ropes on either side, also a half dozen on each side of the mast, besides all of the headgear. I thought, "Shall I ever know each one of these by name and then there is all the main and mizzen ropes."

After this I came to the carpenter's room and so on to the galley. This was my first tour of the main deck. I have told you of only a few of the things which will be mentioned later.

The cook hailed me, and said, "Jack, de steward is lookin' for ye, he is in de cabin."

"Yes," I said. On my way aft I noticed the captain and Mr. Stover with instruments (quadrants) in their hands, looking at the horizon. The steward explained to me that by means of these instruments they brought the sun down to the horizon and by that determined when the sun reached the zenith, which time would be exactly twelve o'clock, noon, true time.

It was now seven bells, apparent time, and the steward was in a hurry to get the dinner table ready. "We are sailing easterly," he said, "and therefore gaining time." He told me that if we were sailing

due east, we would gain four seconds to every mile, four minutes in every degree, and one hour in every fifteen degrees. If we were sailing due west we would lose the same amount of time according to the distance sailed. In the meantime, I noticed how the steward was doing things.

"I expect you to do this work alone after to-day," he said. "You know now what dishes are used, how they are placed on the table and where they are kept.

"Yes, sir," I said. It was now eight bells. After the steward had adjusted the clock, which was several minutes slow, he gave me the tin basket and we set out for the galley to bring the dinner aft.

Captain and Mrs. Benjamin and Mr. Stover sat down at the table in company with each other. I waited on them the best I knew how, and served the coffee and removed the soup plates and served the dessert. I think that I did quite well for the first, thanks to Mrs. Benjamin for a few suggestions.

After they had finished, I took some of the dishes to the galley to have them replenished, and then Mr. Fletcher, the steward and I sat down to dinner. My appetite was good. Mr. Fletcher intimated that we would have to put into some port and store up again if my appetite continued to increase. The steward said it would be much cheaper to quietly drop me over the stern in company with a fifty pound shot. Of course they were both joking, yet I did not appreciate the latter one at all; it sounded too piratical. I ventured to suggest that in order to prevent either extreme I would endeavor to diet myself,

whereupon Mr. Fletcher remarked: "No, no, my lad, you eat hearty and give the ship a good name."

At four bells everything was washed up and put away, except some knives and forks which I had to rub. The steward told me that in the future I must do all of my work before noon, and after dinner was cleared away and everything made tidy I would have two hours or so to myself, unless Mrs. Benjamin had something for me to do, or something unusual happened. "Well," I said to myself, as I did not have anyone else to say it to, "I expect to attend to Mrs. Benjamin's wants as far as I can. But I do hope that nothing unusual will happen, for I rather enjoy being around on deck."

When I had gotten through with the knives and forks, I took off my apron, washed my face and hands, combed my hair, and then I inquired of Mrs. Benjamin if there was anything I could do for her.

"Yes, Jack," she said, "I want you to help me to put away my own and the captain's shore clothes." After I had shaken and brushed them, Mrs. Benjamin folded them. I then laid them away in the drawer.

Just at this time, the captain came in. "Jack," he said, "Whenever Mrs. Benjamin calls you, don't matter what you are doing, you drop everything and come immediately."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered.

Mrs. Benjamin remarked, "Jack doesn't always wait to be called but comes and inquires what he can do for me."

"That's right, my boy," said the captain. "That's better still." It seemed to me that Mrs. Benjamin always remembered the captain's command that I should drop everything when she called me, because she always prefaced her orders with, "Jack, when you get through what you are doing come and do thus and so."

"Now, Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "you may go on deck and look around, take notice and learn all you can. If you see anything that is unusual, come and let me know."

When I got on deck, I found that the wind was very light. It had changed from one side to the other. Studdingsails had been set on the port side, studdingsail-booms were fitted on either side, but the sails were changed back and forth as required. It was warm and pleasant. It was the second mate's watch on deck, and I ran into the cabin and brought him two apples.

"Jack," he said. "You will have a good night's sleep to-night, we may have a squall but that need not bother you."

"Yes, sir," I said, "but the cook told me that when it rained he and I were to catch water for washing."

"Yes," he said, "that's all right in the day time, but in the night we will look out for it, if you will give us some hot coffee about two bells (five A. M.) and three good meals every day, we will take care of you through the night."

I took a good look at everything from truck (tip top of the mast) down to the deck. The second

mate explained to me a good many things that I saw. I then had a talk with the cook. He was a West Indian, a native of Martinique, hence his poor English.

"What's de spinning yarns to de secon' mate 'bout, ee Jack?" he inquired.

"Oh," I said, "I was asking him about the sails, the ropes and rigging, he told me lots of things."

"What does ye ter do wid de sails, de rigging and de ropes?"

"I hope to learn the name of each one of them before long."

"Jack, dat's de privilege de has, but what's ee things ee tells ye 'bout?"

"He told me that you and I were to get him some nice hot coffee mornings and three good meals every day, then he would take care of us through the night, and if it rained he would have the water barrel filled up for us."

"De secon' mate him de gude fellow, but how does de missis gettin' on?" he asked.

"Mrs. Benjamin came out to dinner, to-day, she thinks that you are a good cook."

"Ee Jack, the missis knows what's 'bout de rite ting."

It was now eight bells, the watch below was called, the pumps were sounded and the log was thrown. Now the log is a term that is applicable to several things; first, the log slate, on which is written every two hours a record of the ship's course and distance

sailed, the direction of the wind and remarks. Second, the log book. This book is kept by the first mate and is written up at the end of each sea day (a sea day is from noon to the next noon). It contains a minute account of the ship's position every twenty-four hours, course and distance sailed, difference of latitude and longitude, leeway if any, also remarks on the events of the day. Third, logarithm; these are tables of figures found in books on navigation and are used in solving mathematical problems, used in navigation and in other calculations; fourth, the log proper. This instrument is made of hard wood, quadrangular in shape, about one inch in thickness; two of the angles are taken off just a little, which makes one edge a little rounding. This edge has a groove in it, which is filled in with lead. There is a small line, about eighteen inches in length, attached to each corner. These lines or arms reach out and are joined to the end of a very long line, which is kept wound up on a reel. One of these arms is fitted with a stopper. When the log is about to be thrown over the taffrail, the stopper is adjusted so that when it reaches the water, it stands perdendicular, and as fast as the ship goes ahead the line is paid out from the reel. It requires three men in throwing the log, one to hold and turn the glass (sand glass), one to hold the reel, and one to pay out the line. When the glass is run out the line is held fast, the stopper disconnects itself, the log falls flat on the water and the line is easily hauled in and reeled up. Our glass was a minute glass, and the

log line was marked according to it. It indicates the number of miles that the ship is sailing per hour.

The first mate came on deck and took charge, and the man at the wheel was relieved. This was the first dog-watch. There are two of them, one from four to six P. M. and one from 6 to 8 P. M. It was now time to prepare the supper table, so I went below. Before going to work, however, I reported to Mrs. Benjamin. I told her of what changes had been made in the sails, that the wind was light and we were sailing only five miles an hour. I also said that Mr. Fletcher predicted a squall sometime during the night.

"Yes," she said, looking up thoughtfully, "the barometer indicates it. Jack, don't you know it is better to be sailing at the rate of five miles an hour in the right direction than at the rate of twelve miles an hour with a head wind?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, "but I did not think about it."

"However, Jack, I think your report a good one for the first day at sea."

I asked the steward if I should make up the mate's and second mate's berths.

"No, they will take care of their own berths," he said. "You keep the floor and paint-work clean in their rooms and trim the lamps, that's all. After you have set the table," he said, "I will come and show you about lighting the lamps."

The ship was almost as steady as though we were alongside of a wharf. Mrs. Benjamin suggested that I take the rack off the dining table. "It will make

it appear more homelike," she said. A little before three bells, the steward came to attend to the lighting of the lamps. There were seven in all, one each for the captain's, first and second mate's rooms and pantry, forward, and after-cabins and binnacle. The cook took care of the bow light. This light was carried on the end of the bowsprit, underneath the jib-boom.

It was now three bells and supper time. I went through about the same manoeuvres as at dinner, with these exceptions: there were not any soup plates or dessert dishes to handle. The preserve dishes were placed on the table in a pile, and each helped themselves to one if they so desired. The captain, Mrs. Benjamin and Mr. Stover had some conversation in regard to the sailing qualities of the ship, about the crew and the weather forecast. Mrs. Benjamin remarked:

"Jack keeps me very well posted about the things that are going on up on deck." Addressing the mate, she said, "Mr. Stover, it is your watch on deck in the morning, from eight to twelve, and if it does not storm I expect to come up and take a look at you all."

"Mrs. Benjamin," the mate answered, "we will all be glad to see you on deck as often as it is possible." I enjoyed the table talk very much.

When the steward, Mr. Fletcher and I sat down to supper, Mr. Fletcher reiterated his prediction that we would have a squall before morning.

"Well, suppose we do," said the steward, "I hope that when you and the mate are shouting yourselves

hoarse, you will remember that there are some people below trying to get some sleep."

"You slept through all last night without trying very hard, I reckon," answered Mr. Fletcher. "I wonder if we happened to get on a lee shore some stormy night, if that would bring you out."

"If you fellows know your business, we will not get on a lee shore some stormy night," the steward retorted.

"Jack," said Mr. Fletcher, "you stuck to us well last night, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "but I didn't like it. I hope that I shall sleep to-night, sir."

"I never saw a boy yet who could not sleep the whole night through after he has gotten used to things," said the steward.

"Well, Jack," said Mr. Fletcher, "I remember my first night at sea and I guess that there is no doubt but what you will. I did not have a good mother to leave behind me. She had gone to her rest a number of years before, and my home life was not as pleasant as it might have been, so I did not have homesickness to contend with; besides I was four years older than you are; I was going on seventeen, yet my surroundings that night were in some respects much worse than yours. I was in a storm on board of an old rat-trap of a collier, loaded with coal, in the English channel. All hands were at the pumps during the whole night. Well, we were just as liable to sink as we were to float, but we did not sink."

"No, we see you didn't," interrupted the steward. But in the first place, why did you ship on board of such an old box and in the last place, why did you not leave her after you found it out?"

"In the first place," said Mr. Fletcher, when I joined her I did not know but what she was just as safe as a line-of-battle ship, and in the last place, well, when I found it out the storm was on, and the old tub was safer than anything that there was in that vicinity at that time.

"I tell you, Jack," continued Mr. Fletcher, "when the storm is raging, it's a great thing to know that you have got a ship under you, which is able to carry you through and that can show her heels to most anything you may happen to fall in with, and the 'Two Sisters' is just that kind of a boat."

"And that's a fact," added the steward. Now, the steward and Mr. Fletcher knew whereof they spoke, as they both had sailed in the "Two Sisters" on her two previous voyages to Mobile.

After the supper had been cleared away and the dishes washed, and everything made secure about the cabins for the night, Mrs. Benjamin wished me to bring her a pitcher of hot water and to attend to a few other little things for her. I went after the hot water and said to the cook, "Mrs. Benjamin is coming on deck if it is good weather, sometime after eight bells to-morrow morning, and you had better have things all fixed up in good shape; she may come and take a look at your galley."

He was pleased that I told him. "That's rite, Jack," he said, "tell me 'bout tings; I gets de galley ter shinin' in de mornin', time's de missis comes. Does dey like de frizzle spuds (fried potatoes) for der suppers?"

"The captain and Mr. Stover said they were all right," I answered.

"Jack, I knows dey like 'em." He then drew a pitcher of water from his hot water tank for me and said, "Begone now to the missis."

Mrs. Benjamin told me that she would not need anything more for the present but that I must be sure and remember her glass of egg-nog a little before seven bells in the morning. She then bid me good night, saying, "Jack, you need not be frightened if we do have a squall. I do not think you will be seasick any more, this voyage," and adding, "Jack, don't forget to say your prayers."

"No, ma'am," I said, "that's what my mother told me." The steward told me that I would be called at two bells (five o'clock in the morning) and all about what I was expected to do, after which I went on deck a few minutes and then to my room.

It was now eight bells. I was undressed and engaged in my prayers, when an awful spell of homesickness came over me; my home, my mother, brother and sisters, all came before me. Then I cried as though my heart would break, I just could not help it. I tell you, boys and girls, when you go away from home for the first time, if homesickness does not come around at bedtime, well, I guess that you

are about cured. Through the excitement and duties of the day I had congratulated myself several times that I had become almost a full-fledged sailor boy, but alas, the night had come. After the first outburst of my grief, I heard the steward approaching. I was ashamed to have him find me in tears, so I crawled into my berth, covered my head and cried it out in silence.

My first day's experience at sea had passed and gone as a tale that is told but never to be forgotten. I did hear shouting some time during the night, and heard the wind blowing, and felt the ship quiver. I then realized that the predicted squall had come, and remembered what Mrs. Benjamin and the second mate had said to me, and was soon lost in sleep again. The second mate called me in the morning and said:

"It is two bells, Jack, the cook has the coffee ready, now bear a hand, my lad."

I hastily repeated the prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven," and dressed myself in a jiffy and was at the galley. After taking a good wash I felt like a new boy.

The watch on deck were getting their coffee, each of them bringing a tin pot of his own. I served the second mate with coffee and cookies, just as the steward had told me. He was pleased with it.

"Jack," he said, "you didn't come on deck, last night, to see us in the squall?"

"No, sir," I answered, "I just heard a little of it and then remembered what you told me and went on sleeping again."

"That's right, my boy," he said, "but I tell you, Jack, it was an old hummer; we had to take in studdingsails, skysails, royals, topgallantsails, flying-jib, upper staysails and the mizzentopsail. We began to shorten sail just before eight bells, so it did not break in on the watch below very much, but we have got everything on her again now," he added, "except the studdingsails; the wind is a little bit too sharp for them."

I thought, as I hastened to the cabin, why, he talks to me just as though I was an old sailor and understood the whole business. I then went quietly into the after-cabin, swept and dusted it and made everything about it look as homelike as I knew how.

The captain called for a cup of coffee, which I brought. I asked if he would have some milk (goat's milk).

"No, Jack," he said, "I guess I will have a stick in it." I did not know at first just what he meant, but he told me to hand him one of several decanters which were in a closet nearby.

"This kind of a stick, Jack, is only for captains and such like," he said, "not for cabin boys."

"I don't want any of it, sir," I said.

"I presume that the captain could get along just as well without it," remarked Mrs. Benjamin.

"Yes, yes," he said, "but wasn't I up all night through the squall? Besides you have all of the goat's milk."

"I would be very glad to divide it with you, captain," she retorted.

"Thank you," he said, "but the truth of the whole matter is I don't like it quite as well."

After the captain had been served with coffee, with the stick (cogniac) in it, I went forward to get some rain water to wash up the floor of the forward cabin, the second mate's room, and pantry.

The cook inquired, "Do de captain like him coffee?"

"Yes," I answered, "he put a stick in it."

"Ee, Jack, de captain knows what's de ting dat makes him gude. Ee, Jack, de good Lord he sends de rain in de squall; the secon' mate him fill up de barrel, de wash him up, make him clean."

After I had got through washing up the cabin, I put on a clean apron and prepared a glass of egg-nog, all by myself. I took it to Mrs. Benjamin, who tested it and pronounced it "all right." I told her all that the second mate had told me about the squall, what sails were set and present conditions of the weather.

"You keep me quite well posted, Jack," she said, "and I thank you; you keep a good lookout and notice what happens, and then tell me about everything you think that I would like to know."

"Yes, ma'am," I answered. In the meantime the steward was busy getting hot biscuits ready for breakfast.

After the morning meal, Mrs. Benjamin came out on deck, and as I had prophesied, she took a look at the cook's galley, which greatly pleased the cook, for, as he said, he "would hab de tings all shinin'." She also took a look at our little menagerie under the forecastle deck, the fowl, pigs and the goat. In speaking to the captain in regard to their tour of inspection about the decks, she said:

"I was very much pleased with the appearance of the cook and his galley. I can relish the food better, when I know something about the surroundings in which it was prepared."

I must tell you all about my first experience (it proved to be my last) in milking the goat. The steward did not know anything of it, as he was busy in the cabin at that time, and I thought to give him a surprise, but it proved to be myself who was surprised. The watch on deck were all aft, washing decks, so you see I had clear sailing. Of course, the cook sanctioned my endeavor. He furnished me with a bowl, and said: "Tie he head to de post, doee see?"

"Yes," I said, and started out. Now, when the goat saw me, no doubt she thought that I had something for her to eat, and was disposed to be friendly with me, but when she found I had nothing, she looked at me and seemed to say, "Well, you never did feed me and I don't know that I am under any obligations to you, anyhow," and at the same time put on a defiant appearance. I thought about tying her head to a stanchion, as the cook had told me to do, but her head was the most dangerous part of her,

so I thought if I ever was to succeed in milking her I had better begin at the right place.

After some coaxing, I ventured to put my hand on her back, she knew very well what I wanted, and while I was stroking and patting her, all at once she struck an attitude as much as to say, "Now go ahead and milk away." I was congratulating myself when suddenly the pesky thing seemed to change her mind and, whirling suddenly around, stood facing me. I took it for granted that she was about to butt into me and endeavoring to give her the right of way, I fell over backwards, the bowl came in contact with the kedge anchor, which was lashed to the heel of the bowsprit, and it was broken.

Just at this moment the cook appeared on the scene of action and found me in a very humiliating position.

"Ee, Jack," he exclaimed, "What's de matter wid de goat?"

"There isn't anything the matter with the goat," I said. "The matter is with myself and the bowl."

The cook indulged in a hearty laugh at my expense, and said: "Jack, ee no ties de head to de post."

"You tie the head to the post if you want to, I don't. Why, the head is the very worst part of the thing."

"Oh, de steward, he milk um, ye pick him up de bowl and heave him over the side and come to de galley quick," he said.

As I came around to the galley the steward called me from the cabin, and as I turned to go aft the cook

whispered: "De steward he knows notin' 'bout de milkin'; I tells him notin'."

"Cook, you are a good fellow," I said.

"Ee, Jack, de missis tells me dat dis mornin'."

Mrs. Benjamin was very particular one day to inquire of me if I had ever milked the goat.

"No ma'am," I said.

"Did you ever make an attempt?" she asked.

I hesitated a moment, but as there was not anything criminal about it, I related my experience with the beast. She was very much amused.

"That kind of animal scarcely ever makes friends except with the one who feeds them," she said. And so the days came and went, and I became more and more familiar with the ship, and accustomed to the duties of a cabin boy.

We had now been to sea twenty days, and were sailing in the northeast trade winds. With the exception of several heavy squalls, however, the wind had been very light. We were all well on board and Mrs. Benjamin was much better than when we sailed. The first mate was not very sociable with me; he would speak to me, now and then, especially on his morning watch, at coffee time. He always appeared as though he would like to have his way with me; perhaps his way would have been all right sometimes, but it never struck me very favorably.

The second mate and I had become quite intimate friends. I had spoken to each one of the crew but did not know any of them very well. It was the

second mate's watch on deck, from six to eight, one pleasant evening, and after I had gotten through with my work I took a stroll forward. The first mate would not have permitted me to have gone forward of the galley at that time of the evening, but he was below, so I took advantage of my opportunity.

It so happened that the same man who asked me on our first day out if I was the captain's son was on the lookout. He was walking back and forth on the topgallant forecastle, and I ventured to engage in conversation with him.

"Good evening," I said.

"Hello, Jack, is that you?"

"I believe it is," I answered. "What is your name?"

"Oh, my name is Tom, that will do for the present," he said.

"What fine weather this is, Tom."

"Yes, most too fine for the owners. I hardly ever saw the trades so light before."

"But what are the trades, Tom? I heard the captain and the first mate talking about the trade winds yesterday, what does it mean?"

"Well, in the first place, Jack, there are two sets of trade winds in the Atlantic ocean blowing continually toward the equator, the northeast trades, in which we are now sailing, blow from a northeasterly direction toward the south; second, the southeast trades which blow from the southeasterly direction toward the north. These winds are sometimes very light as we are having them now, and at other times

are quite strong, so that we could not carry skysail, royal or topgallantstuddingsails."

"But what makes them blow from one direction all the year round?" I asked. "It seems very strange to me."

"Well," he said, "the cause of it or at least one of the causes, is this: you know that at the equator it is warm all through the year and when the sun crosses that parallel it is very hot; now in that vicinity the hot air and vapor is continually rising and when it reaches a sufficient altitude the earth's motion causes it to divide and a portion of it is carried toward the north and the other part of it toward the south. Of course, as the hot air and vapor rises a vacuum is formed, which is filled with cold air coming in from the north and south which in turn is soon heated by the sun's rays and rises, going on and on causing the same effect. These currents of cool air coming from the north and south form what are known as the trade winds, so named because of their relation to commerce. The Atlantic trades, in which we are especially interested on this voyage, originate about thirty degrees north latitude and forty degrees south latitude; they meet about four degrees north latitude and are generally very light and variable in these latitudes."

"Thank you, Tom, I think you have told me as much about them as I can remember at one time."

"I will just give you one illustration, which will help you to remember what I have told you. For example, you take a lighted candle and open the

door of a closed room, place the candle on the floor and you will find that the flame will tend inward, hold it over your head and you will find that the flame tends outward."

"Yes, Tom, I understand better now, you have made it very clear."

"How old are you, Jack, and where do you belong? Are your father and mother living? Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Well," I said, "in the first place I am twelve and a-half years old. My home is on Long Island, which is in the state of New York. My father and mother are both living, although my father is in California at the present time. I have two sisters and one brother; I have also a large number of cousins, aunts and uncles. Now tell me all about your home and folks, Tom."

"When I was your age, Jack, I was as well provided with home and relatives as you are. I lived in a little town eighteen miles from Stockholm, Sweden. When I was sixteen years of age my mother died. I have a father and sister living at home. I also have two brothers, one of whom is a professor in the University of Stockholm, and the other, the last I heard of him, had shipped in the American clipper ship, 'N. G. Palmer,' bound to the same port in China as we are; I hope to meet him there. He sailed from Boston about a month before we left New York. At that time I was on a voyage from 'Frisco to New York in the American ship 'Challenger,' and according to my reckoning within a hundred miles from where we are to-night. But let us

go back to my dear old home again, just for a few minutes. I graduated at the age of twenty and intended to take up a profession, but I was drafted to serve two years in the army, and in order to get rid of that kind of service I quit my native land. That is fifteen years past; since then I have not had any real home but have been sailing in American ships, except two years, when I was in the mines in California, and who knows, Jack, perhaps I have met your father there."

"You might have, Tom, but why didn't you go back home again and see your father, brothers and sister? Are you afraid of being arrested for desertion?"

"I would not tell this to an old sailor, but I can tell you, Jack, all about it. If my mother had lived, it would have been different; the last three years of my college life I became careless, reckless and a little dissipated. After I left home, I grew worse and worse. No, no, it is not for fear of being arrested, but it is the drink, Jack, the drink—that awful drink habit, that has kept me from home and loved ones."

"I am very sorry for you, Tom, but some people have got rid of the thirst for strong drink; say, Tom, why can't you? There are some nice temperance books aft in the library, I will bring you one to read."

"I will be glad to read the book, Jack, and will try again with all my might to overcome the habit. Perhaps you can help me."

"I would be glad to help you, Tom."

"I thank you, Jack, with all my heart. It is eight bells now, so good-bye; we will have another talk soon."

I then bade him good night, and hurried aft before the first mate got on deck, that I might not incur his displeasure. After doing a few things for Mrs. Benjamin I went to my room. I was still a little homesick, just about bedtime, yet I was getting bravely over it.

The next day, while at work in the after-cabin oiling the hard wood, I told Mrs. Benjamin all about my friend Tom.

"I am glad," she said, "that he has told you so much about himself, perhaps we can help him." Then she picked out from the library a temperance book and some tracts, also a Swedish Bible; the book was to be returned, the Bible was to be his own. "Now, Jack," she said, "Here is a book for each one of the crew with some tracts enclosed. You may say that we will be glad to exchange them at any time for others, and if any are without a Bible we will supply them. To-morrow is Sunday, and you can take the books forward in the afternoon, when you get through with your work."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, "I think that they will be pleased with them; I am sure Tom will."

"I do not understand, Jack, how a college graduate, as you say Tom is, can be contented in spending his time as a sailor before the mast."

"But he is not contented, ma'am," I said, "that is just what he was telling me about; he said that it was the drink, the drink."

"Yes, Jack, I remember now you told me that before, that awful drink habit; yes, that explains it all. I hope that your future conversations will be as profitable to each of you as the first seems to have been; by the way, Jack, if any of the crew at any time should want clothing for hot or cold weather, boots, shoes, and also tobacco, we will supply them for just what the things cost. Jack, do you know why it is necessary to have all these things on board? I will tell you. Men sometimes come on board and go to sea with scarcely any clothing."

"That seems very strange, ma'am," I said.

"No, it is not strange," she said, "it is the drink habit; simply cause and effect."

After dinner had been cleared away I went forward to have a little talk with the cook. "Cook," I said, "Do you read?"

"Jack, de ye suppose I'se de heathen? Corse I reads; I reads de French."

"Would you like for me to bring you a French Bible?" I asked.

"De Bible, ee dat's de Lord's book, ee, Jack, I like um. Does de missis have 'em?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Jack, I makes de hash, I tells ye how to make um." So we went through the process and he gave me a very minute description of everything pertaining to it. I appreciated his kindness in teaching me things along his line of work, but just at that time I was more interested in learning about the ropes

and the sails than I was in making hash, although I always found that the hash was a very necessary addition to the morning and evening meal.

Now, it was the second mate's watch on deck. "Jack, are you through with your afternoon's work?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Well, come then and I will tell you some of the ropes. Now, Jack, suppose I order you to stand by the mainskysail-halyards, where would you go?"

"Don't know, sir," I said.

"You would as likely stand by the maintopsail-halyards."

"No, sir," I said.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because, sir, the maintopsail is a larger sail than the skysail and it must have larger ropes."

"Jack, your theory is all right, but look, here is something practical. There is a small rope, and according to your theory it must belong to a small sail, and you are right, for so it does, but follow it with your eye, where does it lead? You see that it leads up parallel with the skysail backstay and goes through the skysail-mast down to the yard. Now, Jack, what is the name of this rope?"

"Mainskysail-halyards, sir."

"Yes, they are on the port side, you see, and are always made fast to this belaying pin.

"Now, Jack, for the mainroyal-halyards; in the first place, get your eye on the center of the royal-yard where the halyards are attached, now where do they lead?"

"They lead up through the mast, sir, and down along the royalbackstay and are made fast here on the starboard."

"That's correct, Jack, you see that the maintopgallant-halyards lead down on the port side and the topsail-halyards down the starboard. Now, Jack, by this method you can trace out and locate every piece of running rigging. Of course, you must trace them all out in the day, so that you can locate any one of them in the darkest night. For example," he said, "here are three ropes. You trace them and you will find that they are the mainskysail-sheet, clewline and buntline. You notice that they lead down through the fair-leader, which is seized on the aftershroud. Now, this fair-leader has three holes, the forward hole is for the sheet, the next for the clewline and the after one for the buntline. This same is true of the royal, topgallant, topsail and mainsail gear. All lead down through their respective fair-leaders on either side, both fore and main, with this exception. You will notice when you trace them out that the fore and maintopsail sheets, the fore and main buntlines, and a few other ropes, lead down on either side of their respective masts. Now, Jack, you go forward and trace out all of the halyards that you can find there and then come and tell me just how they lead and where each one of them is made fast. Never mind the studdingsail-halyards, they are sometimes changed from side to side, but the others always lead the same way and are made fast at the same place."

As I went forward I found my friend, Tom, who was working on a piece of rigging on the port side.

I told him that Mr. Fletcher had sent me to trace out all the halyards, foreward of the mainmast.

"Well, Jack, that's easy enough."

"Yes, Tom, I suppose it is to anyone who knows all about it."

"That is very good logic, Jack. I guess I can help you out a little."

"I wish you would, Tom."

"Well, in the first place, Jack, here are the flying-jib and foretopmaststaystail-halyards. You see that they lead along down the forward-swifter, and are made fast right here on the port side. The jib-halyards lead down the forward-swifter on the starboard side. You see that they lead up to the head of these sails, consequently they must be their halyards. Now, you go and stand on the after-part of the main deck on the weather side. You will have a good view from that position of all the other halyards."

I went to the place designated, and followed the rule that Mr. Fletcher had given me of tracing out each rope by itself. I very soon located the halyards and rehearsed them all over to Tom. He said they were all right.

As soon as Mr. Fletcher was unoccupied, I presented myself before him, saying that I had located all the halyards forward of the mainmast.

"Well, we will see," he said, as I followed him to the forward end of the poop deck. He then ordered me to stand by the flying-jib halyard, which I did as quickly as possible.

"Jib-halyards," he called out.

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered; and so by this method he kept on drilling me until I had located to his satisfaction, also to my own great delight, all the halyards, clewlines, sheet, buntlines, downhauls, etc.

"That will do. Come aft with me," he said. I followed him to the mizzenmast. "Now, Jack, the mizzen-gear is easily located, here are the throat-halyards of the spanker leading down parallel with the after-shroud on the port side. The peek-halyards are right opposite, on the starboard side. The mizzen-topsail-halyards lead down on the port side. The clewline, sheet and tack, you see, come down alongside of the mast. Here are also the mizzenstaysail and the mizzentopmaststaysail-halyards, one on either side.

"Now, Jack, let us go over the braces. One end of the braces is attached to the ends of the yards, as you see, but it is the other end of them that we want to locate, just now, and we can do it by using our eyes. You see that the lower and topsail-braces, both fore and main, stand out separately by themselves, and anyone can see at once just where they are made fast. The maintopgallantroyal and skysail-braces lead across to the mizzen and mizzentopmast-heads and down through the fair leaders on the two forward shrouds on either side. The foretopgallant and royal braces lead across to the maintopmast and topgallantmast-heads and down to the fife rail, around the mainmast on either side.

"Now, Jack, that will do for this time, but when you get a chance study one sail by itself and all of the ropes belonging to it and go over them in your mind and with your friend Tom, and you will soon know them all as well as the rest of us."

"I thank you, Mr. Fletcher, for all that you have told me. I hope to graduate some time from a cabin boy to a real sailor boy, and then I would like to be in your watch."

"All right, my hearty. I will be glad to have you, but," he added, "the first mate always has the first choice."

Before preparing the supper table I made myself tidy and then found the steward. He told me just what dishes to bring forward after I had set the table. The cook had noticed the second mate's interest in me and that he had been telling me about the running-rigging, and he said: "What's de cabin boy to know 'bout de ropes."

"But I don't expect to be cabin boy all of my life, Cook."

"Dat's rite, Jack; when ye gits to be de capan ye takes me fur de steward, ee?"

"Yes, Cook, that will be all right, for you will know just what I like."

At five bells, after I had finished my evening work, Mrs. Benjamin gave me the books, which I was to distribute among the crew. She had selected a book especially for Tom, and a French Bible for the cook.

"If any of them cannot read English," she said, "we have Bibles in four other languages; French,

German, Swedish and Spanish, also tracts, but all the other books that we have are in English."

I then told Mrs. Benjamin what Mr. Fletcher had taught me about the ropes. "That is very good of him," she said. "Does Mr. Stover teach you anything?"

"Yes, ma'am, he has told me about somethings, but the more that the second mate tries to teach me the less Mr. Stover appears to think of me. He does not seem to want me to talk with anyone."

"I am sorry, Jack, Mr. Stover has not an agreeable disposition. Perhaps you don't like him any better than he appears to like you, and that is not right, you know. You must be very respectful toward him and very careful not to offend in any way. The captain has told me that he is a good officer."

At this time the captain came into the cabin. "Jack," he said, "in the after state room there is a box of tobacco which I have opened. If any of the crew want some at any time you can supply them. Ten plugs goes for a pound. Mrs. Benjamin will keep the accounts."

"Captain," said Mrs. Benjamin, "if you will allow me I had rather not attend store on the Sabbath day."

"That's right," he said. "Jack, we will close up every Saturday night." He then consulted his barometer and said, "Mrs. Benjamin, if we get through these latitudes without having a hurricane, we shall consider ourselves very lucky chaps."

"I trust thatwe shall always be ready for the inevitable," she said.

"Well," the captain replied, "we will do the very best we can to keep away from them, but if they come we will do our very best in them. However, there is no indication of a hurricane at the present time."

I had now finished picking up things about the cabin, and making everything secure for the night, as I did every evening, for we never knew what might happen before morning. As I was about to go forward to get a pitcher of hot water, the captain said: "Jack, you tell the cook that when he is roasting the coffee to be careful and not burn it."

"Aye, aye, sir" I answered.

The cook acknowledged that he had burned the coffee, and said: "I no burns him termoro', Jack."

"Cook, were you ever in a hurricane?"

"Ee, Jack, I lives in de hurricane country."

"Does it blow very, very hard?"

"It's not doin' anything else but blowin', rainin' and scattering tings."

"What sails does a ship carry in a hurricane?" I asked.

"Dey takes in all the sails, Jack, and de ship just goes like de wind."

"But, Cook, suppose that there is land in the way?"

"Den de ship goes on de land, that's all."

"My! Cook," I said, "I'd like to see one, but I hope we won't have any, though."

"I hopes not dis voyage, Jack, I no like him."

When I came aft with the water, Mrs. Benjamin dismissed me for the night. Now the steward always told me at night of any especial work for me to do the next day. "Jack," he said, "to-morrow is Sunday, you know, and there is not any unnecessary work in our department on that day, but after our regular duties are over we can sit down and see the ship sail on, or perhaps we will enjoy a sailor's delight, that is, overhauling our chests." After looking over some of the books which I was to distribute among the crew I went to my room.

The next day, Sunday, was clear and warm, wind very light and variable. I heard the captain and first mate talking about the ship's position. They concluded that we had run out of the northeast trades, as we were in six degrees north latitude. It was now the twenty-fourth day of October, consequently, we had been one month at sea. After dinner had been cleared away I took the Bibles, books and tracts, and started forward, with my arms full. It was the first mate's watch on deck. He asked me what I was going to do. I told him that I was going to distribute the books among the crew. Let the men come aft, he said, for their books if they want Bibles. I explained to him that Mrs. Benjamin had told me to take them. That did not help matters any, however, as she suddenly appeared on deck. He did not order me back, and I proceeded. I first called on the cook, he seemed glad to get a Bible and some tracts in French.

I then went around to the forecastle. The men were all engaged in overhauling their chests, dis-

playing their shore clothing, showing each other pictures of loved ones, reading old letters, etc.

My friend Tom saw me coming, and said to the men: "Here comes Jack with a load of books, I suppose that the mistress has sent them to us."

"You are right, Tom," I said, as I laid the books down before them, "and Mrs. Benjamin told me that you may return them for others at any time." I had intimated to Tom the book which had been especially selected for him.

"I tell you, men, it is a good thing to have a true woman on board of a ship to sail with," he said. "It makes us think of our mothers and sisters. I think that I will take a Swedish Bible and this book," he added, as he picked out the one I had indicated. So they all chose books for themselves, also one for the man at the wheel. Some of them had Bibles.

The carpenter had access to the cabin, more or less, and could choose books from the library for himself. At four bells that evening a great change in the weather took place. A sullen darkness settled over and around us, while it was yet day. The captain said that a huricane was approaching. All hands were ordered on deck to shorten sail, even the cook and steward were not exempt. Mrs. Benjamin took up a position in the companionway and notified the captain every few minutes of the barometrical changes. In a fore and aft-rigged vessel, when the sails are down the decks are comparatively clear of ropes, but on a square-rigged vessel, when the sails are all clewed up, the decks are just literally covered

with running-rigging. Everything was taken in except the foretopsail, foretopmaststaysail and mizzen-staysail. While all hands were aloft furling the sails, I was on deck coiling up the ropes. The men were ordered to make the sails as secure as possible. After which the mainskysail and royal-yards were sent down and triced up in the lower rigging. There was not a breath of wind at this time and the sea was as smooth as glass. The men were all down from aloft awaiting orders. It was very dark and as still as death.

Sailors, as a rule, do not mind a regular storm, but they all fear a hurricane. A minute or two before eight bells we were much startled, for everyone heard distinctly the tones of a bell, and we knew that there was no ship in the vicinity, as there was none in sight at sundown, and it had been a dead calm ever since. In a few moments the captain exclaimed: "Men, there must be a ship somewhere in that direction just striking eight bells. She may be a good many miles away, the tone waves of the bell come to us on the surface of the water as the atmosphere is so heavy that they cannot rise. And the probabilities are," he added, "the storm will strike us from that direction. So we watched and waited in great suspense. All hands became very anxious, which fact caused me to be alarmed. We did not have a long time to wait.

At one bell (half-past eight P. M.), a little air sprang up on the starboard beam, accompanied by a long heavy roll of the sea. All hands knew that it was the forerunner of the storm, which would

soon burst upon us in all its fury. The following orders were quickly given: "Starboard your helm," "Stand by the foretopsail-halyards," "Reef tackles and braces." In the meantime, the captain had ordered Mrs. Benjamin to go below and me to stand in the companionway so as to keep in touch with her. There was no thunder or lightning, but the darkness was intense. As soon as the ship had been gotten before the wind, other orders were given: "Lower away foretopsail," "Haul out the reef-tackles," "Steady the braces." "Aye, aye, sir," they all answered. The foretopsail came down by the run, reef-tackles were hauled out, the yard was made secure by the braces. The mate cried out: "Lay aloft now and close-reef the sail, bear a hand, bear a hand." The second mate jumped into the rigging, saying: "Come on, men, come on."

Now, as the men were ascending the rigging on either side, the second mate leading the way, a strange sound was heard coming from aloft, like the cry of a child who was suffering great pain. The second mate thought at first it was one of the crew who had fallen, but in a few moments all these were accounted for. Still the moaning and crying went on and was heard distinctly all about the decks. The men became much alarmed and came down. The captain and mate, cook and steward were gathered with them. The fast approaching storm was forgotten, for the time, not even Tom or Mr. Fletcher, perhaps the two bravest men on board of the ship, dared to go aloft to investigate. If there had had been any real danger in sight, they would not have

hesitated a moment, but they all believed that it was something supernatural. Mrs. Benjamin knew that something unusual had happened and she asked me if some one had been hurt.

"I don't know, ma'am," I answered. Shall I run and find out?"

"Yes, Jack," she said, "go." Now, I was glad that I had been ordered to leave my station, and while I was fearful as anyone of them, yet I wanted to get with the others. Just as I arrived upon the scene of disorder, the cook began to call out something in French, which did not help matters any, as none of us could understand him. However, he soon got together what little English he could command, and finding the captain, he cried out:

"De goat, de goat, cap'n de goat he gets fast in the halyards."

This explained the whole situation. The goat had been disturbed by the unusual noise that was going on, and had probably scented the approaching storm, and was meandering about the main deck. When the foretopsail came down by the run, the poor goat was caught by the halyards and was taken up and became jammed in the upper block. All hands comprehended the cook's explanation in a moment and went to work with a will. Mr. Stover, the cook and the steward extricated the goat, which was so badly bruised that it was killed and thrown overboard.

The captain asked me why I had left my station. I told him that Mrs. Benjamin ordered me to come forward and find out what was the matter. I then ran

aft into the cabin and told her all about it, and that the goat had been killed and thrown into the sea.

"Poor thing," she said. "I am glad, Jack, that the cook solved the mystery as quickly as he did."

"I presume that we are all ashamed of ourselves," I said, "for being frightened so easily."

"Well, Jack, I don't know about that, but I do know that anything which appears to be supernatural always frightens people, whether they be on land or sea."

After assuring Mrs. Benjamin that we were ready for the storm, and that the captain had ordered me to say to her that everything was all right on deck, she said: "I am glad of it; tell him I am not afraid."

As soon as I had found the captain, I delivered the message. "All right, Jack," he said. I then took up my position in the companionway again. While I was in the cabin, they close-reefed the foretopsail and took in the mizzenstaysail. The ship was rolling violently, but there was very little wind at that time. The captain and first mate were standing a few feet forward of the companionway holding a consultation.

"I think," the captain remarked, "the wind will be preceded by a very high wave, which will be our greatest danger; if it does not break over us, we shall be all right."

"The wind will strike us, very heavy sir," said the mate.

"Yes," answered the captain, "and as soon as the ship gathers headway we will take in the foretopsail

and run under bare poles with the foretopmaststaysail as a precaution against broaching to. You know," continued the captain, "that we will be running off our course." Just at this moment, the sound of the storm was heard approaching from the port quarter.

"It is coming," shouted the captain.

The mate echoed the warning, and gave the order, "Stand by the foretopsail." The second mate and my friend Tom were at the wheel, which fact caused me to feel safer. Indeed, the captain himself had picked them out as the two best men to steer the ship through this ordeal.

"Keep the ship directly before the wind," the captain called out to the men, "your lives depend upon it."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Mr. Fletcher full of confidence. I rushed into the cabin and told Mrs. Benjamin that the storm was very near to us, and where all hands were stationed, that there were two men lashed at the wheel, the captain was lashed on the forward side of the mizzenmast, the mate forward of the mainmast, and the rest of the crew were on the maindeck ready to take in the foretopsail. I then hurried back to the companionway. At that moment the ship began to tremble from stem to stern.

"All hands stand by," shouted the captain through his trumpet. The storm rushed upon us with a mighty roar. It seemed as though we were going up into the air as the ship mounted the high way,

like the gallant bark that she was. As the ship reached the top of the wave the wind struck us in all its fury. The foretopsail was instantly filled and the ship darted forward as quickly as a wild deer released. Now, all of this might have been a sublime sight in the daytime, but in the darkness of the night it was just awful. After the tidal wave had swept by us the sea was not so high, for the wind blew the tops of the waves off and leveled them somewhat. We shipped very little water at any one time but the decks were filled with foam. It blew so heavily for a half hour that a man was not safe on the poopdeck without being lashed.

The captain ordered me to say to Mrs. Benjamin that the worst was over; that the ship was scudding before the wind and making very good weather of it, and that she could lie down in safety.

"I am very, very thankful, Jack," she said, "but be careful."

I then gave her my version of the whole situation. "It must have been fearful," she said.

"Yes, ma'am," I answered, "and it is bad enough yet, but the captain said that we are out of danger. I think that you had better take his advice and lie down, perhaps he will not come into the cabin for sometime yet."

"Yes, Jack, you may tell the captain that I am all right and that I send my congratulations to him for his good seamanship." The captain was glad to hear that Mrs. Benjamin was so courageous and confident.

The captain and first mate were consulting with each other about heaving the ship to. The mate remarked: "The wind is not quite as strong as it was, though the sea is running a little heavier, but I think that she would lay all right. If one of these fellows should happen to board us," he added, "I am afraid of these heavy spars, which we have here on deck. If they should ever break away they would make a perfect wreck of us."

"That's a fact," the captain answered, "but they were made fast to stay and I don't know that we can do anything to make them more secure. I think we will risk it." He then ordered that the head sails be tied up more securely and that the foretopsail be taken in and furled snug.

A thrilling event happened just at this time. While the men were coming in from the jib-boom, one of them lost his hold and fell. Immediately the cry went up and was echoed all along the deck:

"Man overboard! Man overboard to starboard!"

The ship was running before the wind and going through the water swiftly. Several ropes were thrown over the side. The captain rushed to the starboard side and threw over more ropes. In the meantime the man caught one of the ropes, which had been thrown abaft the fore-rigging by the cook, and was climbing up on deck by the main chains.

The captain caught sight of him and helped him on board and said to him: "My man, you may consider yourself resurrected, for if you had not caught

one of those ropes, there is no power on board this ship which could have saved you."

The man was rather weak, after going through such a dangerous experience. They helped him forward and after he had changed his clothing and taken some hot coffee, which the cook had prepared for all hands, he was all right again. In the meantime the foretopsail had been taken in, and after it had been furled the head yards were braced up sharp on the port tack. It was now seven bells, (eleven-thirty P. M.)

The storm was still raging fiercely, yet it was not as dark and the clouds were not so heavy as at first. The captain and mate had now decided to heave the ship to. The main topsail had been furled close reef and was now set, or rather partly set, as only the starboard sheet was hauled out, making the sail a goose-winged shape. The mizzenstaysail was also set. Everything was now ready to bring the ship to the wind. The captain warned all hands to take care of themselves. I was ordered below and the companionway was closed. I remained in the entry way and listened.

The captain called out to the mate: "Mr. Stover, what do you think about it?"

"Now is a good time, captain," he said.

"Let her come, then."

Then the following orders were given simultaneously: "Take in the foretopmaststaysail," "Hard port your helm," "Starboard main braces." As the ship was coming to the wind a heavy sea boarded us

amidship. The water rushed fore and aft like a flood, but did no especial damage. I knew by the motion of the ship that we were now laying head to the wind and sea on the port tack. I then went into the after-cabin. Mrs. Benjamin called out:

"Is that you, Jack?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

"Well, Jack, how is everybody on deck and what is the condition of the weather?"

"Everybody on deck is all right, ma'am," I answered, "but the storm is still very severe."

"Well, Jack, I am glad that it is as well with us as it is."

It was now midnight. The companionway had been reopened and I went out on deck again. The watch was ordered below. When Mr. Fletcher and Tom had been relieved from the wheel, having been there over five hours, the captain said to them:

"You did well, men, you did well."

"She steered very well, sir," Mr. Fletcher answered, "Besides I had a good man with me."

"You're right," said the captain.

The steward and I now prepared a lunch for the captain and officers. The cook had already provided for the crew. Mrs. Benjamin came into the forward cabin and sat with them at the table. As they talked over their experience during the last five hours, the mate remarked:

"I have been through typhoons, pamperios and hurricanes before, but I never, in all the days of my

life, saw it blow harder or rain faster than it did from seven to nine last night. Why, sometimes I could scarcely tell whether I was overboard or on deck, it was so fearfully dark," he said.

"Yes," said the captain, "I think that we were very fortunate to come out of it without losing our spars. I judge, Mr. Stover," he added, "that we are on the southern edge of the storm and that it will pass by us sometime before noon."

"Captain," said Mrs. Benjamin, "Jack gave me a very good account, from time to time, about what was going on, on deck."

The captain turned to me and said, "That's right, Jack, that's what you are here for, to look out for us all; you did your part well, my boy, and now go and turn in and have a good sleep before morning." I was pleased to hear these few words of commendation from Mrs. Benjamin and the captain, and glad to know that I had taken some little part in the extraordinary events of the night.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "I think that I will go to my room now; if the wind should moderate a little, and the ship is inclined to fall off, you had better haul out the weather maintopsail sheet."

"Aye, aye, sir, she is lying like a duck, sir, at the present time," he answered.

After clearing the table, I went to my berth, and soon was lost in sleep.

The next morning it moderated before noon, as the captain anticipated, and by four bells in the evening we had sent up the royal and skysail-yards and

made all sail. The wind was very light, and the sea quite smooth again. My friend, Tom, was on the lookout from six to eight. I was glad to get forward to have a talk with him. I found him walking up and down the topgallantforecastle deck.

"Hello, Tom, is that you?" I inquired.

"Yes, Jack, it is I, come up and let us have an hour together."

"There is a great change in the weather, Tom, since last night."

"Yes, Jack, I never saw so great a change in such a short time. It was just howling last night at six bells; I don't believe that the 'Two Sisters' ever went through the water as quickly before, as she did while we were running under the close reef foretopsail. I tell you, Jack, after all, I had rather go through one of these hurricanes, with a goat thrown in, that is, if it does not overtake one napping and the ship is properly handled, as the 'Two Sisters' was last night, than to be hove to off Cape Horn in the winter, twenty or thirty days on a stretch."

"That must be awful, Tom."

"Put it down stronger than that, Jack, it is just *dreadfully* awful. Yet sailors will throw their money away for drink and go through the same hard experience over and over again."

"Tom, were you ever so foolish as that?"

"Yes, Jack, I spent all the wages of my last voyage and two months' advance on this trip in a week's time, and then came to sea without having half of the things that I needed to keep me comfortable."

"Mrs. Benjamin told me, Tom, that was the reason why it was necessary to have, on board a ship, tobacco, clothing and other things for the crew."

"Yes, Jack, that's what sailors call the slop-chest, because the goods are always of a very inferior quality and, as a rule, sea prices are charged."

"But, Tom, Mrs. Benjamin told me to say that whatever you needed would be supplied at cost prices."

"Jack, I am very glad to know of one exception to the rule. We sailors are to blame, but there are others who are also to blame. There are so many people who are waiting and watching to take advantage of the weaknesses of their fellowmen, and who are making a living off of their acquired appetites. Jack, these kind of people—there are many of them in every port—we call landsharks. It is my earnest purpose and determination, Jack, from this time, henceforth and forever, to keep out of their clutches. But there goes eight bells. When you get a chance, bring eight pounds of tobacco forward. I want one pound, and the other men will take the rest."

"All right, Tom, I will meet you again soon."

"So long, Jack."

As I was going to my room, I met Mr. Stover in the companionway. I ventured to say, "Good night, sir."

"Where you have been?" he inquired, in a very unpleasant tone of voice?"

"Talking with my friend Tom, sir."

"Talking with your friend, Tom, eh? You and your friend Tom are getting too chummy altogether, I would like to have both of you in my watch." I passed by him as quickly and as respectfully as I could

A short time after noon, on the third day after the hurricane, a sailor shouted from the foretopsail-yard, "Sail, ho!"

"Where away," called out the first mate.

"One point on the lee bow, sir," came the answer. In a short time the stranger was visible from the deck. We were both heading directly for each other.

"Captain," said Mr. Stover, "She is not an American ship. Her sails are too dull-looking for cotton duck."

When we came near enough to exchange signals, she proved to be an English ship, "The Henry Alice," bound from Montevidio, S. A., for Liverpool. As she was the first ship of any kind we had seen since we left New York, all hands turned out to take a look at her. The wind was on the port beam, but very light. The sea was apparently smooth, at least we thought so until we came near to the stranger, when we were surprised to see her rolling about like a toy-ship, now showing her high side and then her bright copper well down below the load line, and then, apparently, the hull was almost submerged. A long swell was running, and we were going through the same manoeuvres as our stranger friend, but had scarcely noticed it before. We passed her on the port side. Our positions were written on blackboards

and placed in the mizzen-rigging. As the captain talked with the Englishman through a megaphone, Mr. Stover took down her position. They had not suffered from the hurricane and had encountered only slight effects of it, and would report us if they fell in with any American-bound ship. The men saluted each other as we passed by waving their caps.

The next day we fell in with the celebrated bark "Grape-shot." This bark was well known for her sailing qualities. We came upon her in very light weather, and were in close company with her for eighteen hours during a dead calm. The "Grape-shot" was an American bark, forty-eight days out from New Orleans, bound for Pernambuco, S. A. While our position tallied with that of "The Henry Alice," there being only three miles difference in our reckoning, yet we and our American friend did not agree. The captain of the "Grape-shot" sent his first mate on board to compare figures with us. After going over our reckoning with Captain Benjamin and Mr. Stover, and taking several observations together, he decided that it was their chronometer which was at fault. Our visitor was pleased with our ship, but was surprised that we came upon them as quickly as we did.

"That's easily explained," said Captain Benjamin. "I will tell you, sir," he continued, "since the 'Grape-shot' was rated to be the fastest American bark afloat the 'Two Sisters' has been built."

The visiting officer, wishing to defend the sailing qualities of his ship, said: "I admit that fact, captain,

and all it implies, but, sir, we have just been setting up all of our standing rigging. That, you know, makes some difference in very light weather. I hope, sir, to have a good, stiff breeze as we part company and then the 'Grape-shot' will speak for herself."

"All right, sir," replied Captain Benjamin, "I reckon that the 'Two Sisters' also will do some talking about that time." All but one of the boat's crew had come on deck and were chatting with our men. After a very pleasant and profitable half hour had been spent together, the officer and his boat's crew returned to their ship.

At eight bells (four P. M.) a heavy squall struck us about two points forward of the port beam. At first we did not take in anything but our studding-sails. The "Grape-shot," being lighter loaded than we were, gained on us a little, but the wind increased, and the skysail, royals and upper staysails were taken in. Then the "Two Sisters" settled down to business, and as the darkness gathered that evening the celebrated bark, "Grape-shot," was well astern of us and we saw her no more.

The next day after the squall, at noon, I overheard the captain and first mate talking about the ship's position. Mr. Stover remarked: "The squall last night helped us to make up some of the east longitude that we lost while running to the westward during the hurricane."

"Yes," replied the captain, "we are at the present time in 26 degrees 20 minutes west longitude, and 2 degrees 30 minutes north latitude. I hope to cross the line, if possible, in 25 west longitude. If the wind is favorable we

should make it by tomorrow afternoon, but we are right in the midst of the doldrums now and cannot depend on a steady breeze from any direction."

"The probabilities are," said Mr. Stover, "that from time to time we shall have a few more favorable squalls, sir."

That evening I took the tobacco forward that Tom had ordered. I counted out ten plugs for each of the crew and took a list of their names. I then sat down to have some conversation with Tom, when one of the men said:

"Jack, here comes the mate round on the port side."

I knew very well that he was after me, so I beat a hasty retreat around the starboard side.

As I passed by the after corner of the center house, I heard him inquire—"Is that boy, Jack, here?"

Tom answered, "He is not here, sir."

"Well, he was here, and where is he now?" reiterated the mate.

"He brought some tobacco forward," said one of the men, "but he's gone aft now, sir."

"Look here, men, I want you to understand if you have not anything to do but yarn with that boy, I'll find something for you," growled the mate as he started aft. I then slipped along into the galley.

"Eh, Jack, de mate am lookin' for ye," whispered the cook.

"Yes, Cook, but I'm here in the right place, ain't I?"

"Ee, Jack, ye and de cook am in de same bisnis."

The mate followed me up and said, "Boy, you were in the forecastle chinning with the crew, eh?"

"I carried ten pounds of tobacco forward, sir."

"You always have some excuse. Didn't I tell you that they could come aft after tobacco?"

"But the captain told me, sir," I endeavored to explain.

"None of your back talk, but I'll tell you right here, if I ever catch you spinning yarns with any of the men in my watch on deck, I will put a rope's end on you."

I remembered what Mrs. Benjamin had told me and said nothing. When he had gone up on the poop deck, the cook said:

"Jack, de mate, he am de debbil, I no like 'im."

"Cook, Mrs. Benjamin says that we must like everybody."

"De mistress says de rite ting. Jack, ye likes 'im if ye kin, but I no likes 'im."

It was now eight bells and a few minutes after Mr. Stover had gone below, I asked the second mate if I could go forward and have a talk with Tom.

"All right, Jack, my lad, go ahead and learn all you can. If we have a favorable breeze tonight I expect that old Neptune will call on us some time tomorrow afternoon. Remember it is my eight hours out tonight, so you had better turn in at two bells and be ready to turn out bright and early in the morning and get the coffee ready."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered. I found Tom walking the main deck.

"Hello, Jack," he said, "I thought that you had turned in."

"The second mate said that I might have an hour with you, Tom. Did the tobacco suit you?"

"Oh, the best of it, Jack, is filthy enough. A hog would not touch it. I hope you will never acquire the appetite for strong drink or even tobacco. Alcohol and tobacco may be useful for some purposes outside of us but not inside."

"Why is it, Tom, that when people know what is right, they will still persist in doing wrong?"

"Because, Jack, like myself, they never have had the power nor even sought for it from the right source to govern themselves."

"By the way the second mate told me that we were in the doldrums and that we would cross the line tomorrow if the wind was favorable. He also said that old Neptune might call on us. What does it all mean?"

"Well, Jack, in the first place we will begin with the doldrums. They are the region of calms and variable winds. The belt runs parallel with the equator and extends from three to four degrees on each side of it, North and South. The line, which of course, is an imaginary one, is a term that sailors use to designate the equator, the great circle dividing the earth into Northern and Southern hemispheres. We begin to reckon latitude from the equator both north and south, for example: At present we are in one degree north latitude but if we cross the line tomorrow night at this time we may be in one degree south latitude. Longitude, however, is reckoned east and west from several different points such as Greenwich, Paris, and Washington, according to choice. But Greenwich is most generally used by merchant ships of all nations. Warships, however, sometimes reckon from their respective capitals."

"Do you understand navigation, Tom?"

"Oh, yes, Jack, I went through it all at college and I have had some practice also. I would like to teach you some things about it if the mate would allow me."

"Why, that would be just the thing, Tom."

"All right, Jack, but here goes about Neptune. He is a rough old fellow. He is recognized to be the king of the ocean with headquarters in the vicinity of the equator on the Atlantic. He claims the privilege and exercises the right to board every ship of whatever nationality that passes by his capital, and has on board any sailor or sailors over seventeen years of age who has never crossed the line. The candidates in order to be initiated into the mystical mysteries of the deep are subjected to peculiar ceremonies which always include shaving, shampooing and a bath. Of course, he will not interfere with you. There is only one candidate on board to be initiated, who is Sam, the ordinary seaman in the mate's watch. He has crossed the western ocean several times, but has never been south of the equator. You need not fear that any one will get hurt. The candidates are always willing to be taken through all of the ceremonies in order to be let into the mysterious secrets of old Neptune's dominion."

"There goes two bells, Tom, I must go and turn in now. I thank you for what you have told me, Good-night."

"I am always glad to meet you, Jack."

As I went aft I met the second mate. He was walking fore and aft between the main rigging and quarter deck."

"That's right, Jack, you're on time, I see. Do you see that squall making up there on the weather quarter? We are making five knots now, and perhaps old Neptune

will board the 'Two Sisters' tomorrow afternoon all right. But he will not notice you only to make a record of your presence."

"I am very glad of that, sir, but how shall I ever know the mysterious secrets?"

"Well, if you keep your eyes and ears open tomorrow you may get some inkling of them, or, perhaps the old fellow will reveal them to you in a dream sometime. You are not absolutely required to know them however until you are seventeen years of age, so good night, my lad."

As I meditated upon the mystical secrets of the deep, deep sea, and what it all could mean, I was soon in dreamland. I was awakened a few moments after five bells. The squall had overtaken us. I heard Mr. Fletcher give the order, "Clew up main skysail, stand by the royal halyards," and I realized that we were speeding on our way.

The next morning was bright and clear, wind fair, making four knots. We had caught plenty of water since we had been in the doldrums so that we could use all that we needed to wash clothing, etc. As I was working in the after cabin I told Mrs. Benjamin what the second mate and Tom had said about Neptune. Mrs. Benjamin simply remarked:

"They did not tell you all, Jack." Of course that fact aroused my curiosity more than ever.

At noon I heard the captain tell Mrs. Benjamin that we were in twelve minutes north latitude, and 26 degrees 27 minutes west longitude making five knots. After dinner had been cleared away and I had gotten through with all my afternoon's work, it was four bells. As I was getting very anxious I thought I would go forward and talk over the situation with the cook. All hands

knew that we were very near to crossing the line, the wind was now very light. We were sailing at the rate of three knots.

"Ee, Jack, de ol' king Neptun' is comin' mighty soon now quick.

"Who, what, where, cook," I exclaimed in one breath.

"Oh, sumtimes on de starboard side, and sumtimes on the port, sumtimes over de bow."

At this time the second mate called out, "Keep a good look out ahead for the King of the ocean."

"He's comin'! He's comin'! Jack, run, run tells de missis!" I ran aft as fast as I could leg it.

"He is coming! ma'am, he is coming!" and then turned and ran on deck again as quickly as possible followed by Mrs. Benjamin.

All hands appeared to be waiting with great expectation. As I reached the forward end of the poop deck, I heard a shout that seemed to be a little in the distance:

"Ship ahoy, ship ah-o-y." The captain answered, Halloo, Hallo-o-o."

"What ship is that? From whence came you? Where are you bound?"

The captain replied: "The barque, 'Two Sisters,' forty days out from New York, bound to Shanghai, China, all well on board."

In a few moments after this, I heard some one say, "Here he comes." I looked forward, and sure enough there he was just making his appearance over the weather bow. The upper part of his body looked like a man, his legs, however, were short, the feet very long and flat, his face and hands appeared to be covered with scales, his hair

and beard were long and shaggy, and looked like some kind of a sea-weed. He was decorated from head to feet with sea grass of different kinds and colors. As he shook himself there appeared to be several pilot fish, such as sharks sometimes carry in their mouths, fall off of him into the sea. Then something which seemed to be a young sea serpent which was wrapped about him unwound itself and slipped over the bow. He looked, indeed, as though he had come up from the very depths of his subterranean capitol.

Captain Benjamin saluted him as follows: "Welcome! your Royal Highness, on board the 'Two Sisters.' I extend to your majesty the liberty of the ship. We all bow, sir, in submission to your commands."

His royal highness replied, in a voice as deep as his abode, "I congratulate you, Captain, on the successful termination of this part of your voyage, also for the good condition of your ship and the health of your crew. Allow me, sir, to pay my respects to her excellency, your most worthy and beautiful queen." Mrs. Benjamin acknowledged the compliment with a very graceful bow and said:

"My respects to his Royal Highness and to her excellency, Queen Neptune."

After the salutations were over, two of the crew were detailed to assist the old fellow as he could not walk on our decks unaided. My friend Tom was appointed master of ceremonies.

Everything being now ready for the initiation of the candidate, King Neptune gave his first order:

"Bring forth the Candidates."

Sam was blindfolded and led out of the forecastle and seated on the heel of a spare topmast on the lee side of

the main deck. Then the captain ordered me to go forward and be presented to the king. I hesitated and looked at Mrs. Benjamin thinking that perhaps she might have the order countermanded, but she had a rule that she always strictly adhered to, which was not to interfere with the captain's or officer's orders. The second mate, however, understanding the whole situation, said: "Go ahead, Jack, you needn't be afraid, Tom will look out for you." The encouraging words of Mr. Fletcher and the confidence which I had in Tom, who I knew was master of ceremonies, inspired me and I became as bold as any sailor boy needed to be. I went and took up a position alongside of Sam. Tom, then came forth and presented us, saying:

"Your royal highness, allow me to present to you the candidates, Samuel Johnson, ordinary seaman, Jack Smith, cabin boy." As I heard my name mentioned in connection with Sam's as one of the candidates I began at once to get shaky, but a look from Tom assured me that everything was all right.

King Neptune turned his attention first to me and said, "Jack Smith, cabin boy, my lad, because of your extreme youth you are excused from further ceremonies. I record your name, from henceforth so long as you continue to cross the waves, you are my subject. We shall know each other better in the future. Farewell."

I then bowed myself out of his presence and went aft on the poop deck. Now, that I knew my part of the program was over I felt myself to be as brave as a lion, but alas, for poor Sam. In order to know the secrets he must submit himself to all of the deep sea ritual. Old Neptune stood over him and said:

"Samuel Johnson, do you here, and now, in the presence of all these witnesses, solemnly swear by all that is good from the main truck to the bottom of the ocean to submit yourself to the laws of my kingdom and cheerfully be governed by my will as long as you continue to sail over my domain?"

Sam answered, "I do so solemnly swear, so help me King Neptune."

"Master of ceremonies, proceed with the initiation," said the king.

Tom then stepped forward with a mixture of tar, grease and soap, and lathered the candidate's face. Neptune then whispered in Sam's ear one of the mystical secrets. At the same time he handed Tom what looked like a piece of an iron hoop. Then the shaving process began in earnest, which must have been a very unpleasant experience for Sam. However, the secret which he had already received, seemed to inspire him with the necessary courage. After that, his head was washed with soap and water and vigorously rubbed. Then several buckets of water were poured over him which would have been refreshing if they had been applied at will, as the afternoon was very warm. After this more secrets were imparted to the candidate by his Royal Highness. He was then led up on the poop deck to a position just abaft the lee gangway. A single pulley had been previously attached to the main yard arm, the hauling part was led through a snatch block and down on the main deck. A running bowline was made of the end of the standing part and slipped over Sam's head and under his arms. "Are they going to hang him?" I said to myself as I stood

looking on with my eyes, ears and mouth wide open. Old Neptune then said:

"In order that you, Samuel Johnson, may be more fully instructed in the mysteries of the deep sea and better qualified to become one of my loyal subjects, it is necessary for you to enter into the court of my palace and be introduced to the prime minister, who will further enlighten you and decorate you with the seal of my kingdom."

He was then hoisted up gently until he hung perpendicularly clear of the ship's side then, instead of going up as I had supposed, the order was given, "let go," and he plunged down feet first into the sea.

"Oh, my," ejaculated Mrs. Benjamin. I would have expressed myself in very much stronger terms if I had only dared.

By the amount of rope that ran out it was evident that Sam went down deep enough to meet old Neptune's prime minister, all right, or any other of his emissaries, who might have been in waiting to receive him. The master of ceremonies stood with watch in hand. After twenty seconds, he ordered "Up, away," and Sam was hoisted up even with the rail. Then the order was given, "let go," and down he went again. This part of the ritual was repeated three times after which he was hoisted up on deck nearly exhausted. He was then led forward to a position in front of his Royal Highness, who commanded the bandage to be taken off his eyes and addressed him as follows:

"Samuel Johnson, I now extend to you the right hand of fellowship; from henceforth you are entitled to all the rights and privileges accorded to my most favored

subjects, and when your soul takes its flight above, and the body is consigned to my domain, until time shall be no more, then I will deliver it up to the King of Heaven. To these promises I do hereby fix my hand and seal this day, according to the reckoning of mortal man, on the second day of November, 1858, Au Revoir."

His Royal Highness was then assisted to the topgallantforecastledeck. He then said:

"Hark! hark! ye finite beings. To the captain and his queen and to all the ship's company, I grant you a speedy and safe arrival at your port of destination. Fare ye well." After which he slipped over the bow from whence he came and we saw him no more. Captain Benjamin then resumed his command and said:

"We are now south of the equator."

Chapter IX.

From the Equator to the Cape of Good Hope

As soon as the captain had resumed his command things relaxed into their normal conditions. While I was preparing the supper table, Mrs. Benjamin and I talked over the events of the day.

"I am very glad, ma'am, that I was not old enough to be let into the mystical secrets. I think I had rather go without them than to go through Sam's experience in order to have them. But Mr. Fletcher said that they might be revealed to me in a dream some time.

"I agree with you, Jack, that such a revelation would be much more agreeable. Old Neptune is very original and quite severe, to say the least. After you get through your work this evening you may take Sam a can of fruit and a bottle of pulverized milk for his coffee. All of the ship's company had some diversion this afternoon at his expense. Mr. Stover has the last dog watch below (from six to eight), so he will not trouble you."

I was glad of the opportunity to get forward again and have a talk with Tom as I wished to ask him some questions.

"Sam, here are some knickknacks which Mrs. Benjamin sent you."

"Hello, Jack, you may tell the mistress for me I wouldn't mind being dipped myself for a bottle of that milk," said one of his messmates. "I will take a can of fruit," ejaculated another.

"Oh, the bath was all right," said Sam, "but that shaving racket, there wasn't anything delicate about that."

I found Tom reading, by moonlight, the book which I had brought him. "Good evening, Jack. Glad to see you. I have just finished reading the temperance book, and it is very interesting. I know something about the awful fruits of intemperance and I am determined in the future to know more and more about the fruits of righteousness."

"I tell you the truth, I have never found any more righteousness among the land sharks of New York City than I did in heathen China. Indeed, the Chinese themselves always treated me all right. No doubt, the reason why I did not find more righteousness in New York was because I never sought for it. I did not walk in the right paths myself."

"Tom, you were master of ceremonies this afternoon. I want to ask you some questions about old Neptune. Say, it isn't real, is it?"

"Why, Jack, I am surprised to have you ask me such a question as that. Didn't you see all that was going on? Besides, you had better ask Sam. I guess he thought it was real enough."

"Yes, Tom, but about the secrets, what are the mystical secrets?"

"I didn't have anything to do with the secrets which Sam received. Didn't you notice, Jack, that old Neptune whispered into his ear several times. He then imparted the secrets to him. I cannot tell you what they were. All sailors who have crossed the line have their own especial secrets. But there goes eight bells, Jack, take this book

and change it for me, and please tell the mistress that I have been much profited by it."

"All right, Tom, good night."

We were now on the port tack in the southeast trade winds, which were very light. As I was going below, the man at the wheel was relieved and I heard the order given, "Keep her full and by."

It was noon of the fifth day after we had crossed the equator, when I again overheard the captain and first mate talking about the ship's position.

"Mr. Stover," the captain remarked, "I think we ought to make land this afternoon if the wind does not die out altogether. I should say, about four bells."

"I was in hopes, sir," replied Mr. Stover, "that the trades would favor us a little so that we might weather the cape."

"It does not look very much like it at present," answered the captain. "I think that we will have to do a little traverse sailing before we get to the southward of it. However, if the wind does not favor we will keep on the port tack until we make some port of South America." The last sentence of the captain's remarks, "until we make some port of South America," attracted my attention more than any other.

"My," I thought, "we are going to see land, and that within two hours," and I was glad. It did not make any difference to me just then whether the land that we were about to make was north of the cape or south of it. We were forty-five days out, and I did so long to have the pleasure of looking upon any part of the earth's surface. At ten minutes before two, the captain said to the second mate:

"Get the lead out; I think by the looks of the water that we are on soundings." The lead and line were made ready and taken forward, outside of everything, to the weather-cat-head. The ship was then let up into the wind. Everything was ready. The man, who had the lead, threw it as far forward as possible and at the same time called out, "W-a-t-c-h, oh, w-a-t-c-h." The lead found the bottom all right after seventy-five fathoms of line had run out and brought up some particles of course white sand. A man was sent aloft to look for land.

After I had finished my work, I gave Mrs. Benjamin the book which Tom had read and told her what he had said about it. I also gave her other books to be exchanged for the men.

"Jack, would you like to see some land to-day?"

"There is a man aloft looking for it, and we are on soundings, seventy-five fathoms, and the bottom is white sand."

"You seem to know all about it. That's right; keep your eyes and ears open and ask questions, it is a very good way to learn about things."

"I am afraid to ask Mr. Stover about anything, ma'am, he is so cross most all of the time."

"Perhaps, Jack, if you would place more confidence in Mr. Stover and ask him some questions about things it might please him; suppose you try it awhile and then tell me what the results are." I promised to do this.

As I was going on deck I met Mr. Stover. "How far is it, sir, to the cape from the land which we expect to make."

"What's that," he inquired. I repeated my question. "Do you expect to navigate the ship?" he said. "Haven't you anything to do in the cabin?"

"I have just finished my afternoon's work, sir, in the cabin."

"Well," he continued, "if I had you in my watch I would find something for you to do besides running about deck and asking questions." "My first attempt in asking Mr. Stover for information has not been successful," I thought, as I passed on to the galley to have a talk with the cook.

"Ee, Jack, ye ask'd de mate 'bout de land, he tell you?"

"No, Cook, he did not tell me anything."

"Ye gets on de hands and knees; den he tells ye. De missis hears him." I had not noticed before that Mrs. Benjamin came on deck close behind me; I was glad, however, that she had heard Mr. Stover's answer to my question, for hearing with her own ears and seeing with her own eyes was the very best kind of proof, and it was not necessary that I should tell her how I succeeded as she had requested me to do.

"Jack, likes enuff we gits sum fishes when we gits ter land. Him not far off. Ye sees de water gittin de white blue—"

"Land—ho!" came from the foreroyal-yard.

"Where away," shouted the captain.

"Two points on the weather bow, sir."

"Mr. Stover, we are in the bight sure enough," said the captain. "However, we will stand well in shore before we tack ship. The probabilities are that the local currents will favor us a little if we keep close in on the coast."

"There is nothing in our way," replied the mate, "and perhaps we will get a good breeze off the land, tonight."

"Halloo! There it is, old Cape St. Rogue," said the captain, "just in range of the forward swifter. Well, old fellow, you are in the same position as you were when I saw you last, but I am not. I was well to the windward of you. Forty-five days out from New York. Nothing to brag on, Mr. Stover, but we are all safe and sound, and haven't carried away a ropeyarn." "Forty-five days," he reiterated, "well, I have done worse than that."

"So have I," answered the mate. "If it had not been for that hurricane I reckon we would have been skipping along to the windward now, but I think we will get a slant tonight and weather the old fellow before tomorrow afternoon at this time."

At eight bells P. M. we were standing in shore. A long line of sand beach could be clearly seen stretching far away to the north and south of us with green hills for a background, and a dark outline of lofty mountains in the distance. I thought of the many things concerning this vast continent, of its majestic mountain ranges, its deep unexplored valleys, its mighty rivers, of its vast wealth and resources, of its connection with the other parts of the world, which shall never cease so long as the mighty oceans on either side shall continue to roll and of the great unknown to the south of it.

"Boat ahead," came from the foretopgallant forecastledeck. "Catamaran, sir," said the second mate as the captain came on deck.

"All right, Mr. Fletcher, if we stand in close enough we may get some fish from some of those fellows." He

then ordered the lead to be thrown again. We got soundings at twenty-five fathoms.

"It shoals up here very gradually," said the captain, "but we had better be watchful, get out the hand lead, Mr. Fletcher, and have it thrown every ten minutes and when we get into ten fathoms we will tack ship." At four bells, evening, catamarans could be seen in all directions, some were quite near us; strange looking boats they were to me, two logs, six feet apart, securely fastened together, decked over in places and cat rigged.

We were now getting close in shore. A man was stationed in the weather main chains throwing the lead continuously and calling out the depths of the water, or rather singing it out as, "by the mark e-l-e-v-e-n, by the mark e-l-e-v-e-n, a quarter less eleven, and half ten, a quarter less ten." At this moment the captain shouted, "All hands on deck, tack ship." As we had not done much tacking ship in the day time, I took particular notice of everything that was done. In the first place the tacks and sheets were taken out of their beckets, the mainsail was then clewed up. By this time all hands were on deck and every man at his post as follows; the second mate and two men forward, the carpenter, who was always called "Chips," at the fore-sheet. I was stationed at the maintopmaststaysail sheet. The first mate by the lee main braces, the rest of the crew by the weather main braces, and the captain on the quarter deck.

Everything was now ready. The captain then shouted, "Hard-a-lee." At this moment (we were on the port tack) the wheel was put hard to starboard, all of the head sheets were let go. As the ship came around and the wind bore on the starboard bow, the order was given,

"Maintopsail haul." All of the main yards then came around with a rush and were braced up sharp with the port braces. The men then ran to the forebraces, the ship was now making stern-way and the following orders were given, "Hard-a-port, the wheel;" "fore-bowline, let go and haul." The wind was now on the starboard beam and it required some hard pulling to get the fore-yards around until they were about square. Then the wind filled the sails and they were easily handled and braced up sharp on the starboard tack. In the mean-time all of the head sails had been trimmed by the wind, the weather, fore and main braces were then taughtened up. The next order given was, "Board the main tack." The mainsail was then set, the wheel was relieved and the watch went below; after which the tacks and sheets were placed in their beckets (that is, strapped to the sheer poles in order to keep them from dangling and chafing), and the braces were coiled up. The ship was now on the starboard tack standing off shore. While the ship was in stays, three men, two white and one Indian, on a catamaran took advantage of their opportunity and came along-side. I threw them a rope which they caught all right, and before the ship had gathered much head-way the captain had struck a bargain with them for a lot of fresh fish; also to forward some letters which Mrs. Benjamin had hastily written. The cook was the only man on board who had taken in the situation and had a letter already prepared. They could not give us any news whatever of the outside world, had not seen sail bound south within ten days. They were very sure we would get a land breeze after sundown. We then bade each other "Good-bye" and they cast off from us and made for the shore.

The sunset was very, very beautiful, the water all around about was a light transparent blue; the white sandy beach, a few miles in the distance, sparkled like diamonds; the sloping hill-sides appeared to be covered with a mantle filled with emerald; the dark outline of the mountain, far away, seemed to have turned into a belt of gold studded with all manner of precious jewels. As we stood off shore it appeared to me as though we were leaving all of the bright, the beautiful and the good behind us, and that we were sailing on into the dark, dark unknown.

At eight bells, evening, the captain, in talking over the situation with Mr. Stover, said: "According to the report of the natives, the 'Grape-shot' could not have passed the cape except well out to windward."

"I can't see how that she could be so much farther to windward than we are, sir," replied the mate. "I am sure that we have taken advantage of every slant we have had. However, I think we will have a strong land breeze tonight."

"Yes," answered the captain, "it is favoring us already, we are heading well up along the shore. Throw the lead occasionally and when you get off into twenty-five or thirty fathoms we will tack ship and stand in shore again. If I am not on deck at eight bells give me a call."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the mate.

I was sitting on the booby hatch during the above conversation and took in all that I could hear. Mr. Stover came to me and said in a very pleasant tone of voice, "what do you think of this part of the world?"

"The sunset was very beautiful, sir," I answered. "I am glad that we got a lot of fish and that Mrs. Benjamin

had a chance to send some letters home, but I don't think that I would like to live in South America."

"Neither would I, Jack. There is so much ignorance and superstition in these countries, and there are not any countries like the United States and old England for me. How far does Mrs. Benjamin live from your home, Jack?"

"Her father's house, sir, is about two miles west from where I live."

"Oh, that's all, is it? If Mrs. Benjamin's letters get through all right, your mother will hear all about you." "I hope so, sir," I answered.

"Mrs. Benjamin," he continued, "is a very fine woman, she does not meddle with everybody's business as some captain's wives do. Jack, my mother has been gone forty years. She died when I was fifteen, and I have been knocking about the world ever since. I can remember her last words to me as though they had just been spoken. Of course, I have had some friends since that time, but none like her. Someone has said, 'Human friendship counts for much in this life, but after all the sharpest corners are to be turned alone.' The latter part of that quotation was especially true in my case after my mother had gone."

"But, sir, we read in the Bible, 'Hope thou in God, Oh, my soul,' " I ventured to suggest.

"Well, Jack, you are right about that, that is just what I ought to do, but it is time you turned in now. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir," I answered. As I went below, he called out to the man at the wheel—

"How do you head?"

"Southwest by south, sir."

"Keep her a good full."

"Aye, aye, sir." He then ordered the lead to be thrown.

How strange, I thought, that this man so rough and cross, much of the time, has a tender place in his heart. As I laid down to rest that night I mused, "how can I, a cabin boy, help this man, not by resenting his cross and rough actions, but by meeting them in the spirit of love and meekness. If I could only talk with him as I do with Tom."

"We are now forty-six days out, Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, as I was preparing the supper table next evening.

"But we are well around the cape, ma'am," I answered.

"Yes, Jack, I am glad of that, for the captain says that we will have a leading breeze now until we pass Pernambuco, after which the wind will be more free. He thinks that we will be off that port by ten A. M. tomorrow. Does Tom like his new book?"

"I have not talked with him since he received it, ma'am, but I am quite sure that he will appreciate it."

"Jack, the cook was real bright yesterday to have a letter all ready when the catamaran came alongside. I began to write when I saw there were several nearby. I thought perhaps that one of them might board us. It was easy for me, as I did not have anything else to do, but the rest of you were very busy at that time tacking ship. I wrote about you, Jack, and told my folks to tell your mother that you were well and have become very proficient in your duties and would soon be promoted."

"They will all be very glad at home to hear from us all, ma'am, and I thank you, but I am very sorry that I did not write just a few words."

"I overheard Mr. Stover's answer to your question the other day, but do not get discouraged, Jack, try it again, some time." "Why, ma'am, we had a very pleasant talk with each other last evening, Mr. Stover and I."

"I am very glad, Jack," Mrs. Benjamin remarked, "that Mr. Stover has made a confidant of you. You just keep on steering straight for his heart and it may be that you will gain his good will."

We passed close by the harbor of Perambuco in latitude 8 degrees 23 minutes south. We did not see anything of the "Grape-shot," although we could see the spars of the shipping lying at anchor. After getting to the southward of this port the trades favored us and we trimmed in our weather braces a little and set the lower-topmast, and topgallantstuddingsails, fore and main.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "we have clear sailing now, we will keep on the port tack until the trades die out, or rather at their place of beginning, which will probably be in about thirty-seven degrees, which, of course, means between seventeen and eighteen hundred miles."

"Ee, Jack, did de like de fishes de oder day?"

"Yes, Cook, everyone said that they were fine. Did the men have any?"

"Jack, all had 'em. Does ye like de porpus, Jack?"

"I never ate a piece of any."

"We ketch em some day, Jack, ye and de mate gets chummy, ee?"

"The mate is good, sometimes," I answered. But the cook reiterated what he had said once before, "I no like 'im."

"But, Cook, I never heard him say that he did not like you. Did he ever tell you so?"

"Ney, Jack, but he never tells me dat he does."

"Well, cook, he never said that he liked me, but sometimes I think he does."

"Jack, ye sees Tom?"

"No, I have not talked with him for several days, but I am going to see him now."

"He no look well, Jack, he get 'im sick soon."

"I hope not, Cook, he is a good man."

"Ee, Jack, Tom he big fellow." It was now one bell (eight-thirty P. M.) I found Tom on the lookout.

"Good evening," I said.

"Hello, Jack, fine breeze this. We are making about ten knots. If we continue this rate of speed, we will soon run up our latitude."

"What do you mean, Tom, by running up our latitude?"

"To run up our latitude, Jack, means to get as far south as we need to go."

"Tom, I heard the captain say that we had clear sailing now, and that we would keep on this tack until we run out of the southeast trades."

"We will pass by several islands, Jack, but probably will not sight any of them. After we get down to 36 degrees or 37 degrees south, we will get some westerly winds, and then we will cross the South Atlantic, heading

for the Cape of Good Hope, which is in latitude about 35 degrees 22 minutes south, and longitude 18 degrees 25 minutes east. Light ahead," he shouted.

"Where away," answered the second mate.

"One point on the lee bow, sir," answered Tom.

The stranger proved to be a steamer bound north. We did not pass within hailing distance of each other. We showed a torch light, which they answered.

"Tom, I did not see that steamer's light, when you shouted."

"Well, Jack, you are here visiting, as it were, but I am here to keep a good lookout ahead."

"How do you like your new book, Tom?"

"It is a very good book, Jack. Did you pick it out for me, or the mistress?"

"I told Mrs. Benjamin, Tom, what you said about the other book, that it had helped you very much and so she chose this one on prayer, faith and obedience. Tom, how very beautiful the stars are, they all look brighter than they do at home."

"Yes, Jack, but these are not the same stars that you have always seen. You know the star in these latitudes are much more brilliant than those in the North. There is the Southern Cross, you see, they are the most beautiful cluster of stars in all the heavens."

"They are not as bright as the comet was, Tom, that we lost sight of when we crossed the line."

"No, Jack, but the comet, the greatest one on record that we have been familiar with in the north latitudes, is not a planet, but a heavenly body with a trail of luminous matter. It appeared to be independent of all the

rest of the universe and had a commission to roam about in space. We will probably never see the same comet again, but the Southern Cross will be seen in all its glory until time shall be no more, and it may shine on and on, for aught I know, Jack, after mortal man has ceased to measure time."

"Well, Tom, I don't know what the great hereafter will be, but I have determined in my heart to have a share in the best of it."

"I will also strive with you, Jack, to enter in."

"Don't you think the Seamen's Friend Society is doing a great work in placing small libraries on board of ships?"

"Yes, Jack, but in some ships the men never get sight of one of the books. There are, however, a great many who do, and they are much benefited. How are you and the mate getting on, Jack, these days?"

"He is not cross all the time, Tom. We had a nice talk with each other the night that we were off Cape St. Rogue. He has been very pleasant most of the time since."

"Mr. Stover is a genuine, typical old English sailor, Jack, and, of course, must do a certain amount of growling, come what may. But he is a capable officer and that's the fact."

"Do the men like to read the library books as well as you do, Tom?"

"Not quite as well as I, perhaps, Jack, yet I think that they enjoy them. Some of them, however, have six penny or dime novels, which are full of all manner of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes that never

did and never could have happened. There is some fascination about them, but they do not improve the mind or heart of those who read them. It is useless for me to say anything to them about God or the Bible. 'Wait, Tom,' they say, 'until you have been on shore a week and then come and talk with us, anyone can be good a thousand miles at sea.' They know a tree by its fruit, Jack, as well as other people."

"The cook told me, Tom, that you did not look as though you were well, and I am of the same opinion. Do you feel sick?"

"Well, Jack, I am not feeling as strong as two men and a boy at present, but I hope to be better soon, as we are now out of the tropics."

"Tom, there is a chest aft, full of medicine of all kinds, also a doctor book. If you want anything just let me know and I will ask Mrs. Benjamin about it."

"All right, Jack, my boy, I will; but there goes four bells so good-bye for this time."

"We have had a nice talk together, Tom, take good care of yourself. So long." As I went aft, the lookout and the man at the wheel were relieved and the log thrown.

"You're keeping late hours tonight," said the second mate.

"But I will be ready to turn out, sir, when you call me in the morning."

"That's right, my lad."

"How fast are we sailing?" I inquired.

"We are doing fine, Jack, doing fine. Making ten knots. We will have to send up our preventer

braces," he said as he went into the cabin to write up the log slate. A preventer brace is a single rope with an eye splice slipped over the end of the weather yard arms, leading parallel with the braces and taughtened up in order to take a part of the strain.

"Twelve o'clock," said Captain Benjamin."

"That's right," replied the mate," as he took out his pencil and began to reckon up the latitude.

"Well, Mr. Stover, where are we?" asked the captain.

"Thirty-five degrees 20 minutes, sir," answered the mate. "The Cape of Good Hope is nearly due east of us. We are within two miles of being on the same parallel."

"That agrees with my reckoning," replied the captain, "we have been doing very well the last week, but the trades are getting very light, and if they head us off any, so that we can not carry our studdingsails, we will tack ship."

"I think, probably," said Mr. Stover, "that we will run into some westerly winds by to-morrow or the next day after."

"Well," answered the captain, "we will continue on our present course until we have a change of wind from some direction."

"There is a school of porpoises under the bow, sir," said the second mate, "suppose that we try for one of them?"

"All right," replied the captain, "a porpoise steak would taste good." The harpoon was then made ready.

A single block was taken out to the head of the bowsprit and secured under the foretopmaststay on the lee side. A small rope was roved through the block and made fast to the harpoon. The hauling part was led in onto the forecastledeck. The second mate then took up a position alongside of the martingale, standing on the martingale backstays. A fair breeze was blowing and we were making about eight knots.

It was a fine sight to watch the school of big fish playing under our bow. As soon as the opportunity offered itself, the second mate threw the harpoon. It struck a large fellow just back of its head. The men on the forecastledeck were on the lookout. They instantly hauled it up clear of the water. A running bowline was then slipped over its head and, as the flukes are very large, the bowline could not slip off. Then the harpoon rope was gradually slacked away and the porpoise was hauled in over the bow, tail first, and from thence down into the lee scuppers.

We had taken dolphins, during the voyage, but I had never seen a large fish caught before. There was some excitement connected with it and it afforded a little diversion for all hands. After it was dressed, the flesh had the appearance of fresh beef. They said that it probably weighed about two hundred pounds. We had plenty of fresh fish again for some time.

While we were in the tropics, all of our empty tanks and casks had been refilled with rain water; all of the standing-rigging was set up and tarred

down, ratlines squared, chafing gear readjusted, the ironwork scraped and painted, and the bright wood scraped and varnished, or oiled. The ship had also been painted, inside and out, down to the copper, including the lower masts, yards and bowsprit; in fact the ship had had a general overhauling from the main truck to the waterline. The crew were now engaged in repairing the spare sails.

"Jack, would you like to be promoted?" said the steward. "Of course, I will miss you in the cabin, but you can serve the coffee mornings and wait on Mrs. Benjamin as you have been doing and sometimes you may be detailed to help me out a little."

"I would like it very much, sir; Mrs. Benjamin told me that I might be promoted soon."

"Captain," said Mrs. Benjamin, "the barometer is falling."

"Thank you, Mrs. Benjamin, but I have noticed it," replied the captain. "There is a heavy squall coming up from the westward, the wind will be fair, and we hope to make good use of it. We will have to be very cautious, however, as no one can tell just how hard it will blow in a squall." As he went on deck, he ordered me to be sure and have the skylights and all of the dead-lights closed before it struck us. "Aye, aye, sir," I answered.

It was eight bells (noon). The captain and Mr. Stover just succeeded in getting observations before the sun was shut in by the approaching squall.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "we will run up our longitude on the 38th parallel. We may however,

just before we get into the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope haul up to the northward and get a glimpse of Table mountain, but it will depend altogether upon how the wind treats us in that locality."

"We will get a good send-off, sir," said Mr. Stover, "at the very beginning of this part of our voyage." The ship was headed due east, which brought the wind on our starboard quarter. The skysailroyals and upper staysails were taken in and furled.

The squall had now overtaken us and it was blowing heavy. "Stand by the topgallant-halyards, fore and aft," shouted the second mate. I was ordered to stand by the mizzentopmast-halyards. Still the wind increased.

"What do you think, sir," said Mr. Stover to the captain, "it looks ugly."

"Yes," replied Captain Benjamin, "I am a little afraid of our old topsails. We have better ones and I wish they were aloft now."

"Well, sir," answered the mate, "if the 'Two Sisters' ever made fourteen knots she is making them now, but we had better be careful."

"That's good advice," said the captain. "Take in the flying-jib, clew up the mizzentopsail; lower away, Jack." After these sails were tied up, the fore and maintopgallantsails were lowered away. They were not clewed up but were hoisted and lowered from time to time, according as the wind decreased or increased. At four bells (evening) the wind had veered a little to the south and had settled down into a strong but steady breeze. All of the canvas

that the "Two Sisters" could spread was set, including lowertopmast, and topgallantstuddingsails fore and aft. Three days after the squall, the captain said to Mr. Stover and the second mate, in my hearing:

"I think that Jack had better be promoted. The steward can get along without him, and Mrs. Benjamin, who really has charge of the boy, thinks that it will be to his advantage. Of course, she will have the privilege of calling on him whenever she needs his services. He had better not stand watch and watch for the present, but he will be handy on deck through the day, holding turn, coiling ropes, holding the glass (minute glass), and for many other things." The captain then asked me which I had rather be, a sailor boy or a cabin boy.

"A sailor boy, of course," said Mrs. Benjamin, who was standing near by, unobserved up to that time.

"I think I would like to be promoted, sir," I said somewhat embarrassed.

"All right then, Jack," said Captain Benjamin, "your watch on deck will be from six in the morning until six at night. You will have all night in, except when all hands are called out to shorten sail or tack ship.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "we are likely to have a heavy gale at any time in this latitude. I think we had better get out our best topsails and courses, jib, foretopmast and mizzenstaysail and spanker, and have them bent, then we will be ready for whatever may come."

"All right, sir," said Mr. Stover, "we will haul them out and send them aloft this afternoon."

All hands were on deck from twelve-thirty P. M. until five-thirty P. M. Some of the men were engaged in unbending and sending the old sails down, the others were getting the spare ones ready, and sending them up. The captain and I were at the wheel most all of the afternoon. It was my first experience in steering by the compass. I felt myself to be a full-grown sailor. As the old sails were perfectly dry, they were stopped up snug and put away, subject to a thorough overhauling in the near future in order to be ready for use again when we reached the tropics and the Indian ocean.

Mr. Stover had treated me all right since our little conversation, when we were off Cape St. Roque, and after I was promoted he taught me how to box the compass (to read it), as follows: Nórth, half east, north by east, north by east half east, north northeast, northeast by north half north, northeast by north, northeast, half north, northeast, and so on around the circle back to the north; also to make several kinds of knots and hitches, plait sennit, and other things. He had also allowed me to practice in going aloft, but for some reason unknown to me he suddenly became as cross as he ever had been. I had borrowed a book, "The Kedge Anchor," from Sam, and when he saw me reading it, he seemed to be very much displeased. "Come with me," he said, "I will give you all the kedge anchor that you want." I followed him forward and under the topgallant forecastledeck, when he said, pointing to the kedge

anchor that was lashed to the heel of the bowsprit (I have mentioned this anchor before in my experience in milking the goat). "There," he said, "scrape that. Get all of the rust off of it and take a piece of stiff canvas and rub it smooth." "Aye, aye, sir," I answered. I know that it was a "work up job," as the sailors would call it, if not it would have been unlashed and laid down on deck where I could have worked on it to advantage. This was in the afternoon. It was the mate's watch on deck.

The cook knew that I was forward, working at something, and so he came around and called on me for a few minutes.

"Ee, Jack," he said, "No good job. Ye reads de book and de mate makes ye scrape de anchor, eh? He get 'im cross again, Jack."

"Oh, he will be all right again in a few days. The work is all right if I could only get at it all, but there is a plenty of it that I can get at."

"I reads and reads de Bible as ye tells me, Jack, but I no likes de mate vera much yit."

"Who wrote the Bible, Cook, and told us to love our neighbor as ourself?"

"Oh, de Lord, he makes 'em."

"Then you had better ask him all about it," I said.

"Ee, Jack, I prays de Lord, maybe I likes de mate more sum time," he said, as he turned away shaking his head.

The next day I finished the work after much pounding, scraping and rubbing. I had changed

the appearance of the anchor very much and was quite pleased with the result. I thought now the proper thing for me to do would be to go and report to Mr. Stover. Consequently, when I found him, I said:

"I have finished scraping the kedge anchor, sir."

"Finished it, eh? Well, you just go and scrape it over again and rub it smooth."

Now, Mrs. Benjamin overheard him, but he did not know it, neither did I, at that time. I did not get angry but did feel a little discouraged. "Aye, aye, sir," I said, as I turned and went forward. I thought, "Well, perhaps I can make it look a little better."

After the second mate's watch had come on deck, Tom was set at work just abaft the forecastle deck to worm, parcel and serve a piece of rigging. To worm a piece of rigging or rope of any kind is to fill in the grooves between the strands with some marline or spun yarn, to parcel it is to wind it with a layer of narrow stripes of thin canvas that has been previously tarred and dried. To serve it, is to bind it round with smooth spun yarn. In serving a rope, an instrument is used called a serving mallet, which is like a common mallet with two exceptions. It has a groove along the top of it large enough to fit the piece of rope that is to be served. There are also three or four small grooves around the mallet, each side of the handle. The piece of rigging that is to be served is stretched out tight, about as high

as a man's waist. After having first wormed, parceled and tarred, the spun yarn or marline is then made fast to the piece of rigging, bound around several times by hand, then the mallet is placed on the top of it, after which the marline is bound around both the rope and mallet several times in the grooves forward of the handle and two or three turns up the handle and is held in the hand, which turns the mallet. As the mallet is turned the marline is allowed to slip through the hand and to render around the mallet. At every revolution several turns are left bound tightly around the rope. The strands of every piece of rigging, or rope, are laid together from left to right. In serving a rope the mallet must be turned from right to left against the lay of the rope. The operator working toward himself. The rule is, "worm and parcel with the lay, swing around and serve away."

Now, it takes two persons to serve a rope, one to handle the mallet and another to pass the ball of material around, following the mallet. The second mate knowing what I was doing and all about the circumstances, came forward and said to me:

"Jack, come out of that and pass the ball for Tom."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said. I was very glad to get relieved from my useless task. "Perhaps it did need scraping, at first," I thought, "but I have finished it once." Mr. Fletcher took a look at it, and said:

"Jack, you have scraped the old anchor good and smooth. It should have a coat of paint on it now."

After this he turned his attention to the rest of the watch, and Tom and I were left alone.

Tom, knowing all about the facts, that I had borrowed the book from Sam and that it seemed to displease Mr. Stover, and perhaps thinking that I ought to learn or be taught what a sailor boy should know by some more practical methods than reading from the "Kedge Anchor," said:

"Jack, I want to tell you something."

"All right, Tom, I am here to listen, go ahead."

"Well, Jack, if you were employed on shore and your employer ordered you to do a certain piece of work, after having finished it, it would be the right thing for you to go and report to him, but it is very different on board of a ship. Here it is demanded of you to come only when you are called and do only what you are told. You may not be able to do all that you are told, but you are not expected to do any more than you are told. Now, the officer of the deck is supposed to know just what every man in his watch is doing, also when each man gets through with what he is doing, so it is not considered good seamanship, Jack, for a man when he gets through with a piece of work to go aft and report, except he has been especially ordered to do so. I guess that's what the mate is trying to teach you by this object lesson. Now, Jack, when you get through passing the ball for me, the proper thing for you to do is to go and sit down alongside of that anchor until Mr. Stover comes forward and

takes a look at it and if you have scraped it all right, he will probably set you to work at something else."

"Well, Tom, I think that I have learned the lesson thoroughly, thanks to you for your explanation."

"We have got to learn, Jack, while we are living, and some lessons in life are easy and some are hard. I am glad that we can help each other out a little, once in a while. I saw you up in the maintop yesterday, Jack; how do you like going aloft?"

"Oh, that's just what I do like, Tom; I think that I will soon get used to it, but I expect to be careful. There was an Italian boy on board the 'Two Sisters' who fell from the mainroyal-yard on the last voyage and was killed. He belonged in Genoa. The captain thought very much of it. He was several years older than I am."

"There is not much danger of your falling, Jack, if you are only careful and don't lose your head. If you should ever get dizzy, always look up. The most difficult thing about it is climbing up the futtock shrouds in order to get up into the tops, then the foot ropes on the lower yards are rather too long for you, but those on the skysail and royal-yards are the right length."

"But Tom, will I be expected to go out on the lower yards?"

"No, Jack, the mainskysail will probably be under your especial care for a while, then the royals and so on down. Well, Jack, we have been up aloft long enough for the present, now suppose I give you a lesson in serving a rope. You have been watching me

for some time. You have noticed that I am not afraid of a little grease and tar. The tar preserves the rigging and the grease makes things work easy. Now, you use the mallet and I will pass the ball for you. Stand on the left side of the rope, take hold of the end of the mallet handle with your left hand, also the spun yarn which you see leads around and around the handle up to the top of it. Always turn from right to left. That's right, go ahead. You can't go all the way around with your left hand; turn the mallet half way around the rope with your left hand, the other half with your right. That's right. Don't let the mallet slip off, keep the rope in the groove. Let the yarn slip through your hand easily so that it can render around the mallet. All right, that's the ticket, you are doing very well. Jack, we are getting near the mark that the second mate told me to serve up to, so we will change off again and in a minute or two I will show you how to make the end fast."

"I have learned how to make a man-rope knot, Tom, and I want you to show me how to make a single and double Matthew Walker."

"Yes, Jack, I will, but tell me about the man-rope knot."

"Oh, Sam taught me, Tom, and this is the rule he gave me: 'First a wall then a crown, then tuck up and then tuck down."

"That's right, Jack, the knot consists of a double wall and double crown, but here we are up to the mark, now we will make the end fast. You see first

I take off the mallet, now pass the ball around four times, then through underneath the four turns toward you, now you see that I bind these four turns around tight over the standing part with a marline spike, now I have a bight left in my hand. You haul it through. Does it come hard? Hold on a second, we will put a little grease on it. Now it pulls all right. There, that will do, cut the end off up close, I will give it a few taps with the mallet and that is the finishing touch. Jack, you asked me to show you how to make double and single Matthew Walker knots. Suppose we take one at a time, a single Matthew Walker; all of our lanyards are fitted with this kind of knot. Here is a piece of ratline stuff. In the first place take a piece of twine and put on a west country whipping. Always hold the rope in your left hand, unlay the strands back to the whipping with your right hand, then take the first strand and pass it around from right to left and up through its own bight, like this. Now take the second strand and pass it around underneath up through the first bight and its own bight. Take the third strand, pass it around underneath and up through the first two and its own bight. Haul the strands taut evenly, and if you were going to finish the knot, you would lay them up tightly, about two inches from the top, like this, and put on a whipping and cut off the ends." It was the starboard foretoping lift that Tom and I had been working on. The second mate came forward and ordered Tom and Oleson to take it aloft.

"Jack," he said, "you can go back to your kedge anchor again."

"Well," I thought, "that is too mean for anything, for I have been over it twice already and have scraped it as clean as I could." He noticed that I hesitated, and added:

"I guess Mr. Stover will take a look at it when he comes on deck, I will tell him that you have got all of the rust off of it." "Aye, aye, sir," I answered.

I went and sat down by the side of it with my piece of ratline stuff and practiced on a single Matthew Walker until eight bells, when the mate came forward and inspected my work.

"That will do," he said; "now, do you suppose that you could paint it?"

"I think that I can, sir."

"Well, we will see," he said; "come with me to the paint locker." He then got out some black paint and a brush.

"Now, be careful; I don't want you to paint the deck, I only want you to paint the anchor, and when you get through, put your paint pot up here and the brush in that bucket of water, then come aft and report to me."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said, as I took the pot and brush and marched off like an able seaman.

It was Tom's watch below. He knew that the mate had set me at work to paint the anchor, so he came and showed me how to handle the brush. "I am glad that you came, Tom; I never undertook to paint anything before."

"I thought perhaps I could help you out a little, Jack."

"Tom, you are not looking as well to-day; you look yellow, why don't you have me do something for you?"

"I am feeling wretched, Jack, and that's the truth. I set out to become a doctor once and studied medicine a little before I left the university, and according to my diagnosis, my liver is affected and I have a little touch of what you would call jaundice. I think that I had better see the captain myself. I can tell him what I need better than you can. You are doing very well, Jack. Don't leave any holidays. When you are through, wipe up these three or four spots off of the deck. I have an hour before supper and I am going to lie down. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Tom, I hope that the medicine will do you good." "Tom is like a big brother to me," I thought. I was now through painting, and after wiping up the spots that I had dropped and putting up the paint and brush in the locker, I went aft and reported to the mate.

"All right, Jack," he said, "now you go up into the main top with Sam and loose the mizzentopmast-staysail and send up the maintopgallantstuddingsail. He will show you about it."

"We will loose the staysail first, Jack," said Sam, as we got up into the top. "You see that when the sail is furled the sheet is always 'auled up into the top. Now you throw it down to the leeward while hi take the gasket hoff."

As I threw the sheet down I called out, "Stand from under."

"All ready, Jack," said Sam.

"Hoist away mizzentopmaststaysail, sir," I shouted. While the sail was going up, he showed me how to make up the gasket: he coiled it up in his hand and then wound the standing part around and around the coil tightly, and passed the bight through and over the top of it. The gasket is allowed to swing. The topgallantstuddingsails have a small yard or boom across their tops. In furling the sail the yard is first made fast, up and down, to the forward topmast shroud. The sail is then gathered up and bound to the yard with a gasket. The tack is hauled up into the top, the halyards and sheet are unbent and made fast to the rigging. In sending up this sail, first, the tack is thrown on deck forward of the top and abaft the main yard. The halyard, a single rope, is made fast around the center of the yard with a studding-sail bend, that is, take two turns around the yard on the left of the standing part, pass the end around the standing part, from right to left, and underneath the two turns, and haul tight; then pass the end around the standing part again and through it's own bight. The greater the strain that the standing part is subjected to, the tighter this bend becomes, yet it never gets jammed. The sheet is bent on to the clew with the same bend, the sail is then shaken out forward of the top and hoisted from the deck.

After making up the gasket, Sam went down. I was ordered up to loose the mainskysail; this sail

is fitted with three gaskets, one on either side and one in the center, which is called the bunt gasket. I had unwound the gaskets on both sides and made them fast to the standing part of the halyards just above the yard. The sail was now ready to be set, and as I let go the bunt gasket, I shouted, with all my might, "Sheet home the mainskysail, sir." After I had overhauled the buntline, as I had seen the men do after loosing a sail, I slipped down the weather skysail backstay to the topmast crosstrees and from thence down by the ratlines. It was now four bells and my day's work was over.

At the supper table that evening the steward and second mate had their usual chat and pleasant jokes with each other, which I always enjoyed.

"Well, Jack," said Mr. Fletcher, "you have been a sailor boy now for a whole week; how do you like it?"

"All right, sir."

"Kedge anchor and all?" interrupted the steward.

"It was not very pleasant, sir, to scrape it over and over again, but Tom explained to me the reason why the mate ordered me to do it."

"What did Tom tell you, Jack?" inquired Mr. Fletcher.

"He told me, sir, that after I had finished a piece of work it was not my place to go aft and report it, unless I had been previously ordered to do so, but that the officer of the watch should come and find out for himself."

"Tom is right," said Mr. Fletcher. "A sailor is not supposed to be hunting around decks to find something to do. If their officers can not find any work for them they are perfectly justified in remaining idle."

"Mr. Fletcher, what is the ship's position at this time?" inquired the steward.

"I am not the navigator, but I guess that we are about half way across to the cape on the 38th parallel. We made a little over six degrees of longitude during the last twenty-four hours."

"Well, that sounds very good Mr. Fletcher," said the steward, "but you appear to be guessing at it. I want to know exactly. Suppose that the captain and mate should get washed overboard, what do you think would become of the ship and the crew? I think we would wake up some night, Jack, and find ourseleves ashore high and dry on some cannibal island."

"Mr. Steward," retorted the second mate, "I have always told you that it would take nothing less than a shipwreck to wake you before morning. Now, just suppose that Cook should get washed overboard, instead of the captain and mate, I reckon that we would all die with the scurvy or be literally starved to death, if you had to do the cooking. Jack, if anythink should happen to the cook we would soon make mighty poor 'tucker' for the cannibals."

It was my custom after supper to help the steward with the dishes, if there was nothing unusual going

on on deck, also to do whatever Mrs. Benjamin required of me.

It is Monday morning, a week has passed since the above conversation at the supper table. We have had fair winds and sometimes they have been quite strong. We caught another porpoise during the week, consequently we had a little change in our bill of fare. The regular bill of fare for the crew was beans, pea-soup, salt fish, canned meat once a week, duff twice a week, soft bread and dried apples or peaches stewed every Friday for supper, rice and cornmeal, hash once a day when we had potatoes or yam on board, also scouse, (a dish much more palatable than its name implies). It is simply hard tack made soft and mixed with bits of salt pork or beef and fried in the oven. All of the above dishes were accompanied by salt pork or beef, plenty of hard tack, molasses and sometimes pickles.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin on the morning of the day in question, "I would like for you to help me do a little washing, if Mr. Fletcher will please excuse you."

"Jack is at your service, ma'am," replied the second mate. I was glad to have this little change from my usual work about decks, besides Mrs. Benjamin and I always had pleasant conversations together whenever I was at work in her company.

"In the first place," said Mrs. Benjamin, "we must get on the right side of the cook, for we will need several pails of hot water. You may take him a jar of this jelly with my compliments."

"Ee, Jack, I tells ye befo' dat de missis knows what's de rite ting. Now ye gets de water. I puts on de extry biler." Our extra supply of rain water was getting low, for we had had little rain since leaving the tropics.

There was more work in getting ready to wash than in doing the washing itself. I did the rubbing, Mrs. Benjamin did the rinsing. I had had some practice and experience before, in washing my own clothes.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, as we were working together, "Mr. Stover reports that you are doing well as a sailor boy. He has a better opinion of you than you have ever given him credit for."

"Sometimes, ma'am, I think that he has, and again at other times, I am quite sure that he has not. But Tom says that he probably means all right, that all officers do not use the same methods in teaching boys and I know that this is the truth, because there is a great difference between Mr. Stover and the second mate."

"The most important thing about it, Jack, is, whose method produces the best results?"

"I can not tell you, ma'am; both of them have taught me some things which I will never forget, but I like the second mate's methods the best."

"I am glad, Jack, that Tom gives you such good, practical advice from time to time."

"I believe, ma'am, that Tom is now a true Christion. He thanks you very much for the Bible, books and tracts, which you have sent him, poor fellow."

"Jack, the captain tells me that he does not appear to be getting any better. I have noticed while he has been at the wheel that he looks quite ill. I must have a talk with him sometime before long."

I hung up the clothes on the weather side between the main and mizzen rigging, also between the main and mizzenmast and across from rigging to mast. It was a nice, clear day and by four P. M., they were all dry and taken in. Mrs. Benjamin said that she would smooth them off a little the next day if I would furnish her with some hot irons. Although it was blowing a stiff breeze I did not lose any of the clothes overboard.

As the captain and mate were taking the sun that day, they talked about the ship's position, as usual. I was working quite near them and, of course, took in all that I could hear.

"Captain," said Mr. Stover, "we have made excellent time since we have been sailing on this course."

"Yes," replied the captain, "if we could do as well during the whole voyage we would make it in less than a hundred days; but a ship can make better time sailing in these latitudes bound east, than in any other part of the world. I think we had better head now straight for the cape, I would like to sight the highest point of it. We will have to make about 11 degrees of longitude and 2 degrees of latitude before we can get a glimpse of it. One thing is certain the cape pigeons will notify us when we get within seventy-five miles of it; they will not allow us to pass without making us a visit. We will probably

get into a change of weather by to-morrow. There will be a chance for us to test our best sails before getting into the Indian Ocean."

"There is no doubt of that," said Mr. Stover, "but we will keep everything up snug and be ready for an emergency. It knows how to blow, sir, in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope when it gets ready."

As I came on deck the next morning, it was very evident that the captain's prophecy concerning the change of weather would prove correct, also that the mate's extra precaution had been well taken. The sky was overcast, a fresh breeze was blowing.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "the barometer is steadily falling. Call all hands. Send down the sky-sail and royal yards." The upper sails had been previously taken in. "As the wind is fair we will carry our lower sails as long as we deem it safe."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the mate, "I think we had better send down the studdingsail-booms while we are about it."

"All right, Mr. Stover, that will make us a little lighter aloft."

In a few minutes all hands were on deck and working with a will. Tom had become so weak that he was not required to go aloft, but was ordered to relieve the man at the wheel who took his place. Two men were sent up, both on the fore and main, to send down the yards. I followed on up the main rigging with a small rope to be used for a guy line to steady the yard while it was being lowered. When

I had gotten about half way up to the main top the captain ordered me down and one of the men just above me to take up the guy rope. I was quite sure that I could have performed the work all right, but as it was quite rough the captain was afraid that I might fall. My sailor pride was very much humiliated to be compelled to beat a retreat; however, when I reached the deck I watched my opportunity and took a responsible part in the work, that was in lowering the yard to the deck.

I watched the men aloft while they were getting the yards ready to send down, one at a time. First, they bound the sails securely to the yards with extra gaskets, then the clewlines and buntlines were unbent and made fast to the rigging; the guy rope was made fast a little more than half way out on the weather yard arm. Then the yard was hoisted a little, and as the guy rope was tautened up, it hung perpendicularly with the mast. The brace and topping-lift were taken off of the lower end of the yard, and as it was lowered the upper ones were removed and made secure to the masthead. The standing part of the halyards was stopped to the upper yard arm. Each yard was sent down abaft the topgallant-topsail and the lower yards, and forward of the top. A good strain being kept on the guy rope in order to steady them on the way down. The yards were not lowered to the deck but were triced up and down in the lower rigging. The studdingsail-booms, after having been sent down, were lashed fore and aft on top of the center house.

The wind was on the starboard quarter and had been steadily increasing all the time that we were sending down the yards and booms. We now took in our topgallantsails, flying-jib, upper staysails and mizzentopsail. Everything was made secure, both aloft and on deck, the log was thrown, the wheel relieved and the watch went below. We were making thirteen and one-half knots. The second mate remarked that the "Two Sisters" had settled down to business.

After breakfast, I assisted the steward in making things snug about the cabins. I also helped Mrs. Benjamin put away some of her things. The captain told us that we were on the eve of a heavy gale of wind which would probably be accompanied with very high seas.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "be careful and don't take any chances. The captain says that there is no need of your going aloft during this kind of weather." It rained quite fast, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes. It was too rough for us to catch any fresh water.

The second mate's watch was on deck. Some of the men were under the topgallantforecastledeck making mats of different kinds. Tom and I were located in the carpenter's room, plaiting sennit. I was glad of the opportunity to have another talk with my friend.

"I do hope that you are feeling better by this time, Tom," I said.

"Nothing extra, Jack, nothing extra, but I hope that I shall hold out until we reach port, yet we are not yet half way out. I am not afraid of the great change, Jack, for I am sure that it is not any further from this world to the 'Paradise of God' at sea than on the land; but I would like to see my brother Fritz once more in this life. I want to tell him about the happy experience which I have, of which I knew nothing when I last saw him. You remember that I told you that he shipped for Shanghai about a month before we left New York, at least I heard that he did. He is a good sailor, Jack, and perhaps will remain by the ship. If so I will meet him there if nothing happens."

Quite a heavy sea was running, and just at that moment one of them boarded us over the weather gangway, and rushing in on us, our pleasant conversation was abruptly cut off.

"The 'Two Sisters' got a little the best of Oleson this time," said Tom. (Oleson was at the wheel). "We are carrying altogether too much sail." Tom's judgment was verified, for within a few moments the second mate shouted, "Call all hands. Shorten sail."

Tom was ordered to take the wheel and was assisted by the captain. In the first place the mainsail was clewed up, mizzenstaysail taken in and spanker reefed, after which the foresail was reefed and set again, the fore and maintopsail reef-tackle were hauled out and two reefs were then put in the foretopsail and it was hoisted, the mainsail was then furled, maintopsail two-reefed and set. The men

sang their regular songs while hoisting the topsails. We were now under two-reefed topsails, reefed foresail and spanker, jib and foretopmaststaysail.. The sea was running very high and it was blowing "great guns and small arms." It was a beautiful sight, but it was becoming more and more dangerous.

It was now noon, the watch went below, the log was thrown and it was found that we were making twelve knots. The captain and mate could not get an observation, the sun being obscured. While I was clearing up the ropes around the main and mizzen-rigging, and tricing them up to keep them from washing about the decks, the first mate and captain were discussing the storm.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "if it does not get any worse I think that we can run all night with safety."

"Don't know," replied Mr. Stover, as he looked to the windward and shook his head, "it will be mighty dangerous to-night, sir." Just at this time Mrs. Benjamin appeared in the companionway and informed the captain that the barometer was still falling.

"I object to heaving the ship to with a fair wind," he said, "except it is absolutely necessary; however, we will carry what sail we are under at present until eight bells (four P. M.). By that time we will decide what to do for the night."

"Jack," said Mr. Stover, "you get a piece of ratline stuff and bend it around your waist and keep an eye open to the windward and if you think one of these seas is going to board us, make yourself fast to the

nearest object at hand, but bear a hand with those ropes, and don't be promenading around the decks any more than is necessary." "Aye, aye, sir," I answered.

After dinner I was ordered to get out the ball of sennit again in company with Sam. As we worked together, I said, "This is a heavy gale, Sam."

"Yes, Jack, and I thinks it is increasing. Hi 'ave made six trips across the western ocean from Liverpool to New York, two in the 'Dreadnought,' two in the 'Snow Squall' and two in the 'Winged Racer.' Jack, they just drive those ships hawfully, but hall that is said about Captain Samuels, Waterman and the rest of 'um, they can't beat hour skipper for carrying sail. We orter be under close reefed topsails this blessed minit and hi will wager my houtfit that we will 'ave to before dark. Hi never see such 'igh seas in all my born days."

"Sam, you remember when we crossed the line, were you afraid of old Neptune?"

"Hafraid? not a bit of it, Jack. I knowed hit was only a lark. They calls hit in the big schools of old England ' 'azing.' There hain't no lark in it though for the chap that is being ' 'azed.' "

"It all seemed very real to me that day, Sam, yet I could not imagine how it could be. I know all about it now. The old Scotchman in your watch acted old Neptune. He played his part well, Sam. He did look as though he was some kind of amphibious creature which had come up from the bottom

of the ocean, sure enough. It was strange that I did not miss him from among the crew."

"They took several days gittin' ready, Jack, but hi 'ad an hinkling hof what was going hon."

"Sam, where do you live? Tell me about your home."

"Hi live in Manchester hin old England, Jack, big town for mills and factories. Hi worked in a cotton mill till hi got to be six and ten years hold, then my old man up and died and hi 'ave been cruising about the Scandinavian ports hup the Mediterranean and hacross the western ocean, going hon now for these eight years. Hi 'ave been in some 'ardships and 'ave come nigh 'kicking the bucket' more'n once. The old girl, two sisters an' a brother, they be all hat work in the mills."

"How long is it since you have been home, Sam?"

"Hi was 'ome to see the old girl and the rest of 'm just two months gone before I joined the 'Two Sisters.'"

"You get home oftener than Tom does, Sam?"

"Poor chap, hi don't think he'll hever see his 'ome agin, Jack. Looks like 'im goin' to Davey Jones' locker' fore long."

"I hope not, Sam, but if it be so it is only his body that will be consigned to 'Davey Jones' locker,' for I believe that he, himself, will go straight to the 'Paradise of God.'"

"Shouldn't wonder, Jack, Tom's chock a block full of religion. The chap didn't look it though when I

fust see 'im, before we joined this ship. The hold girl and the rest of 'm be Wesleyan Methodists and hi, myself, was brought up in the Methodist meeting house, so hi knows myself what religion is, Jack, when hi sees hit."

"There goes eight bells, Sam, and here comes the mate forward."

"Call all hands. Shorten sail," he shouted. The storm was still increasing; the wind was blowing fiercely and the sea was running higher than ever. The "Two Sisters" was just flying through the water, she appeared to be skipping from the top of one sea to another. The captain seemed a little nervous, and I did not think it strange that he did, for, as the second mate expressed it, "it looks awfully wicked."

"Mr. Stover," called out the captain, "we don't want to lose any of our sails while taking them in. Handle one at a time." "Aye, aye, sir" he shouted. First the spanker was taken in and furled, then the foretopsail was close reefed and the jib taken in, after which the maintopsail was taken in and furled, also the foresail. We were now running directly before the wind under close reefed foretopsail and foretopmaststaysail. After all this, the wheel was relieved and the watch went below. According to the log, we were going through the water at the rate of eleven knots; besides this the sea was pushing us ahead several knots an hour. I then went into the cabin and inquired of Mrs. Benjamin what I could do for her.

The captain and first mate were discussing the situation. "I think that we had better bring the ship to before dark," said the captain. "It would be exceeding dangerous to run, to-night."

"I think we have run too long already, sir," replied Mr. Stover. "I never saw the sea roll higher, but they are as regular as clock work; two high seas and three small ones. I think, sir, that we can heave to without any trouble if we watch our chance."

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "I would like to have a little hot water if you think that you can get it without running too much risk."

"Get it! why, I have got to get it, ma'am, if you want it, risk or no risk. I can go to the galley and back during the time between the big and smaller seas." I reached the galley, all right. "Cook," I said, "Mrs. Benjamin would like a little warm water, if you please."

"Ee, Jack, got 'im hot, git me the pail."

"This is a great storm, Cook. Tell me when there is a good chance for me to get aft."

"Ee, Jack, I tells ye. Dis de biggest storm I eber seen. Spects de captain makes de ship heave to before it be dark."

"Yes, Cook, we are going to heave to at four bells."

"Now is de time, Jack, run."

When I reached the cabin I found that the captain was having a moment or two of conversation with Mrs. Benjamin. "Jack," he said, "Mrs. Benjamin will not require anything more from the galley

to-night, and if ever you expect to see Long Island again, you stay in the cabin. It isn't safe on deck for a youngster like you; in fact, it isn't safe for anyone, whoever they are, without being lashed. You may stand in the campanionway and keep Mrs. Benjamin posted of what is going on, as you did during the hurricane."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered. Yet I felt a little ashamed of myself and grieved to think that I could not go on deck and lash myself as the men.

It was now four bells. The captain went on deck and ordered Mr. Stover to have the foretopsail taken in and furled snug. A small storm trysail had previously been bent on the spankermast over the furled spanker, and the mizzenstaysail gear doubled up preparatory to heaving to.

"I am always afraid of this heaving-to business, Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin.

"But it is much safer, ma'am to head up to the wind and sea in a time like this than it would be to run the ship before it especially in the night."

"Yes, Jack, that is true, but there is much danger while the ship is coming to."

"I guess you are right, ma'am, but the 'Two Sisters' knows how to behave herself if only given a chance and Captain Benjamin knows just how to give her that chance."

"I hope so, Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin.

I then took up my position in the companionway. We were running under the foretopmaststaysail,

which was not sail enough to keep us out of reach of the seas.

"The sooner we come to, sir the better," shouted Mr. Stover.

"All right," said the captain. "Brace up the main yards on the port tack." The second mate and three men were stationed forward, the rest of the crew were aft. "Now is a good time," shouted the captain, "down with the foretopmaststaysail. Hard to starboard your helm. Up with the trysail and mizzenstaysail."

I then closed the cabin doors and listened. The headsails were down, the trysail and mizzenstaysail were set. The ship was gradually coming to the wind. Suddenly the mate cried out:

"Everybody look out for themselves." At this moment the ship gave a tremendous lurch to the leeward and at the same time a heavy sea came crashing over us. I could hear nothing on deck except the howling of the wind and roar of the mighty ocean. I was afraid, and my anxiety was increased as I heard Mrs. Benjamin cry out with fear. I knew that some damage had been done, but could not tell just what it was. In a minute or two the ship was lying head to the wind and sea, and was comparatively out of danger. I then heard the first mate's voice calling to the captain:

"All hands are safe, sir! Nothing serious, nothing serious."

I then rushed into the after-cabin where Mrs. Benjamin was patiently waiting. "Good news, ma'am,

good news," I exclaimed. "All hands are safe! No serious damage."

"I thank our Heavenly Father, Jack, I heard that terrible sea board us and I was fearful that some one would be lost."

I then went back and opened the cabin doors and took a look out on deck. I found the captain and told him that Mrs. Benjamin was all right.

"Glad to hear it, Jack. Tell her that we're all safe, only the booby hatch smashed and one of our boats stove, just a little job for the carpenter, that's all, and that I expect to go below soon."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said, and hurried off. As I entered the after-cabin Mrs. Benjamin appeared to be expecting me, for she said:

"Well done, Jack, glad to see you, what is the news?"

"The captain told me to say, ma'am, that all were safe, only the booby hatch was smashed and one of our boats stove, only a little job for the carpenter, that is all, and that he would be in the cabin soon."

"I will be very much pleased to see him, Jack, but I would prefer that the carpenter might be found employment by some other means. I wonder how poor Tom is getting on, Jack."

"I heard the captain order the second mate to send him below for the night, ma'am."

The captain then entered. "Mrs. Benjamin," he said, "the 'Two Sisters' is lying to, like a gull. She

appears to be resting, comparatively, just as you do in your greatest trials. Your rest seems calm, divinely beautiful."

"I thank you, sir," said she, "but I was exceedingly fearful this evening for the safety of the captain and his brave crew."

"My dear," replied the captain, "your faith and prayers have always been a source of inspiration for me to do my best."

"Jack, my lad, you go and turn in now and dream about home," he said, "we want to get the ship on her course again as soon as it is light, to-morrow morning."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered.

The next morning after the watch had had their coffee, all hands were called and the ship was kept off on her course. We ran all day under a close-reefed foretopsail, reefed foresail and foretopmast-staysail. While we were getting off before the wind the ship lingered a moment or two in the trough of the sea and one of them came rushing over us. It filled the main deck full, from rail to rail. I was standing on the weather side. I thought that I was overboard as the water was over my head for a few seconds. You can imagine how glad and thankful I was when I found myself lashed up to a belaying pin. I had previously made myself fast with the piece of ratline stuff that I wore around my waist. The ports were opened and the extra water soon escaped. The second mate called out:

"Jack, you haven't any business to expose yourself at a time like this, but the worst is over now."

The captain did not mean for me to be on deck, but while they were taking in the mizzenstaysail and trysail, I slipped out of the cabin unobserved and ran forward and helped in setting the foretopmast-staysail. The heavy gale and high seas did not moderate any during the day, so the ship was hove to again before dark, without meeting with any accident. It moderated on the following morning, however, and we got under way under two reefed topsails, courses, jib, spanker and lowerstaysails. The captain and Mr. Stover succeeded in getting observations at noon.

"We will make land before this time to-morrow, Mr. Stover," said the captain, " if the wind does not die out. There is usually a strong current here running to the westward, which we will escape from when we get within twenty-five miles of the land."

"Perhaps it might have been better, sir, if we had run up our longitude, say to between 60 degrees and 70 degrees east on the fortieth parallel," remarked Mr. Stover; "however, we have done very well so far."

It still continued to moderate, and at two P. M., we shook the reefs out of our topsails, set the topgallantsails, flying-jib, upperstaysails and mizzen-topsail. The ship was hauled up a little on the port tack, just enough to make all of the sails draw well.

While loosing the topgallantsails the men sighted a sail dead ahead. We soon made her out to be a

sailing ship, flying a signal of distress. Some of her spars were gone. When we were near enough to read her signals we found that she was out of fresh water, we saw that her mizzenmast, foretopmast, and maintopgallantmast with all the yards and rigging attached and her jib-boom had gone by the board; her starboard bulwarks had also been washed away.

After coming up with the stranger we hove to under her lee. Then her captain shouted out his story. She proved to be the American whaler, "Sea Witch," and had encountered very bad weather, heavy winds and high seas. Besides receiving the damage mentioned above, several boats had been smashed, water casks lost, galley stove in; she had a crew of thirty-five, all told, all hands safe, had only about twenty gallons of water on board. Could we spare them any fresh water? They expected to put into Cape Town, which port was seventy-five miles away, but in their crippled condition several days might elapse before reaching it.

It was arranged that we should supply them with a two hundred and fifty gallon cask of water, but as it was still quite rough, we agreed to lay by them until six P. M. It was thought that the sea would be sufficiently smooth by that time to enable them to launch a boat and come alongside with safety. In the meantime we took in our topgallantsails, flying-jib, upperstaysails, and mizzentopsail. We succeeded in getting several miles to the windward of the crippled ship.

Cape pigeons were all around, during the afternoon. It was a beautiful sight to watch them in their evolutions as they circled around us. When we threw anything overboard, all of them would make a dash for it. We caught several of them. It was amusing to see them waddling about the deck, trying to fly. They could not fly from the deck, but if you picked one of them up and threw it overboard or up into the air, it was off in an instant. As Tom was something of a taxidermist, he succeeded in preserving the skins of a pair of the birds and mounted them for Mrs. Benjamin.

It was then four bells; the sea had run down considerably as had been anticipated. Everything was made ready. The cask of water had been hoisted on the poop deck, and a tow-line attached to it. All hands, both fore and aft, had taken advantage of their opportunity to write letters. They were all put into one package and sewed up in a small canvas bag and labeled, "Mail transferred from the American bark 'Two Sisters' to the American whaler, 'Sea Witch' for Cape Town, South Africa."

"The Sea Witch" had launched one of her boats. They were pulling directly for us. We then kept the "Two Sisters" off and run for them. We hove to, just a little to the windward of their boat. When they had rowed up under our lee we exchanged greetings with each other and at the same time threw the bag of letters into their boat, then rolled the cask of water overboard and threw them the tow line. As they were to the windward of their ship

they soon reached her. We lay by them until the cask had been safely hoisted on deck. As they did not require any other assistance we kept off on our course. While passing by the whaler, close under her quarter, we bade each other farewell. Her crew lined up on the quarter deck and gave us three hearty cheers, which was answered by dipping our ensign. As soon as they had hoisted their boat they also kept off on their course and came limping along after us. Their course, however, lay a little to the northward of ours, as we only expected to sight the land, while they intended to make port.

On the following morning at daylight the wind was light and the sea had gone down. We sent up royal and skysail-yards, studdingsail-booms and made all sail. At seven bells we made land just forward of the port beam, only a glimpse of it, however. As Tom and I were working together during the forenoon watch, we talked about the land, the crippled "Sea Witch," and his illness.

"Tom, do you know just what part of the world we are in?"

"Not exactly, Jack, but the land which we sighted this morning was probably the highest point of Table Mountain, near Cape Town, in Cape Colony, the extreme southern portion of Africa. This grand division of the earth's surface represents more ignorance and dark superstition than all the other parts of the earth reckoned together. Millions upon millions of human beings; in fact, about all of her people, one hundred and fifty millions or more, are

living in gross, uncivilized heathenism. There are at present several colonies in South Africa and there exists already much jealousy between them. There is not a man living at this time who can correctly foretell the destiny of this dark continent, but I believe that it has a great future before it. Jack, you notice the white, fleecy clouds hanging over the bit of land which we saw this morning. They are what sailors call the "devil's tablecloth." It is said that whenever such clouds appear in like position that a southeast storm is imminent, which statement I cannot affirm or deny at present."

"Tom, how would you like to have been transferred to the 'Sea Witch' and taken to Cape Town and placed in a hospital?"

"I thought of it, Jack, but there would have been so much red tape attached to it, then again the sea was a little too rough. I was afraid that I was not quite strong enough to get in and out of that boat with safety."

"I think the captain would have allowed you to go, Tom, if you had desired it."

"I have no doubt of that, Jack, Captain Benjamin is the very best skipper I ever sailed with."

"I hope, Tom, that the climate on the Indian Ocean will agree with you better than that of the South Atlantic."

"I hope so, Jack, but I am not suffering any pain to-day, maybe I'll pull through all right after all."

"I don't know how I would get along without you, Tom."

"Don't get discouraged, Jack. 'Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks.' Hold a good turn, my hearty, and we will try and heave ahead a length or two."

"Yes, Tom, I will look on the bright side and endeavor to do the very best that I can."

"But, Jack, suppose there are circumstances arising in your life in which there does not appear to be any bright side to look upon, what then?"

"Well, Tom, in that case I would do the next best thing, as some one has said, 'If you can find no bright side in your trouble to look upon, polish up the dark one."

"There goes eight bells, we have had a good, long talk this morning. You are looking tired, Tom I hope that you will have a good rest this afternoon."

"You forget, Jack, that I have all night in, but I don't feel as though I could sit up another minute. Let me see, it is the second mate's watch on deck this afternoon, will you tell him, if he please, that I would like to see him after dinner?"

"Yes, Tom, I will. Good-bye for the present."

"So long, Jack, for this time."

At the dinner table the steward and Mr. Fletcher discoursed about the voyage and the incidents of the last few days. "I suppose that the 'Sea Witch' is quite well in shore by this time. Perhaps she will make Cape Town to-night," said the steward. "My! she was awfully stove in, though; the storm must have been much more severe where she was than

in our vicinity. It was a miracle that she did not lose some of her crew overboard. I should have thought that they would have had some fresh water stored below decks. I wonder if one sea did all of the damage?"

"Well, Mr. Steward, is that all the information that you desire for the present?" inquired the second mate. "In the first place I reckon that the 'Sea Witch' will get into port to-night if the wind does not exhaust itself. I don't suppose that she experienced any heavier weather than we did, simply unfortunate, that's all. A weak spot somewhere in her mainmast caused all of the trouble. I calculate that they were hove to under a close-reefed maintopsail and mizzentrysail, and when the ship lost her mainmast and fell off into the trough of the sea and before they could recover themselves, several of the big waves boarded them and smashed up things. They were very lucky that they did not have a hole pierced through them below the waterline by the broken masts or yards. No, I don't believe that there was any mismanagement about the whole affair, for if there is anybody afloat who knows how to handle a ship, these whaling skippers are the men who can do it. You may write that down as a fact. Now, about her crew not getting washed overboard, no miracle about that whatever. Probably half of them were overboard cutting away the wreckage. You noticed that they saved some of the spars. They got a hawser made fast to the mainmast somehow, just how they did it with such a heavy sea running,

I cannot tell, but they did; then they made use of the whole wreckage as a drag and held the ship up head to the wind and sea, by it. Sometimes, when attacking a whale, these men get thrown up into the air, boat and all, and sometimes it happens that they are drawn down into the depths, but somehow they get back on board their ship again all right. Why, it is almost impossible to drown one of those chaps. No doubt they did have some fresh water below decks, but probably lost it. I was in the clipper ship 'Challenge,' a little over a year ago, on her voyage home from 'Frisco, and while running in a terrible storm off Cape Horn we shipped a fearful sea which stove in the after-hatch and flooded the store room, spoiling all of the fresh water that was stored there. The tanks had been purposely left open for ventilation. Now, do these explanations meet with the approval of your royal highness?"

"Yes," replied the steward, "but how do you happen to know just what was done on board the 'Sea Witch' at that time?"

"I know about what ought to have been done under such circumstances," said Mr. Fletcher, "and I also know that they knew how to do it. Perhaps you had better make a note of it all and correspond with the skipper at some future time."

"Very well," answered the steward, sarcastically, "but I will accept your theory for the present. I am much obliged to you, sir."

"Jack," said Mr. Fletcher, "between you and me, I believe that the steward of the 'Sea Witch' was

out in the thickest of it all, and not stowed away in his berth most of the time, like some one we know of."

"Perhaps he was," retorted steward, "but hot coffee, cake, and sandwiches do not amount to anything, I suppose, while the storm is on, when you are wet and cold, hungry and tired."

"I reckon they do amount to something," said Mr. Fletcher, "they just touch the spot. What do you say, Jack?"

"That's the truth, sir," I answered.

"Well, Steward," he continued, "leaving all jokes aside, we all did our very best. The 'Two Sisters' behaved splendidly. We were very fortunate to get out of the gale without serious accident. When that sea boarded us, which filled up our main deck, I thought that Jack was overboad for certain, but I found that he knew how to take care of himself very well, for there he was lashed up to a belaying pin. That's right, Jack, always observe this rule in a time like that, 'one hand for the owners and the other for yourself.'"

"Jack is using both hands for himself now," said the steward.

"Never mind that, Jack, we are using both hands and both feet for the owners most of the time," said Mr. Fletcher, "the steward can belay that and make it well fast."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the steward," but what about the voyage?"

"Seventy-three days out, this afternoon," answered the second mate, "somewhere near half way to our destination. Let us see, we have made about 77 degrees latitude and 90 degrees longitude and we have got yet some 67 degrees latitude and 100 degrees longitude to make. These figures, however, do not determine the distance we have sailed nor the number of miles we will have to sail, in order to reach China, as our course necessarily has been and will be very indirect, because of prevailing winds and currents. But as I have told you, several times, I am not a navigator, and if you think that you can diagnose the voyage any better, go ahead."

"Well," replied the steward, "I know that we have just about entered into the Indian Ocean, and that we will continue on in an easternly direction until we get somewhere in the vicinity of the Island of St. Paul and then head up for the Straits of Malacca, that's all I know about it for the present, but I know this, that I can keep you and all the rest of the crew good natured so long as the provisions hold out."

"Your reckoning is not very definite, to say the least," said Mr. Fletcher, "but in regard to your latter statement, I congratulate you in your endeavor and success, so far during the voyage, and we trust that you will continue in well doing until the end. Allow me, Mr. Steward, to further state that I appreciate your services highly, especially at meal times."

"I thank you, Admiral, I am at your service, sir," answered the steward.

"By the way, Jack, how is your friend Tom getting along?"

"He does not seem to be improving, sir, I am afraid that he will never be any better. If you please, sir, he would like to see you after dinner."

"All right, Jack. Poor fellow, I am afraid that we will lose him. We are not helping him any, that is, what we do does not seem to benefit him." Turning to the steward, he said, "Tom is a regular marline-spike sailor and one of the very best men at the wheel or on a yard that I ever was shipmate with. If he could only eat something, perhaps it would strengthen him."

"Yes," replied the steward, "but Mrs. Benjamin and I have tried to tempt his appetite with all of the delicacies that we have on board, but have not succeeded."

"That proves that he is a sick man," said Mr. Fletcher, "we will never be sorry for all we do for that chap. Jack, let us go and see him." We found him in his bunk.

"Well, Tom, how are you feeling?"

"I am too weak to be of any use on deck this afternoon. I am sorry, sir, but I cannot help it."

"We only wish that you could help it, Tom, I know that you are not the man to be playing-off sick. All that we require of you is to eat hearty and get well as soon as possible. We will all do our best

to help you, Tom, the captain is searching the medicine book, Mrs. Benjamin and the steward will keep you supplied with nicknacks, and with Jack as your head nurse, I reckon that you will pull through all right."

"I don't know," answered Tom, "I will try as hard as I can, sir."

"That's right, my hearty," said Mr. Fletcher, "where there is a will there is a way."

"That is a good prescription," answered Tom, "but our Heavenly Father's will is higher than ours, sir."

"That's the very truth, Tom, we will make it well fast with two round turns, a half hitch and the end stopped back. You are exempt from further duty, Tom, until you are strong again. I hope that you will have a good rest this afternoon. Jack will run occasionally to see you, and if you need anything, let him know." The second mate reported to the captain, who said: "We will do what we can for him but we cannot cure him."

Chapter X.

From Cape of Good Hope to Strait of Malacca

It was Christmas Day. I was at the wheel from ten to twelve A. M. I had been steering my regular trick, that was from ten to twelve A. M. and from two to four P. M. every day, when the weather was moderate, ever since Tom had been laid up.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "we have scarcely averaged one hundred miles to the twenty-four hours in the past twenty days, since passing the cape. I am expecting that we will do much better than that during the remainder of the voyage."

"We will be fortunate, sir," said Mr. Stover, "if we do not fall in with a tempest of some kind before we reach our destination. Christmas at sea," he contiued, "always makes me feel a little homesick, though I have not had a real home for many long years, but I cannot forget my boyhood days."

"Well," replied the captain, "it is not any sign of weakness in a sailor to meditate on such things occasionally, especially at Christmas time; but," he added, in an undertone, not intended for me to hear," "I think that the boy stands it bravely."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Stover, "all hands make a pet of him, it was different, sir, when I was a lad on board of a ship."

"I cannot understand," said Captain Benjamin, "where there is any sense, justice or profit to take a boy to sea and then allow the ship's company to torment, persecute and to make his life generally miserably. How do you head, Jack?"

"East by North, sir."

"Keep her a good full," said the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"I tell you the truth, Mr. Stover, wherever Mrs. Benjamin is located, that's my home, and it will give us great pleasure to extend to you, sir, an invitation this Christmas day, one thousand eight hundred fifty-eight, to dine with us at our home."

"I am very grateful to you and Mrs. Benjamin, sir, for your kind invitation. I will be pleased to dine with you and yours, sir, on this, our Master's birthday."

I thought that if Mr. Stover, with all of his long experience, was homesick at times, he ought to have a little more consideration for me. I was very glad that the captain gave him his idea of how a boy on board of a ship should be treated, for I was quite sure that if the mate followed his own inclinations regarding the matter he would make my life on board the "Two Sisters" somewhat unpleasant. One bell soon came, and I was relieved from the wheel and went to dinner.

As it was Christmas, there was a special bill of fare provided, for both fore and aft, and all hands were given a holiday. It had been very hot and dry during the past three weeks. All hands had been put

on an allowance of water, one gallon per man for twenty-four hours, two quarts, however, of each man's allowance went to the cook for cooking, coffee, tea, etc. At first thought, two quarts of drinking water for twenty-four hours, including one quart of coffee or tea, would seem sufficient, but the very fact of one being put on strict allowance, especially in hot weather, seemed to create of itself an unquenchable thirst. The truth was we were thirsty about all of the time.

Tom had been getting weaker steadily in spite of all that we could do. He was a very sick man. I took care of him during most of the day, Sam and others of the crew the rest of the time; the cook, too, had a share in it, for underneath his black skin was a kind, sympathetic and helpful spirit of love for his shipmates, and a fine sense of his obligations to those who might need his assistance. Tom had been removed to the carpenter's room. It was much quieter there, and we could take care of him without disturbing the watch below. Not a man on board of the ship ever seemed to weary of caring for him. Even Mr. Stover, with all of his strict disciplinary propensities and rough exterior, was as gentle and tender-hearted as a woman in Tom's presence. Mrs. Benjamin visited him twice every day and ministered to him, not only in temporal, but also in spiritual things, reading from the Bible, and choice tracts, and sometimes praying with him. Tom did not make any more trouble than was absolutely

necessary. He seldom ever asked for anything. In expressing his gratitude, he said:

"I have no occasion to ask for anything. Everybody seems delighted and anxious to supply my every need." He was very much concerned, however, not because of his physical condition, for he had about lost his grip on this life, but for the eternal welfare of his shipmates. He had spoken to every man on board and had given every one advice and counsel in regard to their responsibility to God and the necessity of repentance. To the first mate, he said:

"Mr. Stover, I know you to be an experienced and faithful officer. Jack has told me, sir, that you were quite familiar with the Bible when you were a lad. Please allow me to urge, you, sir, to 'study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.'" He also exhorted the captain to follow the example of Mrs. Benjamin, and pointed him to the great 'Captain of our salvation.'

About a week had intervened while these warnings and exhortations were given to every member of the crew. After all hands had promised to give heed to his advice, and to strive to live better lives, he rested quietly and seemed quite contented. Tom used but little of his allowance of water. It was his delight, when any one dropped in to see him, to offer a drink. "A cup of cold water in the name of the disciple," he would say. We realized the deep, full meaning of that passage as never before, as we accepted of his "treat" as he called it. For, as I

have told you, we were thirsty about all of the time. If the habit of treating to strong drink, which prevails throughout the Christian world were changed to that of performing little acts of loving kindness, and supplying real personal needs, what a great blessing it would be to men and women, and especially to children; besides a mighty temperance reform would at once be inaugurated.

It was four P. M., the day after Christmas. After I had been relieved from the wheel, I went in to watch with Tom. He was conscious and fully realized his condition. "I have come in to stay with you a while, Tom," I said. I then told him about what was going on on deck and that Mrs. Benjamin would perhaps be in to see him before long. He answered slowly, but quite firmly, I thought:

"It is your last watch with me, Jack."

"Oh, no Tom, no, no," I said.

"Yes, Jack," he reiterated, "your last watch. God bless you and Mrs. Benjamin and all the rest."

He knew that he was dying, but I did not realize it. He was too weak to say anything more at that time. I knew that he was always glad to have me read to him out of the Bible. It was a source of rest and comfort to him. I then took his book and began reading from the fourteenth chapter of St. John's gospel.

After a while the second mate came in to see him. Tom roused up a little and recognized him.

"Tom, how are you feeling, my hearty? I have missed you on the weather yard-arm every time that we have reefed topsails," said Mr. Fletcher. "It seems to me that half of my watch were gone since you have been laid up."

The steward then came in with some nourishment, but Tom could not even taste it. By six bells every one of the crew in turn had been in to see him. Tom recognized them all; as each one took his hand, he said "good night" or "good-bye!" They all knew that Tom had given them his last words of counsel. A little before eight bells, he said, "Jack, read." I took the book and began reading from the Revelation of St. John: "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth," etc.

It was then eight bells, and as I laid the book aside, Tom thanked me and made me understand by pressing my hand that he comprehended and appreciated what I had read. A few minutes after eight bells the captain, Mrs. Benjamin and the first mate came in.

"Tom," said Captain Benjamin, "we came in to bid you 'good-night.' We hope that you will rest well."

Tom gathered all the strength at his command and answered, "Aye, aye, sir, I shall soon be at rest. My dear Captain, one more request, sir, only one."

"All right, Tom, I will do my best. What is it?"

"Please, sir, after I am gone, if it be possible, may my allowance of drinking water be divided between Jack and Sam. Jack showed me how to 'take the

water of life freely' and both of them have cared for me like a brother."

"Yes, Tom, I will see that they get it. It will make one quart extra for each of them."

Mrs. Benjamin then spoke a few comforting words to him and sang. The captain and Mr. Stover and some of the crew, who were standing about the door joining, as best they could. After this she offered a prayer. It was a solemn and impressive scene. On board of a ship at sea, at night, a redeemed soul full of faith and glorious expectation at the point of death, a devout Christian woman kneeling by his bedside in fervent prayer. Captain, officers and crew standing around, and in the midst of it all a song of faith and triumph. Sam came in to relieve me, and as I was expected to take my place again at four A. M. on the following morning, the captain ordered me to go and turn in. As I took Tom's hand in mine, he said very distinctly:

"Jack, your last watch with me is over. Farewell, my boy, farewell."

"Good-night, Tom, I will see you in the morning."

"Yes, Jack," he answered, "the resurrection morning."

A beautiful smile lighted up his countenance, which reminded us all of the dawning of that bright day. "I see the cross," he said, "it is all clear, I know the way." With one more last good-bye I kissed his brow and turned away with a sad heart.

On my way aft I met the second mate, who, wishing to encourage me, said, "Never mind, Jack, Tom

may live till morning, after all." "Till morning," I thought, "only till morning." The words of the Lord came into my mind. "Because I live ye shall live also." "Yes," I said to myself, "this promise must have been in Tom's mind when he spoke of the resurrection."

I was tired and heartsick, and a little nervous. After reaching my berth, however, I was soon asleep. I was not called at four A. M. the following morning, there was no need of it. At three bells (five-thirty A. M.), as I went forward to get Mr. Stover's coffee, I saw lying on the fore-hatch a shrouded form, which told its own story.

"Ee, Jack," said the cook, Tom he go first watch, four bells, he know no more when ee leave 'im, but he lived one hour half."

"Oh! Cook," I said, "I shall miss him very much!" —then followed a flood of tears which I could not control.

"Jack, Tom he like ye like de brother, he gude man, he be wid de Lord now, Jack, so git de mate him coffee quick."

"Well, Jack," said Mr. Stover, "your old friend Tom has departed this life. We shall miss him, for we were not any too strong-handed before he was laid up." The mate was a hard-headed, practical old sailor, and of course from his point of view, he was correct, but I missed Tom because I loved him. In our haste, in this busy life of ours, we miss our

friends and even those who are not under obligations to us, solely because of what they do for us, instead of what we can do for them.

After coffee I helped wash decks.

At the breakfast table, that morning, the steward and second mate discussed and commented concerning Tom's life and about his death. Of course, I was not expected to take part in the conversation, with the exception of asking and answering a question, now and then. After breakfast, I assisted Mrs. Benjamin to do some work in the after-cabin.

"Jack," she said, "Tom spoke only a few more times, after you said 'good-bye' to him last night. The captain and I remained with him until it was all over. His burial will be at eight bells (noon). I will endeavor to sing a hymn and the steward will assist me. Here are two hymnals, take them forward. Sam can sing, and perhaps some others of the crew may help us. Tell them that we will try to sing the ninety-fifth hymn." I told Mrs. Benjamin that I would like to sit by Tom's body until his burial. "Go, Jack," she said, "and no one shall interrupt you. I will speak to the captain about it."

"Sail ho!" came from one of the men who was working on the foretopsail-yard.

"Where away," shouted the second mate.

"Dead ahead, sir, 'pears to be on starboard tack heading for us."

The wind was fair for both of us, but very light. It was then six bells. We made out the stranger to be an American bark.

"She looks like a whaler," said Captain Benjamin; "we will be up abreast of each other by eight bells."

"Don't know, sir," replied the second mate, we are making scarcely any headway just now, but the whaler, for a whaler she is, sure enough, seems to be bringing a little breeze along with her."

I was very thankful that I was permitted to sit by the remains of my departed friend a little while, before they were committed to the deep, mighty ocean. "Shall I ever see him again?" I thought; then I remembered that it is written concerning the resurrection morning, "And the sea gave up the dead, which were in it." Mrs. Benjamin came and sat with me a few moments saying, as she turned away, "Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord."

Tom's body lay encased in a canvas shrould, ready for burial, with a one hundred pound holystone, used for scouring the decks, attached to his feet. It was then eight bells, noon, and a dead calm. The stranger and the "Two Sisters" had drifted abeam of each other, within speaking distance. She proved to be the American whaling bark, "Philip II," on the lookout for whales.

After salutations (our ensign was flying at half mast), the first question came to us, "What is the trouble? Do you need any assistance?" Captain Benjamin informed our friends that we were about to bury one of our men, that all the rest of the crew were well, and we did not need any assistance. They

then hauled their ensign down at half mast and shouted back their answer: "We sincerely regret your loss and extend to your our heartfelt sympathy."

Everything was now ready for the burial. The mainsail had been previously clewed up to prevent it from chafing, but as it was a dead calm, it was not necessary to lay the mainyard aback, nor to make any change in the sails whatever. Captain Benjamin notified the captain of the "Philip II" that we were about to begin the services. His crew then lined up along the poop deck with uncovered heads. Captain Benjamin, the officers, Mrs. Benjamin with her little choir, consisting of the steward, Sam and two others of the crew, stood along the break of the poop deck; I also stood with them. The rest of the crew stood by the side of the remains, which had been laid on a plank, which was placed athwart ship with the foot end in the after-larboard port-hole. The port was then triced up. Everything was in full view of our friends on board of the whaler. Captain Benjamin read the ninetieth Psalm, and a portion of the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, after which Mrs. Benjamin and her choir sang:

"Servant of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last."

The captain then read the burial service of the Episcopal church. As he read the words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the head end of the plank on which the remains lay was lifted and the body of

our shipmate was launched into the deep, and disappeared from mortal view, never to rise again until "that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise." Just as the remains disappeared from view the crew of the "Philip II" sang, very clearly and distinctly, the hymn beginning "Jesus, lover of my soul." After the singing of this hymn, our ensigns were run up to the peak.

"Men," said the captain, "this is the most solemn and impressive burial service I ever witnessed at sea. I trust that we will give earnest heed and become better by his advice, in his last words to us.

The two ships had by this time forged apart a short distance from one another. After comparing our positions, we found that our reckoning agreed. A light breeze springing up, we gave each other three hearty cheers and were soon out of hailing distance. We both kept our ensigns flying as long as they could be discerned, and as our last farewell, each of us dipped our colors three times. Tom was buried on December twenty-seventh, eighteen fifty-eight. We were seventy-five days out. It was a very remarkable day in many respects and one never to be forgotten by any of the ship's company. The like circumstances would probably never occur again in a lifetime at sea. The extraordinary events of the day were not only very solemn and impressive, but also full of victory and triumph. God, in his providence, had brought the two ships together and provided an audience, and, as it were, hushed the wind

and the sea so that our friends might witness the solemn service.

In the afternoon, at four bells, the barometer began to fall rapidly and dark clouds suddenly appeared. By eight bells they were densely packed together and completely enveloped the ship. They seemed, indeed, to press down upon us, as it were. There had been a light breeze during the afternoon, but at this time it was a dead calm.

"Captain," said Mr. Stover, "I think we are on the verge of experiencing another hurricane."

"All the indications point in that direction," answered the captain, "call all hands and shorten sail. As soon as the ship gets steerage-way, we will keep her before the wind." Everything was taken in with exception of the fore and maintopsail and foretop-maststaysail, and furled doubly secure. At four bells (six P. M.) we were shrouded in an inky blackness, the flashes of lightning serving only to make the darkness more intense. Absolute silence prevailed, except heavy thunderings away to the eastward, which came rolling along on the surface of the deep and seemed to say to us, "I am coming, I am coming." The captain and Mr. Stover having now decided that the storm would overtake us from the east, we succeeded in box-hauling the ship around with her head to the westward, after which we close reefed the topsails.

Mrs. Benjamin had been standing in the companionway for some time. The captain advised her to go below, saying: "Jack will take up his position

as he did during the last hurricane and will keep in touch with you and inform you of what is going on on deck."

In talking over the situation with Mt. Stover, he said: "We will take in the maintopsail and furl it tight. We will carry the close reefed foretopsail, until the ship gathers headway at least, and perhaps all through the storm."

"We will run the risk of losing it," said Mr. Stover. "You are right," replied the captain, "but the storm will be preceded by several high waves and, if it is possible, we must keep out of their way." I communicated all of this conversation to Mrs. Benjamin. In the meantime the maintopsail was taken in and the mizzentrysail bent, preparatory to heaving the ship to, if it was deemed necessary.

We were now ready, as far as possible, for whatever might come. A long swell had set in which was a precursor of the approaching storm. It was a wild and weird scene; intense darkness about us, lightning flashing from every quarter, the flashes chasing each other, seemingly, around the compass; jack o'lanterns on each masthead and several of the yardarms, and mighty thunderings, like "the seven thunders" in the revelation of St. John. Peal after peal came crashing over us and went rolling on beyond. "This is awful!" said the captain. "The suspense in waiting for the storm is more trying to our nerves than when it is really on."

"Not quite so much wear and tear on the ship, however, sir," replied Mr. Stover. "I wish that the

skysail and royal-yards were triced up in the lower rigging."

"If you think you will have time to send them down, go ahead," said Captain Benjamin.

"Down skysail and royal-yards fore and aft," shouted the second mate. It was just the kind of work that I liked to take part in. I ran into the cabin and asked Mrs. Benjamin if she would please to excuse me until after the yards were sent down.

"Go, if you can be of any service, Jack, but be careful," she said.

"If you can be of any service," I thought, "well, I guess I can; why, I can get the skysailyard ready to send down by myself alone, take up a guy rope, lower the yard down on deck; in fact, I could do anything connected with the work." After thus boasting, within myself, of my ability to dare to do, to suffer if need be, as a genuine, up-to-date sailor, just imagine my chagrin and disappointment when the captain would not allow me even to go on deck.

"You keep a good lookout for Mrs. Benjamin, Jack," he said. Then I consoled myself with the fact that I was only a boy, a small one at that and what would happen to the men if the storm should strike the ship, while they were aloft. Then again I have read and heard of ships getting dismasted sometimes in these awful storms.

The men worked with a will and in twenty minutes the yards were down and all of the gear made snug. Two men were at the wheel, the captain and

Mr. Stover, and the rest of the crew were stationed about, the same as when we encountered the first hurricane.

"I hear the storm approaching from the south-east, sir," said Mr. Stover.

"Port you helm," shouted the captain. "All hands stand by. How do you head?"

"Northwest, a quarter north sir," answered the man at the wheel.

"Keep the ship straight before the wind and don't let her broach to," said the captain. "Aye, aye, sir," came back the answer.

I ran into the after-cabin and found Mrs. Benjamin engaged in deep thought and meditation. "The storm is about to break upon us, the skysail and royal-yards are down, all right, and everything made fast. The captain is lashed to the forward part of the mizzenmast. We are before the wind, heading northwest, a quarter north, a long way off our course, but there is no danger, ma'am," I said, all in one breath.

Mrs. Benjamin said something about "knowing little, fearing little." She noticed that I had comprehended her meaning, and then remarked: "Well, Jack, none of us know very much, but God rules, and He knows. We will trust in Him, Jack, and do our best."

I reached my station in the companionway just as the storm swept down upon us. The first shock was not so severe as in the other hurricane, the wind was not so heavy, nor the waves so high, but in a few minutes the wind increased rapidly and became

stronger than we had ever experienced before on the voyage. The "Two Sisters" was fairly leaping through the water, running before the gale at the rate of twelve knots per hour, nine or ten points at least off her course.

Suddenly a sharp, splitting noise was heard above the roar of the storm. I listened. "There goes the foretopsail," shouted the mate, as he made his way aft to where the captain was standing.

"All right," he said, "we are fortunate that it did not take the mast and the yards along with it. I think that the foretopmaststaysail will hold out and keep us going fast enough to keep out of the reach of the seas." The foretopsail, what was left of it, was clewed up, and after it moderated a little, was tied up.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, at ten-thirty P. M., "I think we had better heave to at eight bells, if it continues to moderate."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the mate. "How do you head?"

"Northwest by north, sir," replied the man at the wheel. "The wind is veering a little to the southward all the while, sir, perhaps we will make a fair wind out of it yet."

"I don't like to be scudding off of our course any longer than it is absolutely necessary," said Captain Benjamin, "we will heave to on the starboard tack, then if the wind favors us we will take advantage of it. Jack," he added, "tell Mrs. Benjamin that nothing serious has happened, that everything is all right

and that after the ship is hove to, at eight bells, I will come down and get some rest, and after that you may turn in. Mr. Fletcher will want his coffee bright and early in the morning, but if I am not on deck, you need not call me for it." "Aye, aye, sir," I replied, as I went below.

It was six bells. I was not at all anxious, as I did not have much responsibility. I could rest in a storm even better than in a calm. I was very tired because of the exciting events of the day and after reaching my berth, I was soon asleep. In the morning Mr. Fletcher called me at three bells. When I reached the galley, I found that the cook had the coffee ready.

"Ee, Jack, good mornin'," he said, "de secon' mate, he be on deck all night. He like big lot coffee dis mornin'."

"Yes, Cook, I am sure he will like it very much. The captain told me not to bring him any this morning, if he was not on deck."

"No matters 'bout de captain, Jack, he sleeps all right." The cook then supplied me with an extra quantity of coffee, condensed milk and cookies for the second mate.

"Jack," said Mr. Fletcher, as he sat down on the forward break of the quarterdeck, "you just hold on to some of this gear while I down a little of this coffee." I held the dish of cookies, while he drank and ate and talked. "Jack, I am hungry, as well as tired," he said, "I have been on deck 'most all night. Let me see, you went below at six bells. Well, no

one else went below until we had hove the ship to, at midnight, under trysail and mizzenstaysail. At two bells the watch went below; at four bells, the wind having veered to the southward, all hands were called out again to get the ship under way. We set the courses, two-reefed maintopsail, foretopmaststaysail, jib and reef-spanker. We are making a fair wind of it this morning, you see, heading east northeast. The captain says that he wants to make a little more east longitude before heading up to the northward. We will not wash decks this morning, Jack, but as soon as the watch gets through with their coffee, we will get to work at the foretopsail and send it down, and at eight bells we will have another ready to send up in its place. You see we will have to be very careful in getting the old one down, as it is still blowing a good, strong breeze. You and I, Jack, will take care of the gear on deck, while the rest of the watch unbend the sail and get it ready to send down. Here comes Johnson to relieve the wheel, so that Wilson may get his coffee. You take coffee mug and cookie dish to the cook and get your refreshments; by that time we will be ready. Tom was in my watch you know, Jack, and I miss him especially when there is any risky work going on. Poor fellow, if it was not possible for him to get well I am glad that he is gone."

"Ee, Jack, said the cook, "ee like coffee and powders (pulverized milk) in 'em?"

"Yes, Cook, I like that kind of medicine all right." This delicacy was not a part of the ship's provisions,

but had been provided by the captain especially for Mrs. Benjamin.

At eight bells, the disabled topsail had been sent down and a spare one made ready to send up. After it was bent, it was set in full. We then shook the reefs out of the maintopsail and spanker and set the maintopmaststaysail. As I was going down to breakfast that morning the captain, Mr. Stover and the second mate were standing by the companion-way. They were comparing notes.

"Yes," said the second mate, "one man short in my watch, sir, how about the boy, Jack? He can steer a good trick at the wheel now."

"I have thought of that," said Captain Benjamin, "but Jack is not very heavy. Suppose we detail the carpenter also to do duty in your watch. Jack," he said, turning to me, "call the carpenter aft."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered as I ran foward. The carpenter's name was Thomas Murphy, but he was known only to the crew as 'Chips.' "Chips, the captain wants to see you aft; we are both to be put into the second mate's watch." "Whew!" he said. I followed him aft as I now considered myself a member of the conference.

"Carpenter," said the captain, "we have thought best that you and the boy, Jack, shall take Tom's place in the second mate's watch. I know that you did not sign articles to stand watch except in case of emergency."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the carpenter, "I'm no marline-spike sailor, sewing sails and de likes of dat, sir.

I can build a ship for yees, but I am no man to do the rigging."

"That's all right, Chips," said Mr. Fletcher, "you can hand, reef and steer and give a good, strong pull on the weather braces, when necessary." Mr. Stover had made up his mind that I was to be put in his watch. But I was very glad that the captain decided the matter, saying, "Jack and the carpenter, both of them together, will not be able to take Tom's place."

"That's right, sir," said the second mate.

Mr. Stover was not pleased, however, and intimated that the starboard watch outnumbered his. "Well," said the captain, "the carpenter is liable to be called off at any time to do some work in his line, besides, as I have told you before, Mrs. Benjamin always has the first claim on Jack, whenever she needs his services. The fact is, the starboard watch cannot depend on either the carpenter or Jack, at all times."

It was not because my services were of so much value to either watch as to cause any controversy, but Mr. Stover always seemed to have a great desire to get control of me as far as possible. His purpose was frustrated at that time, but he accomplished his desire about a year later. By that time I had had much more experience and was better able to stand the harsh treatment which he seemed to have held in reserve for me.

At the breakfast table that morning the second mate and steward discoursed about the storm of the

previous night. "Mr. Steward," said the second mate, "where did you happen to be last night when the awful tempest struck us, which seemed sometimes as though it would blow us out of the water, and at other times as though it would push us to the bottom?"

"Where did I happen to be?" answered the steward, "I was by the force of habit and natural law just where I ought to have been, in my berth, resting and recuperating strength for the duties of the coming day. I think that we had better put into port somewhere and ship some more men, if you expect the carpenter and cabin boy, cook and steward to be on deck in every little squall, which happens to come along."

"You ought to be very thankful, my brother," said Mr. Fletcher, "that this day, with its duties, ever dawned upon us after the 'little squall' that we encountered last night. What do you say, Jack?"

"It was just awful, sir, the heavy wind and high seas, the fearful thundering and lightning, when the foretopsail was carried away with a sharp bang."

"I do hope and trust," continued the second mate, "that while you were resting and gathering strength for the coming day, you also meditated on the solemn events of the day that had passed, and made good resolutions for the future, and purposed in your heart to perform them."

"Well," answered the steward, "the events of yesterday were truly impressive, and they did cause me

to meditate on my past life, and I did form new resolutions in regard to my future life and character, and I have purposed in my heart, by the help of Divine assistance, to perform them. Now, about the storm, I did know something of what was going on last night; when the foretopsail was carried away I was afraid that the foremast had gone with it, but when I found that it was only the sail, I continued to meditate. They tell us at home that the Chinese are our nearest neighbors, that we live on the same identical lot. I suppose this is the way we will have to dig down in order to visit them. I wonder how many more tempests, hurricanes and typhoons we will have to go through before meeting them face to face."

When I went on deck, at eight bells, I found that the port watch had sent up the royal-yards and set the sails, also had turned the reef out of the spanker, set mizzentopsail, upperstaysails and flying-jib. A good breeze was blowing. We were on the port tack, heading east by north. In the afternoon the wind became lighter. I was sent up alone to cross the skysail yard. The second mate gave me some instructions before I went aloft. Among other things, he said: "Jack, be careful and don't get a turn around either yard-arm with the lifts or braces. Find out for sure the top and after-part of the yard before you hook them on."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered as I ran up the weather main-rigging.

Mrs. Benjamin was standing and watching in the companionway. I knew that I was under inspection. I therefore put forth my best efforts. As I went aloft, I thought, "there is not any danger of getting any turns in the gear because it is all single." As I took up my position on the royal-yard, the skysail-yard soon followed me. It was sent up to the leeward and by the time I had gotten the weather brace and topping-lift ready, it was at hand. All of the gear was fitted with small sister hooks, except the buntlines. They were made fast with a clinch, that is, take the end and reeve it through the eyelet holes on the foot of the sail then pass it around the standing part and underneath the bight and stop it securely with rope yarn. The mainskysail buntlines had only one hauling part on deck, but aloft they were fitted with two legs, one on either side of the sail. The hooks were easily adjusted, but it took a little time to put a mousing upon each one of them. When I had hooked the weather brace and lift, on the upper end of the yard, I cast the stop off the halyards. The yard was then hoisted to the masthead so that I could reach the lower end of it to hook on the lee brace and lift. I then let go the guy rope and the yard swung square. It was lowered into its place and I made it fast to the mast with a leather strap. After hooking on the sheets and clewlines and bending on the buntlines I loosed the sail and shouted out with all my might, "Sheet home, mainskysail, sir." As I made up the gaskets I looked and saw that everything was all right, and then came

down on deck congratulating myself on my achievement. I was very thirsty. My allowance of drinking water, however, had been quite sufficient since Tom's death. As I passed into the cabin to get a drink, Mrs. Benjamin said, "Jack, you did well aloft, you did well."

"Thank you, ma'am, I thought I could do it, all right."

One pleasant evening, several days after the events mentioned above and during the last dog watch, we had the most beautiful sunset scene that I had ever beheld, either on land or sea. White fleecy clouds hovered about, their lower edges fringed with gold and crimson. The sky seemed like a canopy of gold; the sea looked like transparent glass; the sun seemed to linger a moment or two on the horizon and then disappeared suddenly, sending up shafts of bright color that spread out in phantastic shapes. As all of this splendor was fading away, her majesty, the moon, asserted her supremacy as queen of the night. The ocean was like unto a jasper sea, a vast court paved with silver; the beautiful shafts of many colors and the golden heavens were turned, as it were, into a vast magnificent curtain, woven with "silver purified seven times" and studded with precious stones, spread out from the zenith to the horizon and blending into the silver-paved court of the ocean. The sea was hushed into a quiet stillness, with the exception of a long ocean swell, which did not apparently disturb its surface. What a contrast between this night and that of a few days ago! Then, in the midst

of the hurricane, the fearful thunder, in peal after peal, the almost continuous flashes of lightning, the awful blackness of night, the dangerous high seas and the tremendous wind. The storm was awful in its grandeur, freighted with danger and destruction as it swept on. God's power was manifested sublimely and majestically.

> "God moves in a mysterious way,
> His wonders to perform,
> He plants His footsteps in the sea
> And rides upon the storm."

Then, lo! in the midst of the storm He speaks, "Peace, be still," and His command is obeyed; immediately the elements are hushed into silence and nature becomes serene and beautiful. So may we hear Him say to us, when we are in the midst of trouble and sorrow, "It is I, be not afraid."

The ship was slipping quietly through the water at the rate of six knots, a few silvery notes could be heard playing around her bow. There was just enough wind to keep the sails full, everything was steady aloft. With the exception of the creaking of a yard or block, now and then, not a sound could be heard. We were on the wind, braced sharp up on the port tack. The second mate was walking leisurely back and forth on the weather poop deck. "How do you head?" he called out. "East southeast, sir," came the answer from the man at the wheel.

Mr. Stover was below. The captain and Mrs. Benjamin were seated on the quarter deck talking about the voyage, the beautiful sunset and the evening scene. The steward and cook were busy finishing

their work for the day. Several of the crew were on the topgallantforecastle, the rest of them were on the main deck, sitting on bits and spars, spinning yarns or talking about home and loved ones. I was seated on the forebits, which were just forward of the foremast, in company with Wilson, a native of Finland, who suddenly exclaimed: "The sea, the sea, the high, the mighty, abounding sea, and a mother she is to me, for I was born on the open, high sea."

"Hello, Wilson, you are having an attack of poetryism. It sounds all right, I'm holding a good turn, heave ahead on another verse," said one of the men.

"It is not all poetry with me, but the genuine article itself, 'for I was born on the open, high sea.' Belay that now and I will tell you about it. It happened this way: My father must have been a bright fellow and a good sailor, for at the age of twenty-eight he had command of a Norwegian ship, called the 'Viking.' He was on a voyage from Cardiff, Wales, to Valparaiso. His bride, of little less than a year, accompanied him. I was born on the equator, in the Atlantic ocean, 27 degrees 20 minutes west longitude the twentieth of February, 1828. This I have read a score of times in the ship's log book, that I have preserved at Stockholm, Sweden, the place that I call my home. The log states that the crew and old Neptune had a high time on board the 'Viking' that day. I was granted a free pass for life over all the trackless oceans, and I have availed myself of the privilege, if it can be considered a privilege,

for I have never done a day's work on shore. Well, my mother continued sailing with my father in the 'Viking' until I was five years old, and until that fatal voyage, the awful days of which have never faded from my memory. We were on the way from Cardiff to Callao, S. A., loaded with coal. Everything went well until we were in about the latitude of 'Rio.' The only home I had ever known was on board the ship with my father and mother, and I was as happy in the cabins of the 'Viking,' or playing on her decks among the crew, as any child on shore. Then it was discovered that the cargo was on fire. Everything possible was done to smother and subdue the fire. My father, his officers and the crew congratulated each other that their efforts had proved successful, and the fire had been extinguished, but, alas, when the ship had gotten well down in the forties the fire broke out again in all its fury. In forty-eight hours the hold was a seething furnace. A council was held and it was decided to abandon the ship. Accordingly, the three boats were provisioned and got overboard. The captain, mate and second mate, each had charge of one. We numbered twenty-nine souls. It was at five bells and was quite moderate and clear. We all succeeded in getting clear of the ship safely, and when we had pulled away a short distance a tremendous explosion took place, the hatches and a portion of the deck were blown up in the air and in a few moments the ship was ablaze from truck to waterline. I will remember the scene, how bright it was all around and the expression of anxiety and fear pictured on the faces of my father

and the boat's crew. I can never forget my mother's countenance, as she held me tightly in her arms that night."

"The 'Viking' continued to burn until midnight and then went down. The three boats kept in touch with each other in the vicinity until eight bells the following morning, hoping that the burning of the ship, which could have been seen probably for fifty miles or more in every direction, might bring assistance. None appeared and so we separated for the day to make three chances to one of attracting the notice of some passing ship. Being unsuccessful, we picked each other up again, before dark. During the night, rockets were sent up now and then; the next morning the boats separated once more, but that day a storm came up and we never sighted either of the two boats again. My father saved his private log book from the wreck, which told all about the voyage, the fire, getting away from the ship, the awful suffering of those eighteen days and nights in an open boat in the dead of winter, the storm, the cold and the hunger, and the dropping out of each of the men as they became exhausted. Some of them became insane and leaped into the sea. A complete record was kept by my father up to the eighteenth night; a few more incoherent entries were made in the log during the night and on the following morning. There were such words as, 'my wife,' 'my boy,' 'cold,' 'starving,' 'sail ho,' 'where away,' etc., and other writing which could not be deciphered, showing that the brain had lost its power of thought, and the hand its cunning. The last intelligible entry was made in the book on the twentieth of February, 1833, at six P. M. My father recorded the fact that it was the

boy's birthday, 'but what a day,' he added, 'all the boat's crew have succumbed except wife, child and myself. I fear that my wife cannot live through the night. The boy will not survive long after his mother unless some help comes soon. We have one more rocket left, which I will send up at midnight. It will be my last effort. I am fearful that my mind is giving way.' It appears as though my mother and father then offered together a prayer to Almighty God, for he writes, 'Oh, God, though thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee; even so, Father, if it seemeth good in Thy sight.' After this writing my mother wrote my name under her own signature, and my father's name was also affixed. My mother must have become exhausted some time during the night, as I remember faintly about falling out of her arms into the bottom of the boat, and becoming very cold. We were picked up on the following morning by Her Majesty's frigate, 'High Flyer.' They had observed the last signal. My father and mother were alive when we were rescued, but they could not be revived, though the surgeon of the ship and his assistants did their best, and at ten A. M. on that day, I was an orphan. The first mate's boat was picked up a few hours later, he being the only survivor in it. They searched for the second mate's boat several days, but did not find it, and it was never picked up by any ship."

"I have no record of the immediate events which followed. I remember some things about the burial services, how that the ship was hove to with the main topsail to the mast; about some one reading a long time and the ship's company responding now and then, 'Amen.' They did not permit me to see my father and mother launched into the sea, but I realized that they were gone, and, oh,

how much I missed them. I remember that everybody was very kind to me on board the frigate, and that some one kissed me, again and again. I was kept warm, but not allowed to eat very much at a time. It was several days before I could be comforted. After about four days, the chief mate of the 'Viking,' Mr. Hanson, who had sailed with my father for several years and whom I had known all of my life, had recovered sufficiently to take care of me. In his company, I was somewhat comforted."

By the time that Wilson had gotten as far along in the sad story of his early life as his birth at sea on board the 'Viking,' the cook and the men of both watches, excepting Oleson, who was at the wheel, and Johnson, on the lookout, were seated and listening with great interest. Wilson hesitated a moment, at the point where he became partly reconciled, under the care of the chief mate, Mr. Hanson. He was then interrogated by all hands, at the same time. "'Ow did you hever git 'ome?" inquired Sam. "Vell, vare is dine home, and vat dine country?" interrupted another. Then Chips exclaimed, "Sure, and how long did the mate, Hanson, takes care of yees?" The cook remarked, sympathetically, "Him poor baby boy 'board de great warship, no fader tells him stories, no moder sings him to de sleep. Him de much 'fraid." I ventured to ask who it was that showered him with kisses.

"Avast, there, ship mates," exclaimed Wilson. "You see I have got a good round turn on my story, just let me hold on until the end and I reckon we'll pull through all right. Let me see, I said that under Mr. Hanson's care I became more contented. Well, in due time the 'High Flyer' put into Rio for orders, to get her coal bunkers

refilled and for fresh provisions. Mr. Hanson and I were delivered over to the Norwegian consul. It happened that the 'High Flyer' was ordered home. The consul appointed Mr. Hanson as my guardian for the time being and ordered him to deliver me over to the former owners of the 'Viking,' in Christiania, Norway. As there were no merchantmen bound north from that port at that time, we were, through the courtesy of the British consul, permitted to take passage on board the 'High Flyer.' "

"We were on shore in Rio about one week. All that I remember about it is that there was a lady who was very kind to me. She dressed me up in nice clothes, took me out riding and I saw many beautiful things. The lady was the wife of the Norwegian consul. I met her again when I was twelve years of age, while she was on a visit to her home. Having a desire to know what became of me, she searched me out. My friends in Stockholm were in a position at that time to entertain her with some distinction. It is needless for me to say that the meeting was a pleasant one."

"After the 'High Flyer' had received her coal and provisions we put out to sea. All I know about the voyage home is what Mr. Hanson told me some years after. He said that the consul's wife fitted me out like a prince; that I became familiar with the officers and their quarters, and seemed quite happy. It was the first lieutenant who braced me up with kisses, when I was rescued. You see he had lately lost a little boy about my age. He wanted to adopt me, but the consul would not give him permission. Twice during the voyage they had target practice, using their big guns. Each time I became frightened and cried for my father and mother. I did not get used to

their great guns, but the small arms attracted and pleased me, as they were brightly polished and never made any noise. After thirty-eight days we arrived at Portsmouth, England, rather a long passage for a ship of the 'High Flyers' class, but men-of-war are not much in a hurry in time of peace. Mr. Hanson and I then proceeded to Christiania, where he reported and delivered me to the owners of the 'Viking.' All that was left of that ship, the log book, was written up to date, telling the whole story. I had access to it once, after I was grown, and I have never cared to see it since. Mr. Hanson took me to Stockholm, Sweden, and delivered me to my mother's sister. After this he took charge of one of the company's ships that was engaged in the East India trade. He died about thirteen years ago, in the South Atlantic, while on a voyage out, and was buried at sea in the same locality where the 'Viking' was burned, twelve years before. I met him several times before his death. My parents had laid by enough money to provide for me until I had passed through college."

"I lived with my aunt until I was eighteen. I had received a fair education and was prepared for college. I had no inclination, however, for a college career. No doubt I had inherited a roving disposition. By this time I had become discontented and, I fear, somewhat wild and unmanageable; and instead of subjecting my wishes to those of my friends, as I should have done, and receiving a college training, I chose a sea-faring life, of which I have often repented. Now, shipmates, you have heard the story of my life's history. I thank you all for the interest you have manifested."

"Faith, it's yoursilf that's to be thenked for intertainin' us," said Chips.

"Chips, we would like to 'ear the 'istry of your hown life, hold boy."

"Sure," answered Chips, "I'll be plaized to spake of it, when yees has the taim to hear me."

Eight bells had come and with it the order, "All hands tack ship, tacks and sheets out of their beckets, clew up the mainsail." Our little entertainment ended abruptly, and the audience hurried to their stations, the second mate's crew to the forecastledeck, the cook to the foresheet and the rest of them aft. I always handled the royal and skysail braces. Everything was now ready. "Hard a-lee," shouted the captain from the quarter deck. The "Two Sisters" came up into the wind like a pilot boat, then came the order, "Maintopsail haul," then in a moment or two after the mainyards had swung round and were braced up. "Fore bowlin', let go and haul." After the ship had got around on the starboard tack, the weather braces were taughtened up. We then boarded the main tack and the order was given, "Relieve the wheel and go below, the watch." This last order was very welcome to me, as it was my eight hours in."

When I came on deck at midnight Mr. Fletcher said: "Jack, the 'Two Sisters' is a little too lively for you to take your trick at the wheel this watch. I am afraid that she would run away with you."

"I think, sir, that I can hold her all right."

"You are not heavy enough, Jack, and that settles it."

"I am quite sure that I can," I said to myself, "but never mind. I will have a chance to furl the mainskysail before long."

Mr. Fletcher had about all he could attend to. After four bells, however, though a good, strong breeze was blowing and the wind had proved to be quite steady, I ventured to engage in conversation with him. I inquired, "Do you know, sir, about where the ship was when we tacked last evening?"

"Yes, Jack, I heard the captain and mate talking it all over before I went below. They decided that Amsterdam Island bore due south of us, distance of forty miles. We are steering now, northeast by north, probably heading for Achen Head, the northwestern point of the island of Sumatra. When we round the point of this island we will be in the Strait of Malacca."

"We will have a good many miles to make, sir," I said, "before reaching that point."

"That's right, Jack, but let's reckon up. We will have to make 25 degrees 40 minutes miles of latitude and 28 degrees 24 minutes of longitude, but our course will be a diagonal one and will shorten the distance considerably. Jack, I suppose that you have heard the old saying, 'the longest way round is the nearest way home,' well, it is true in many cases, but it is not true in this one. We were making thirteen knots when we threw the log at four bells and I think that we are doing even better than that at present. This wind may be the beginning of the southeast trades, which will run us up into the northwest monsoons, a few degrees south of the equator. We will, no doubt, run out of this strong breeze by noon, but the wind will continue to be fair."

"Perhaps we may see some cannibals on our way through the Strait of Malacca, sir," I said.

"We will pass close by several islands in that locality, Jack, probably some of those islanders would like to make a dinner of us, but you needn't be worried about it, before they can feast on us they will have to catch us. Hello!" exclaimed Mr. Fletcher, as the 'Two Sisters' heeled over a little more than usual because of the pressure of the increasing breeze. "Clew up the mainskysail," he called out. As soon as the order was given I ran for the main rigging, and by the time the sail was taken in and the yard trimmed in a little, I was there. After I had the bunt of the sail gathered in and made fast, the rest of it was easily furled. I then slipped down and was soon on deck.

It was then eight bells. The log was thrown, and it showed that we were making thirteen and one-half knots. The Captain and Mr. Stover came on deck, and after consulting with the second mate, they decided to let everything stand as it was.

"Keep a good lookout, Mr. Stover," said the captain. "If the wind increases take in the royals, upperstaysails and topgallantstuddingsails. If we could only hold this breeze four or five days," he added, "it would take us into the northwest monsoons, which prevail during this season of the year."

"I think probably, sir," answered the mate, "we will meet them somewhere from 8 degrees to 10 degrees south of the equator."

The above conversation, coupled with what the second mate had told me, made me think that I knew about all

there was to know in regard to the ship's position. I then went below and turned in.

"One hundred and seven days out, Mr. Stover," said the captain, "and we are in latitude nowhere, so far as figures are concerned, that is, we are exactly on the equator, 90 degrees 40 minutes east longitude."

"My latitude tallies with yours all right, sir," said Mr. Stover, "but in longitude I am 4 minutes to the eastward."

"Well, there is not enough difference in our reckoning for us to quarrel about," said Captain Benjamin. "I think we have done very well the last twelve days."

"Extraordinary, sir," answered the mate. "I have been over this route several times, but I never was in a ship that made better time from forty miles to the northward of Amsterdam Island to our present position. The northwest monsoons seem to have overlapped their boundaries a little. They may run us up a hundred miles to the northeast, sir, before they die out to the westward."

"I only hope that they may," said the captain. "It will be a miracle if we carry a breeze through the calm belt on both sides of the equator."

"The trade winds and monsoons in these latitudes take the privilege, occasionally, of wandering outside the boundary line laid down for them on the charts and recorded in books," replied the mate.

"Yes," said the captain, "there are exceptions to all rules and especially those pertaining to the winds and currents in the tropics." "How do you head, Jack?"

"Northeast by north, half north."

"Keep her a good full and nothing to the windward."

"Keep her a good full and nothing to the windward, sir," I answered. Captain Benjamin and the mate then went to dinner. We were on the port tack, the wind was still fresh, and we were making ten knots. I was always glad to be at the wheel while the captain and mate were taking observations at noontime, for I generally found out then something about the locality of the ship.

At eight bells, that evening, as it was my watch on deck, I had a little conversation with the cook. "Cook, I didn't hear anything about old Neptune when we crossed the line today.

"Ee, Jack, ee lives in de Atlantic. All of de big ships he comes, he goes through de Atlantic."

"Then old Neptune never bothers his head about this part of the world?" I said.

"Ee, Jack, he no like um, here."

"Cook, the second mate told me that we might see some cannibals before we get through the Strait of Malacca."

"Maybees, Jack, if de wind be gone de native he comes 'longside, he hab banana, cocoanut, he sells 'em fur tobaccer, nives, clo'se, he like 'im ax, saw, he no takes money. Sometime he takes him hull ship, he git him good chance."

"If they could capture this ship, what would they do with us?"

"Ee, Jack, they eat us."

"Great Scot! Cook, I hope that we will not get becalmed in the vicinity of any of those islands."

"If we hab just leetle breeze he no bother us, Jack."

When we were in latitude about 20 degrees south, we began to send down our best sails and replace them

with second-hand ones. Our best sails needed to be overhauled and made ready for future use. We never bent a new sail unless it was absolutely necessary.

I had, by this time, become quite proficient in making knots and splices, also different kinds of bends and hitches, and mats, and knew how to "worm," "parcel" and "serve" a rope. In fact, if I had been old enough, I could have passed for an ordinary seaman.

We harpooned another porpoise and caught a dolphin and a bonita with a hook and line; we also caught a very large shark. After it was hoisted on deck, and subdued, it was dissected, and the backbone, teeth and a portion of the skin were preserved. It measured nine feet and ten inches, and was very heavy and powerful. It had eight rows of teeth, which proved it to be eight years old. It was of the species known by the sailors as "man eater." As we had been feasting so lately on dolphin, bonita and porpoise flesh, we did not retaliate by eating the "man eater."

At the breakfast table, on the following morning, the second mate said to the steward, "You had better get our muskets and pistols ready. We may enter the Strait of Malacca this afternoon, and if the wind dies out tonight, we may need them before morning."

"Mr. Fletcher," said the steward. "I presume, sir, what you mean is, that we should prepare for war in time of peace, and I perfectly agree with you, but I have several objections to your suggestion. First: You are too indefinite in your calculations to inspire anyone with much enthusiasm or confidence in you as a commanding officer, for you admit of a 'maybe' and an 'if' and a 'might be.' That does not sound very warlike, to say the least.

Second: I am not the ship's gunner and have nothing whatever to do with the ordnance department; and if there is any fighting to be done, please remember, sir, that I belong exclusively to the commissary department."

"All right," replied the second mate, "I have no doubt that those fellows could make use of you, as their supplies are generally short, but I reckon everyone of us would fight to a finish before we would surrender ourselves to be barbecued."

"You are right, sir, without controversy or jesting. Such things have happened and may occur again," said the steward, "but if I can get hold of a good pair of pistols and a short sword, I tell you, sir, before they can have a pow-wow over my body, they will have to pay dearly for it."

I was glad that Mrs. Benjamin came in at this time and interrupted the conversation. One can feel quite brave in reading or hearing about such things occurring a long way off, but to be within a few hours and miles of the time and very place where they sometimes actually happen made me, I confess, quite nervous.

"Good morning, ma'am, Jack and I are at your service," said Mr. Fletcher.

"Good morning, sir," answered Mrs. Benjamin. "I would like Jack to help me this watch, if you please, we will do a little washing and cleaning up, as we may have a friendly call from the chieftain of some island, this afternoon or tomorrow morning." I was always pleased to help Mrs. Benjamin, for she never failed to encourage and instruct me on such occasions. We had not been on allowance of water since we ran into the northwest monsoons, and our tanks were now full.

At four bells, Mrs. Benjamin and I had quite a good-sized washing hung out. "Now, Jack," she said, "we will clean my room. You can imagine yourself at home assisting your mother in cleaning house. In the first place, take out the mattresses, pillows, etc., and spread them on the weather side of the quarter deck. The captain says that we can take charge of that portion of the ship for a while."

I had taken in all the washing when the second mate called out, "Land, ho!"

"Where away?" shouted the captain.

"Two points on the starboard bow, sir," came the answer from aloft. By this time Mrs. Benjamin was on the forecastledeck with her spy-glass. She could get a better view from that position, as we were braced sharp up on the port tack.

Mr. Stover had just made his appearance on the quarter deck with his quadrant, as it was near eight bells.

"Achen Head, sir," he said.

"Somewhere in that vicinity," replied the captain. In the meantime Mr. Fletcher had taken Mrs. Benjamin's glass aloft to investigate. He now reported. The point first discovered, he said, was quite prominent. He could see the outline of land extending a short distance to the southeast of it, but nothing could be seen to the windward.

"Achen Head, sure enough," ejaculated Captain Benjamin. It was now noon. After getting their observations and locating their position on the chart, the captain and Mr. Stover decided that their reckoning was correct and that Achen Head bore north-northeast, distance nineteen miles. The wind was getting very light, but

veering a little to the westward. We had checked in the weather braces and were now running about a point free, making five knots.

"We ought to get around well into the Strait before dark, sir," said the mate, "if the wind does not fail us altogether."

"I hope so," replied the captain, "there are a number of small islands in that locality, but we will have the moon to favor us, after midnight. This wind will die out by sundown. My calculations are that when we get around into the strait, the northeast monsoons, which are due about this season of the year, will assert themselves. They have not yet been manifest because the northwesterly monsoons have been too strong for them to maintain their right of way."

At four bells that evening we had entered the Strait and were almost surrounded by islands. The air was freighted with sweet smelling odors of spices, tropical flowers and plants. The little wind that we had was variable. It was almost a calm and very quiet. We had not seen any natives or canoes up to this time, but we could see several fires scattered here and there on the different islands.

"It is too warm for a fire," said Mr. Stover. The captain suggested that they were built for signals. The steward intimated that the natives were feasting on some of their prisoners. The cook agreed with the captain, for he said, "Dey talks 'bout de ships comin', Jack."

Chapter XI.

From the Strait of Malacca to Shanghai, China.

The following morning was the Sabbath. We witnessed a very beautiful sunrise scene, "Silently as the springtime weaves her verdure green." The king of day heralded his coming by spreading out before and above him a gorgeous canopy of gold and blue. Gray clouds, tinged with yellow and pink, their lower edges fringed with scarlet crimson, were hovering about, making their obeisance, with uncovered heads, as his majesty made his appearance over the hill of the island to the east of us. A magnificent panorama of tropical landscape, was spread out before us. No tall factories with their smoking chimneys and escaping steam could be seen; no hum and buzz of human activity of any kind could be heard. In fact, there was nothing visible to denote the ingenuity and cunning work of man or to mar the beauty of nature's scenery.

It was a dead calm; the ship was standing comparatively motionless, the current, however, was setting us to the southeast. Our route now lay through the Strait of Malacca, in a southeasterly direction, and from thence around the Malay Peninsula, up into the China Sea to the westward of the Philippine Islands.

By four bells we were directly abreast of a small island which was about three miles distant. Natives could be seen on the shore running to and fro, as though they were excited and intent on some enterprise. Soon a

canoe put out from the shore and headed for us. When it was within a mile of the ship, the captain and Mr. Stover inspected it closely with the aid of their glasses.

"Trading expedition, sir," said the mate.

"I can't discern anything in their boat that looks like a spear, bow or club," replied the captain. "We will get out our jewelry, tobacco, and old clothes instead of our muskets. They are not on a foraging expedition this time. In fact, I never heard of a case of these fellows attacking a ship during the daytime. Steward, you may get a half dozen thin shirts and overalls out of the slop chest. They will be worth a dozen cocoanuts, a bunch of bananas and some pineapples."

At length the canoe came alongside, and there was a great deal of pow-wowing on the part of its eight occupants. We threw them a line which they seemed to consider an insult, at first, but as the ship suddenly forged ahead they were glad enough to get hold of it. Then they tried to explain their mistake, and that it was the proper thing for us to do. As we hung the gangway ladder over the side, we made them understand that only two of them would be allowed to come on board at a time. Their king was the first to ascend. He was a big fellow, tall and straight as an arrow, of fairly good physique, apparently forty years of age. He was arrayed in full dress uniform, consisting of an old stove-pipe hat, a dilapidated frock coat and a pair of overalls, altogether too short for him. He would not condescend to notice or converse with any of the officers or crew, except to make us understand that he was the king, and wished to talk with the captain. The captain received his royal majesty with all due honors. Our ensign was run up to the peak and as

it unfolded he exclaimed, "A Melican, a Melican," which proved that he recognized our nationality. Mrs Benjamin was introduced to him and shook hands with him. He made a very graceful bow. He appeared to be well pleased with his reception.

His vocabulary was limited to about a dozen words with the following pronunciation: "Capi," "tobacci," "knifee," "sawee," "gunnee," "rummie," etc. We made him understand that we did not deal in guns or rum. He appeared to be disappointed, but when the steward brought out the shirts and overalls, some tobacco, a brand new knife with its sheath and belt, he seemed delighted. The captain exchanged these for two dozen cocoanuts, two large bunches of plantains and half a dozen pine apples. We also dickered with him for two hundred pounds of yams, in exchange for an old axe and saw which the carpenter had sharpened up for the occasion. During this time, all of their party came on deck alternately, except one, who, when attempting to take his turn was prevented and severely chastised with a paddle by one who appeared to be second in command. We noticed the occurrence, but did not think it of much importance. The cook said, "Dey no let de slave come on board de ship, he like 'im get away."

The crew had by this time made several bargains, exchanging small trinkets, old clothes, etc., for plantains, nuts and a few dates. The cook carried on quite an extensive trade, using empty bottles, clay pipes and some musty cornmeal for capital. It was now four P. M. and as the bells were struck, first on the quarterdeck and then forward, His Majesty, the king, seemed a little uneasy, thinking perhaps, we were ringing up some unseen enemy.

The captain showed him his watch and tried to explain how we measured time, but he only shook his head and pointed to the sun as his time piece. He then ordered his men to prepare for leaving the ship with a whoop, or rather a yell, which, for a moment, frightened Mrs. Benjamin and myself. The captain gave him a small note book, containing the name of the ship and officers and a few extracts from the log for him to present to the captain of the next ship he boarded. The king did not appear to care for the book or know what to do with it. The captain slipped it into the side pocket of His Majesty's dress coat. He seemed surprised that the pocket was intended for any use, save to be looked at. He knew what the book meant, but there was a reason why he did not care for it, as the sequel will show.

Mrs. Benjamin gave him a small hand mirror, which pleased him exceedingly, also a copy of the New Testament, in Holland Dutch, hoping that some day, by some means, the book would speak to him of its divine Author. We showed him several muskets and revolvers and explained the fact that we had two of them for each man on board. The captain, wishing to make a deeper impression upon him and make a more practical demonstration of our defence took his own special rifle and taking aim, fired and broke a bottle which had previously been hung up under the weathermainyardarm for the occasion.

The visitor was much interested in the rifle and tried to make a bargain for it. He even offered one of his men, the one they would not allow to come on board. He was a prisoner and they made a slave of him. But as we were not in the slave trade the king did not get the rifle. He was, no doubt, much disappointed, but he assumed a

haughty and dignified appearance, as though he did not care much about it, after all. As they took their departure there was something in their actions, especially those of the king, that displeased the captain and officers.

"He is a tricky savage," said the mate.

"That's the fact," replied Mr. Fletcher, "he watched our every motion like a cat playing with a mouse."

"We will keep a good lookout tonight," remarked the captain. "About one hundred of those fellows may take a notion to call on us before morning."

It was still calm, we had not made any headway since the natives came alongside. The captain, Mrs. Benjamin and the mate watched them some time after they reached the shore, where a few natives only met them. No other canoe was in sight. While they were on board the cook observed them more closely than the rest of us.

"Jack," he said, "dey watch all 'bout, dey look on de port side of de center house and on de starboard side. Dey look 'im on de forecastle and look 'im under de forecastle. He sees no big guns, makes him glad. Ee tells de captain, Jack," he added.

At the supper table, Mr. Fletcher said, "Well, steward, what did you think of our visitors this afternoon?"

"I did not think well of them then, and I think less of them now. They were wicked-looking specimens of humanity, and here we are in a dead calm right under their clubs, as it were."

"We don't care so much about their clubs," replied the second mate, "but they can send an arrow and throw a spear with more deadly effect than some of us can

shoot. You are a little more interested in the ship's armament, Mr. Steward, than you were a few days ago, I presume."

"I reckon I am," he said. "I am sorry that the captain did not exchange the rifle for that slave. I don't believe he knew that he was really a prisoner. I would not have noticed it if the cook had not called my attention to the fact. Poor fellow, I hope that he will have a chance to get away. I suppose the captain thought that if they secured the rifle, they might use it against us, besides, it is the best gun we have on board."

After supper I told Mrs. Benjamin what the cook had said about the natives looking around decks and seeming pleased in finding no big guns. "He told me, ma'am, to tell the captain."

"All right, Jack, I will tell him about it," she said, "but you need not be afraid, we will soon get a breeze which will put us out of their reach."

Captain Benjamin and the mate were keeping a good lookout, and just at sundown they discovered, with their glasses, several large canoes in the distance, lying directly in the path of our course.

"All hands on deck, get ready for an attack," shouted the mate. I ran aft as I thought I would be safer near the captain.

"Jack," he said, "look out for Mrs. Benjamin."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, and started for the cabin. I met her coming on deck. "They are a long way off, yet, ma'am, and if we get a little wind we will give them the slip. There is a little breath aloft now, and we are under steerage way."

Everything possible was being done to receive the pirates as they deserved; all our firearms were tested and loaded with ball cartridges. Each man was armed with two muskets, one revolver, several hand-grenades and a short sword. It was now dark. We had three men on the lookout, one aloft with a glass and one on either side of the bow. While testing our guns we took a couple of flour barrels, knocked out the bottoms and placed them on the rail and discharged several of our pieces in them at the same time, which made a loud report, that rolled along on the surface of the water for a considerable distance. We hoped by this demonstration to make some impression on the pirates, making it appear to them that we had big guns on board. We also sent up a couple of rockets thinking that we might attract the attention of some warship which might be hovering around in the strait, searching for pirates.

The men were mustered on the poop deck, cook, steward, and officers, all excepting the lookout, to receive their final orders. The captain addressed them: "Shipmates," he said, "don't flatter yourselves that our demonstrations have frightened those fellows off. They know very well that there is no warship in this vicinity and some of them, at least, know that there are no big guns on board. These Malays are the boldest and most cunning set of pirates under the sun. There are some clouds coming up astern, you see, but there is not enough wind yet for us to escape them. I will take charge of the wheel, and if a breeze springs up, I will run over some of the canoes if I can. Let every man lie flat on the forecastledeck, and as soon as they come within range, take good, steady aim and fire. After you have fired two volleys of ball cartridges, reload your muskets with buckshot. By that time they

will be close aboard. Then give it to them again at close range. Then divide yourselves, the second mate and his watch to the starboard side, the mate and his watch to the port, and as they come alongside, give them your hand grenades and a couple of volleys from your revolvers. Then, if it is possible, reload your pieces under cover of the bulwarks, and if they show their heads above the rail just give it to them. If a number of them succeed in getting on deck and are likely to overpower you, fight your way aft to the companionway and there we will defend ourselves to the last man. Be steady, take good aim and fire to hit. Officers and men, do you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered all hands.

"Then go," said the captain, "and remember that when they come they will come quickly and may Almighty God help us. Jack, come with me into the cabin."

We met Mrs. Benjamin in the companionway. The captain went over the situation with her, adding that I was to remain with her. He then gave each of us two revolvers and said:

"Jack, don't you under any consideration whatever leave Mrs. Benjamin without my orders."

"Aye, aye, sir," I said, "but I can handle a revolver."

"So can I," said Mrs. Benjamin, "quite as well as anyone. Husband, we must go on deck with you."

"No, no," he said. "You may stand in the forward cabin and reload our guns as Jack passes them to you."

"But we must, we must," she pleaded. "Jack can take the wheel and I will stand by him."

"My dear wife," said Captain Benjamin, "please do as I have commanded, and I promise that if the worst comes

to pass we are to take our position around the companionway. I will then notify you, and you and Jack may both come on deck and we will die together." He then embraced her, saying, "Good-bye, till we meet again."

"God bless you, my husband, and all of the crew," she said, as he turned and went on deck. I followed him to the companionway and there took up my station to watch and wait.

"Be brave, Jack, be brave," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir, I will," I answered.

A half hour then passed. The suspense and anxiety of watching and waiting was awful. The pirates intended to surprise us, and they thought that the longer they kept away, the less we would be on our guard, and yet, no doubt, they feared that we might get some wind and steer clear of them. They did not carry any sail, but were skillful with their paddles, and could send their canoes through the water swiftly. It was exactly four bells, (ten P. M.), when I heard the running rigging stretching and all the gear aloft creaking.

"Jack," said the captain, "tell Mrs. Benjamin a good breeze is coming."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, and passed the good news along to her.

"I thought it would come, Jack, I thought it would come."

The "Two Sisters" began to gather headway at once, which was a relief to all on board. Just then the man aloft called out quietly, "Boats ahead, sir."

"All right, come down, quick," answered Mr. Stover.

"Jack, did you hear that?" said the captain.

"Aye, aye, sir, I have told Mrs. Benjamin," I said. He then ordered me to pull the companion-slide over and close one of the outside doors. By that time I was getting rather shaky, yet I did not fully comprehend the awful consequences, if captured.

"Here they come in two columns," cried out the second mate.

"They intend to board us on both sides at the same time," said Mr. Stover. "Be steady, men, be steady, take good aim at the first two canoes of each column. Ready: fire!" Two volleys rang out in quick succession and twenty-four balls went crashing into their canoes, piercing them through and through. They did not surprise us, as they had intended, but we completely surprised them by our reception. They answered with a wild yell and a shower of arrows that fell short, and on they came. Their yells were hideous.

A good breeze had suddenly sprung up. The "Two Sisters" responded gallantly. After our men had fired their first volleys they reloaded their pieces with a double charge of buckshot cartridges. The pirates, instead of keeping their two columns opened, and closing up on either side of us as we passed through, lost their heads, huddled together, and were now under our bow in great confusion. We then poured into them forty-eight charges of coarse buckshot, with deadly effect. This completely demoralized them. Some attempted to board us over the bow, and several of them were shot. The rest were compelled to jump overboard, their canoes having been run down, as we were now going through the water at the rate of four knots.

As we swept by them, some on one side of us and some on the other, we poured into them two broadsides with our revolvers and hand grenades. In a moment or two they were left astern. The captain and officers then gave them some parting salutations from their breechloading rifles, until they were lost in the darkness. Only one man succeeded in getting on board. Strange to say he was among them, but not of them. It was a miracle that he was not shot down. He prostrated himself on deck and pleaded for his life. Several of the crew seized him at once and were about to throw him over the rail, when the captain cried out:

"Spare him, men, spare him. He can't harm us."

They did not notice that he was unarmed until the cook rushed up and hurriedly exclaimed:

"De prisoner! de prisoner!" Then several of the crew recognized him as the young fellow whom the king tried to trade off for the captain's rifle.

The cook took charge of our voluntary prisoner and led him into the galley and gave him something to eat. The captain ordered that he be put in irons and lashed under the forecastledeck until morning. A careful search was then made over the bow, in all the chain-plates, and all about the decks for any of the pirates, who, perchance, might have gotten on board and concealed themselves, but none were found.

The ship was now headed on her true course and the sails were trimmed. Before the battle, I was fearful, but after the first volleys had been fired I forgot all about my fears and rushing into the presence of Mrs. Benjamin, swinging my arms around up over my head, said:

"They have come, ma'am, they have come, but you needn't be afraid. We can whip a thousand of them." Mrs. Benjamin was very much afraid just then, not for her own sake but for mine.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, "be careful of those revolvers. Lay them on the dining-table and let me know if any pirates get on board, then you may take them again." I was so excited that I really did not know that I had a revolver in each hand. It was not strange that Mrs. Benjamin became alarmed at my manoeuvers. I laid them on the table as she bade me, and ran back to my station in season to see the finish of the battle as related above.

After the sails had been trimmed and all hands were mustered aft, Mrs. Benjamin came on deck. The captain, addressing us, said:

"Officers, and men, you did well, every man of you. You have saved the ship and cargo, and also your lives; not one is missing or injured, for which I am grateful to Almighty God. What say you, men?"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered all hands simultaneously. He continued:

"I intend to make honorable mention of you all to the owners, insurance companies, and to the American consul at Shanghai."

"Captain," said Mr. Fletcher. "Allow me, sir, to speak for myself and the crew; in the first place we might have done better, but we could not have done any less than to do our duty, our lives were at stake as well as the ship and cargo. If you and Mr. Stover had not sighted the pirates at sundown, they would have surprised and captured us, instead of which we surprised them; then the breeze came to our rescue. There were eight large canoes,

carrying each about twenty-five savages. Why, sir, if they had once reached the deck, we would not have been a mouthful apiece for them."

"It was miraculous, sir," said Mr. Stover. "I will wager my outfit that Mrs. Benjamin had been communing with the Kings of kings,' who said, 'Call upon Me in trouble and I will deliver thee.' "

"Well, you may just reckon she was, sir," I interrupted.

"Shipmates," said Mrs. Benjamin. "Jack and I did call upon our Heavenly Father and committed you all and everything into His keeping and he gave me this promise, 'Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee, with the right hand of my righteousness,' and He answered our petition, for which we ought to praise Him now and evermore."

"We will, we will," exclaimed all hands. "Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, Mrs. Benjamin, and all hands." After the cheering, all the guns were picked up, carefully loaded and put in their respective places, ready for use again if needed.

By this time the cook and steward had provided luncheon for all hands, coffee, cheese, crackers and some choice canned meats. We did not forget our prisoner. Mr. Fletcher led him to the galley. He seemed very fearful at first, but when they took the irons off his wrists and gave him some coffee, bread and meat, he was, at first, too much surprised and overjoyed even to eat.

He tried to express his gratitude to us, and how thankful he was to get away from the pirates. He made us understand that he had been captured by them in one of

their raids on the mainland. The crew pronounced him a real Malay. He appeared to be sincere and honest in his exultations, but we were, at first, afraid to trust him, so he was put in irons again until the following morning. He was evidently not afraid of us, for, with a full stomach and Tom's mattress to lie on, he was soon asleep. It was then midnight, and the port watch went below.

The moon had now risen, fair, majestic, serenely beautiful, in such magnificent splendor as can be seen nowhere, except in the tropics. The wind was fair and steady; and as there was nothing special going on, the second mate said that I might turn in. The day had been full of excitement and activity, fraught with much danger, a Sabbath never to be forgotten. As I lay down to rest I thanked God for His wonderful deliverance and a sense of gratitude and thanksgiving came over me deeper than ever before.

On the following morning it was my wheel from eight to ten A. M. Our prisoner was brought aft for examination. We were about eighty-five miles down the strait from Achen Head and within fifteen miles of an island. Mrs. Benjamin called attention to "Robinson Crusoe's man, Friday," and suggested that our prisoner be called Sunday. When Sunday was led to the poop deck, his irons were taken off, and after looking around, he recognized the island and pointed out about the locality of his own country on the mainland. He became very excited and explained to us by gestures and with the aid of a piece of chalk that we gave him, how that the pirates landed there and carried him away captive, and if the captain would steer a little closer to the island, he would jump overboard and reach the shore.

The captain, being afraid of the shoals and reefs, denied his petition. When Sunday fully comprehended that the ship's course could not be changed, he resolved to make another wild dash for liberty and rushing to the rail, leaped into the sea and struck out for the land.

The captain at first decided not to interfere with him, but suddenly changed his mind. "He will never reach the shore, the wind and current are against him. He is a brave fellow, we will save him. Hard to starboard," he shouted, "light up the head sheets, starboard fore braces." As the wind was aft, the mainsail was already clewed up. While the ship was coming up to the wind, Mrs. Benjamin, by means of a pair of glasses, had kept Sunday well in sight. After the maintopsail was laid back, a boat was lowered and the second mate with four men put off for the fugitive. After they had pulled up to him he evaded capture by diving under the boat from one side to the other and swimming under water. At last he became exhausted, but even then was not anxious to be taken into the boat.

By the time they had got on board and the boat hoisted, the wind had veered to the north, northeast. Our course was southeast, quarter east. The order was then given, "Fill away the maintopsail and board the main tack."

"We have lost one good hour," said the captain, "but if nothing happens to this fellow, I expect his life to repay us a thousandfold. I intend," he said, "to transfer him to any warship which we may meet, they will be glad to have him to aid them in running down the pirates. Sunday will be a swift witness against them. If we fail to meet any cruiser, we will take him on to Shanghai. The authorities there will be glad of the opportunity to send a

gunboat down here and endeavor to break up these marauding bands which prey upon the commerce of all nations. Sunday will be a valuable pilot in ferreting them out. We will try to make him understand about it after he gets tamed down again. Mrs. Benjamin, you and Jack may do some real missionary work now, surely you have a good subject," remarked the captain.

"We are very glad of the opportunity, sir," she said. "If Jack and I are to be rsponsible for the moral and religious training of Sunday, I charge you to care for his physical and temporal needs."

"All right," said the captain. "I reckon that this injunction corresponds with the teaching of the Book. Mr. Fletcher, take the gentleman to the cook for breakfast, while I look up some suitable clothing for him."

The cook soon provided a good breakfast for him, and in the meantime gave him his first lesson in English, teaching him first his nickname, Sunday, then the different names of things he was eating, coffee, bread, etc. He made us understand that he would not try to escape again. He knew very well there was not any chance for him to reach the shore.

While at dinner, that day, Mr. Fletcher and the steward talked over the situation. "I guess those fellows thought, last night, that they had run up against a gunboat," said the steward. "How many do you suppose there were of them? I wonder if the king led the band, and if he was killed. My! my! what would we have done if the good Lord had not sent us a breeze? Are you expecting to have Sunday in your watch?"

"There, there, belay that, you want to know altogether too much at once," answered the second mate. "I am

afraid that you will not be able to comprehend it all at one time—all the information that you desire."

"I fear that I will not, sir, if you intend to elaborate on every question," retorted the steward. "The fact is, I was so busy loading and firing my pieces that I did not even count the canoes."

"Well, in the first place," said Mr. Fletcher, "about running up against a gunboat. After we had poured into them four volleys of balls and buckshot, I reckon that a good many of them didn't think anything about it, and as the 'Two Sisters' began to run down several of their canoes, the rest of them were just then more concerned about keeping out of our way. I counted eight canoes. We probably would have all died, fighting to the last, had it not been for the breeze that sprung up. Now in regard to our former guest, the king, being at the head of the gang, and about how many of them were killed Sunday may inform us, as soon as he becomes a little civilized."

"If the king was not killed," said the steward, "my humble opinion is that he ought to have been, or will be when Sunday arrives on the scene again with a gunboat."

"Well, I can tell you this much about it," said the second mate. "I don't do as much praying as I ought."

"Avast there, shipmate," interrupted the steward, "that's the real truth with all of us."

"Well, as I was about to say," continued Mr. Fletcher, "I felt that we did need help from above. I knew very well that Mrs. Benjamin was doing what she could in that line, and I did pray, too."

"I think that there was need enough of it, sir, not only for you, but for all the rest of us," replied the steward. "The very best way, however, to be prepared for an emergency, is to keep prayed up to date. Mr. Fletcher, do you know the length and breadth of the Strait of Malacca? I see that they have got out the deep sea line ready for sounding. Is it dangerous to navigate?"

"I heard the captain and Mr. Stover going over the route together just before noon," replied Mr. Fletcher. "You probably know the strait separates the Malay Peninsula from the Island of Sumatra. This island is one thousand and sixty miles in length and extends in a southeasterly direction. From a line drawn from Achen Head across to Junksenlon, on the Malay side, the strait is two hundred and twenty-five miles wide, from this line to the Caramon Islands, the southeast end of the peninsula, it is five hundred miles in length. The southeastern part of the strait narrows down to about twenty-one miles. The main channel is designated on the chart as the north and south sands. On either side of this channel are numerous shoals, reefs and islands. There are no lightships nor lighthouses, buoys nor beacons, nor any such helps to guide us, and the charts that we have are not quite correct. However, as we have no business outside of the main channel, we will not run much risk. We expect to make the south sands by the lead and follow the edge of them along in from fourteen to eighteen fathoms to the Strait of Singapore. This strait is fifty miles in length and will take us into the China Sea. We may get through the Strait of Singapore in about four days, if we have much of a breeze. Now, about Sunday. The mate will take him in his watch, he will soon learn

how to wash dishes, pull a rope and hold a turn. His clothes fit him, but he is not used to them yet. He and the cook are getting quite chummy already. They are both of the same color, but of different races. Now, Mr. Steward, I believe I have answered all your questions."

"I will ask you just one more, if you please, sir," said the steward, "how many days will it take for us to reach our destination?"

"Well," answer Mr. Fletcher, "if you can tell me just what kind of winds we will have, I will tell you within twenty-four hours, when we will arrive at Shanghai. However, I can tell you something about the course and distance, then you may be able to judge for yourself. After we get through the Strait of Singapore into the China Sea we will have one thousand eight hundred miles of latitude and about seven hundred and twenty-five miles of east longitude to make. Our course will be about northeast by north until we pass up between the Islands of Luzon and Formosa, and thence from northwest to north. We may make it in from twenty to fifty days."

After the above conversation I turned in. At eight bells the captain ordered me to bring Sunday aft for instructions. I went forward as far as the break of the poop deck and called out, "Sunday." He came quickly in answer to his name and followed me aft. Mrs. Benjamin came on deck with a blackboard and chalk. The captain drew an outline of the southwest coast of Malay Peninsula and of the islands north of us. Sunday recognized the island from which they boarded on Sunday afternoon, and also the one which he intended to reach when he jumped overboard on Monday morning. The

captain explained that we might have to take him on to China. He took in the situation and seemed much discouraged, as he knew that China was a great distance to the north; but then the captain explained, by means of word pictures, that when we arrived at Shanghai, he would be transferred to a warship and brought back to the island to help annihilate the pirate. When Sunday understood the captain's plans for him he became much elated, dancing and swinging himself around several times, making obeisance. Then he seized a piece of chalk and drew three islands and pointed out the rendezvous of the pirates, which greatly pleased Captain Benjamin. From that time Sunday was contented, useful and happy. After some further palavering between the captain and Sunday, he was turned over to Mrs. Benjamin for moral and spiritual instruction.

"Captain," said Mrs. Benjamin, "I am afraid that my teaching will conflict with your instructions. You are planning to send Sunday back with vengeance in his heart, and a sword in his hand. I propose to send him back with a Bible in his hand and Divine love in his heart."

"Mrs. Benjamin," said the captain, "I think truth is many sided, that God is a God of justice as well as of love. We read that 'the way of the transgressor is hard,' and I am sure that these pirates are bad fellow."

"You are right, captain, I will try and make the truth clear and simple to Sunday." "Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "how shall we begin?"

"Perhaps, ma'am, we might use the illustrated life of our Savior, which we have in the library."

"That is just what we need, Jack, go and get it," she said.

Mrs. Benjamin first explained to Sunday, that there was a Supreme Being who had created all things in the heavens and the earth. This teaching was new and strange to Sunday, yet by means of the illustrations in the book and Mrs. Benjamin's explanation he seemed to comprehend something of the truth. He had a forcible way of expressing himself whenever he understood and accepted the teachings, and it was gratifying to watch him. His countenance would light up with a good degree of intelligence, and by his gestures he would answer, "Yes, yes, good, very good," as intelligently as though he had used the words. On the other hand, if anything that he did not comprehend or care to know about were told him, he would appear as dull and stupid as a mule.

The weather had been moderate for several days, with the exception of a squall, now and then. We succeeded in passing through the Straits of Malacca and Singapore on the evening of the sixth day after rounding Achen Head. A volcano had been plainly visible on the Island of Sumatra for several days. It was active and was really awful to look upon, yet sublimely grand and majestically beautiful, especially during the night. We passed in close proximity to the Caramon Islands. The large Island of Borneo lay to the south and east of us.

It was now Monday morning, January 15, 1859, and we were one hundred and sixteen days out. "Good morning, Mr. Fletcher," said the steward, as we sat down to breakfast. "How did everything go last night?"

"I don't know about everything," answered the second mate, "but the things about which we are concerned didn't go very fast, except the time, which slipped along only sixty seconds a minute, but my! how fast it does count up. Here we are, nearly four months out, and we have got a long pull of it yet before we reach our destination."

"Well," replied the steward, "we stored up for two years, and we can stand it another four months if we can't do better."

"Yes, that all may be true, so far as eating and drinking are concerned, but what about the 'Two Sisters' and her owners? After a while this continual wear and tear would wear out the best ship afloat. Then there is all the capital invested; the owners and merchants interested have a right to expect some profit in dollars and cents."

"That's right," replied the steward, "someone will have to make money to pay the expenses of the voyage and have any profit left, but I have done all that I could to help the ship along."

"There is no question that the ship has been properly handled and navigated," said Mr. Fletcher, "we all had a hand in it and did our best. We are not responsible for adverse winds, calms and storms, but we are responsible for what we do while they are on. However, if we make the trip out in five months I guess no one will complain."

"I am sure I will not, for one," replied the steward, "although that means thirty-four days more. The clipper ship, 'Surprise' made the passage out in ninety days, the fastest on record, so far as I know. The longest passage

I know was that of the ship 'Richard Bustine,' which was nine months out from Boston—two hundred and seventy days, just think of that!"

"If the monsoons are favorable," said the second mate, "we will make the passage in less than the average time."

"Sail ho," called someone forward.

"Where away," shouted Mr. Stover.

"Dead ahead, sir," came back the answer. The conversation at the breakfast table came to an end abruptly, as we were all anxious to get on deck as quickly as possible and get a look at the stranger.

"A steamship, sir," said Mr. Stover, after an examination with his glass, "she is heading straight for us." She was soon in hailing distance, and proved to be Her Majesty's first class frigate, "Resolute," under orders to report at Cape Town, South Africa, intended to touch at Singapore and Anjer Point.

We reported our experience with the pirates in the Strait of Malacca, and that we had on board a man who had escaped from them, knew their hiding places and was anxious to testify against them.

The commander of the "Resolute" answered: "Will be glad to take your man on board and deliver him to the British Consul at Singapore. I am to report my ship at Cape Town with as quick despatch as possible, besides this vessel is too large to be effectual in running down pirates."

Captain Benjamin, fearing that justice might be frustrated, declined the British officer's offer, but requested him to report us, and to report the locality of the pirates

when he arrived at Singapore and Cape Town, so that ships bound through the Strait of Malacca might be warned.

After giving the bearing of Bintang Island, we bade them farewell. Before parting company their men lined up along the port rail and gave three hearty cheers for the gallant Yankee bark and her brave crew. The captain called Sunday aft and tried to explain why he was not trasferred to the English frigate. The cook also had been trying his hand at it. During all this time Sunday had had his eyes open. He astonished Captain Benjamin by proving that he understood the situation. He took the blackboard and chalk drew an outline of one of the hiding places of the pirates. It was reached only through a long, crooked and narrow channel, several miles in length, with only ten to twelve feet of water. On either side of this channel, for many miles, were sand bars and shoals. He pictured Her Majesty's ship, "Resolute," searching for pirates, grounding on one of the shoals, launching their boats, a fruitless search for the channel; the ship settling deep in the sand; abandoning of the ship by her crew, and the marauders seizing the prize. In striking contrast he drew a small gunboat feeling her way along the shoals, entering the channel and ferreting out the enemy. These drawing were without artistic skill, taste or pretension and were crude to one who did not understand the situation; but to us, who knew the circumstances, they were comprehensible. In addition he made us understand that he had learned from the pirates that there was no small gunboat in the vicinity of the strait at that time, and that it would have been useless for him to have landed at Singapore.

Sunday was much pleased, when he realized fully that he was trusted. He tried to make friends with everybody on board and soon became a general favorite. One vied with another in teaching him English, and the things of God, the Father. It was a beautiful sight to behold Sunday, sitting at the feet of an old sailor, being taught the way of everlasting life. All of the crew had known of the plan of salvation from their boyhood days, but there were only three who had really the practical experience, yet everyone of them was anxious that Sunday should know of Jesus Christ, the Savior of the world.

It was now four bells in the morning of the fourth day after we had spoken the frigate, "Resolute." A heavy squall was coming up, and the starboard watch was on deck. I had just relieved the wheel. The captain came on deck to take a look at the weather. He had noticed that the barometer was falling.

"Good morning, Mr. Fletcher," he said, "big squall coming."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the second mate, "but I think it will be favorable, and I believe, sir, that the orders are, 'if the wind be fair to carry sail as long as possible.' "

"That's correct," replied the captain, "you see that the northeast monsoons are the prevailing winds here during this part of the year, which, of course, are dead ahead; but I thought by working up to the westward of Luzon, just out of sight of land, we would have a slant, now and then, and so far, I am satisfied with my decision. These morning squalls and variable winds during the night will help us very much. We have made about six hundred miles to the northward and eastward since we

spoke the 'Resolute.' I think we had better call all hands and stand by the light sails. We will carry them as long as we can, and when we take them in, let us handle them quickly."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the second mate as he shouted, "All hands on deck, shorten sail." In five minutes everybody was ready for action. We had been steering full and by, and heading northwest by north on the starboard tack; the squall was coming up from the southeast, consequently the ship kept heading up to the north and east.

"How do you head, Jack?" called out the captain.

"Northeast, half north, sir."

"Keep her northeast and nothing to the northward."

"Northeast and nothing to the northward, sir," I answered. The wind increased steadily.

"Jack, do you think that you can hold her if it blows heavily?"

"Don't know, sir, but I'll try."

"I will be here to lend you a hand if you need any help, Mr. Stover," he said. "Check in the weather braces a couple of points and take in the skysail."

The captain then took the wheel and ordered me aloft to furl the sail. It was just what I was wishing for. I was always delighted to have a heavy squall, especially if there was any climbing for me to do. So I ran up the rigging with a will and was soon on the yard, gathering up the sail. By the time that I had secured the buntgasket, down went the royal yards and the sails were clued up. I heard the second mate shouting, "Haul down the flying jib and upperstaysails, stand by the gallant

and topsail-halyards fore and aft." When I had furled the skysail and got down on the royal-yard I met Sam.

"'Alla, Jack, hi knows you could 'andle de royal hall right, but the second mate sent me hup 'ere to lend ye an 'and. Git on the lee side of the mast, Jack, and we'll furl 'im hup in an 'urry."

"I could have furled the sail all right, Sam," I said, "but I am glad you are here, the wind is increasing every minute, but I don't care, for it is fair, so let it blow."

"Hi ham hafraid we'll 'ave a reefin' time hof hit 'fore we git through with hit, Jack."

"I don't know, Sam," I said. "I heard the old man say the squall would be favorable and that he was going to carry sail like a pirate." When I reached the deck, I went aft to take the wheel again. The captain was still steering.

"Jack," he said, "the 'Two Sisters' is a bit too proud of herself just now for you to handle; take the lee wheel, watch me and see how I do it. She only wants a little wheel, once in a while, but that little is needed just at the right time. You must look ahead, as well as at the compass."

"It's blowing heavy, sir," said the mate.

"All right," answered the captain. "Lower away the degallantsails, mizzentopsail and let them hang."

After awhile they were hoisted again. It was now seven bells and the watch went to breakfast. The squall continued until noon. According to the captain's calculations we made eighty miles on our true course.

"Another squall like that, sir, would take us up to the northward of Formosa," said Mr. Stover, "it was one of

the most accommodating squalls that I ever experienced. If it had come in the night we could not have taken advantage of it by carrying sail as long as we did."

During the first dog watch, Mrs. Benjamin ordered me to get out the blackboard and call Sunday. "Jack," she said, "I will endeavor to impress upon his mind the great difference between the heathen religions and Christianity."

"Wilson and the cook have been trying to explain it to him, ma'am; I don't know that they made it very clear, but they found out that Sunday knew something about Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed and other false teachers."

"Well, we will see what we can do," she said. As Sunday came aft, Mrs. Benjamin drew a picture of a lone traveler feeling his way along a narrow path in a very dark night. There was overgown vegetation, as high as his shoulders, impeding his progress. Sunday comprehended the scene quickly, saying, "Yes, yes." There was no doubt but what he had passed over just such paths many and many a time. He recognized the fact that the lone traveler represented in the sketch was intended for him and seemed anxious to know the sequel. Mrs. Benjamin then drew a well, a little to the left of the path, with the traveler at the bottom, who, stumbling along in the dark had fallen into it. Sunday shook his head, saying, "No, no," and appeared much concerned.

"Get the illustrated life of Christ, Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "I hope to make him understand what I am trying to teach him." She then explained to him

that all the nations which knew not the one true God, were groping about in darkness; that all the people were as unable to help themselves as the poor lost traveler at the bottom of the well; that none of the heathen religious were of any avail. To impress upon Sunday's mind and heart, the great truth that Jesus Christ, the only Son of God was the Savior of the world, Mrs. Benjamin represented Confucius passing by and hearing the cries of the traveler, coming to the mouth of the well and giving some good advice, which would be valuable if he ever got out, yet gave him no practical help, and passed on. Then Buddha came and stooping over the well, looking down upon the sufferer, told him that he ought to have known better than to fall into such a place, and because he did not know better he must suffer the consequences, but that his young wife who was responsible for a part of his misfortune should suffer for it all the days of her life; that his only future salvation was, if it pleased the gods, that he might be permitted to come back to life again in the ages to come and live on the earth in some kind of a reptile. Buddha then took his departure. Next came Mohammed, who sympathized with the man and assured him, over and over again, that he would help him, and he really did try, reaching down as far as he could, but alas for the poor traveler, Mohammed's arm was too short, he could not save him. By this time the man in the well lost all hope and gave himself up to die. Then the Savior of the world appeared and reaching down, down to the hopeless and helpless traveler lifted him safely out of the well,

healed his wounds, gave him food, and journeyed along with him. Sunday pointed to the lone traveler wandering about in the dark and stumbling into the well, then to himself, as much as to say, "that's me." He proved to us that he recognized the man who had lifted him out of the well, healed his wounds, given him food and journeyed with him to open up the way, as his only Savior, the Son of the only true God, by taking the book and pointing out to us a picture of the Christ.

In order that Sunday might understand something about how Christ's life and teachings were made manifest on the earth through His true followers, Mrs. Benjamin showed him and explained the illustrated parable of the Good Samaritan. Sunday seemed much pleased with the instruction he had received, and by gestures, thanked Mrs. Benjamin the best he could. Before going forward he expressed a desire to borrow the illustrated life of Christ. Mrs. Benjamin was glad to make him a present of it. He appreciated the gift very much. After this the book was designated as "Sunday's Bible." The supper bell now rang and the missionary meeting was adjourned.

During the night and the following morning we got as a slant from off the west coast of Luzon, as the captain had prophesied, and at noon that day we passed between the islands of Babuyan. These islands lie to the southeast of Formosa and to the northward of Luzon. We were still on the starboard

tack. The monsoon was quite strong, blowing from east northeast.

"We are now on the western edge of the Pacific Ocean," said Captain Benjamin, "as soon as we weather the east point of Formosa we will have a leading wind and clear sailing, and I hope the monsoons will bear down on us good and heavy."

"Let me see, sir," replied the mate, "the east point of Formosa is one hundred and ninety miles due north of us. Don't know," he said, as he looked to the windward and shook his head, "we are heading north, half west, that is the best we can do at present. Of course, we are making some leeway and the current is setting down between the islands, which is against us."

"Your calculations are correct from the present point of view," said the captain, "but I am expecting that the wind will veer a little more to the eastward this evening and, if it does, we will keep on the starboard tack and weather the point all right by eight bells to-morrow morning. I know that the Pacific Ocean is a good sized pond, but we don't want to use any more of it at this time than is necessary. I hope to get to the northward of Formosa and into the China Sea again as soon as possible."

"Well," said Mr. Stover, "we are making ten knots an hour in that direction, and the wind appears to be favoring us a little already."

"How do you head?" called out the captain to the man at the wheel.

"North by east, one quarter north, sir."

The captain ordered Mr. Fletcher to send up the topmaststuddingsails. The captain and mate then went to dinner.

"Ee, Jack, that look like de fair wind," said the cook as he saw the studdingsails going up.

"Just about laying our course, Cook," I answered, "but we hope to check in our weather braces before long."

"That's de ticket, Jack, I like him blow hard so to git clear dis Formosa Island quick. De pirates here like him hunt ships here in de calm weather."

"I guess you are right, Cook, but we must be careful and not get caught on the lee shore, for if we ever touch the bottom on the east coast of this island the pirates would take charge of us in a quarter less than no time."

"Ee, Jack, de captain he look him out for de lee shore."

Sunday was working near by, scraping one of the water casks. He understood that the cook and I were talking about pirates and shook his head, saying:

"Pirates no good; captain, missus, good; Jack, cook, he good."

Sunday seemed to think everybody good except pirates, but there is no doubt when he comes in contact with the world at large he will find some people bad, very bad; others good, some better and a few the very best. We will all agree with Sunday that of all men to be dreaded, a band of pirates is the worst.

Sunday had become a valuable addition to the ship's company: he was a good man on the lookout and an expert climber. Mr. Stover had taught him to steer by the compass. Wilson was his principal teacher of English, and he was an apt scholar. The words which he learned he was taught to pronounce correctly. We did not teach him pigeon English. Mrs. Benjamin never tired of instructing him in spiritual things. Neither Mrs. Benjamin nor the rest of us conceived at that time of the results of her faithful teaching of Sunday's future career, of the good that he was to be permitted to accomplish for the commerce of nations, as a Christian officer in her majesty's service. His great success could be traced back to the patient kindness and useful instruction he received while on board of the "Two Sisters."

The following day, about noon, we succeeded in weathering the northeastern point of Formosa, as the captain had predicted twenty-four hours before. A strong breeze was still blowing from the east northeast. We were carrying every stitch of canvas that we could spread close by the wind, heading north by west to north one-half west.

"We have got to make about three hundred and sixty miles before reaching the Saddle Islands," said the captain, "the East Saddle bears from us forty miles west of north. I expect that the wind will head us off to-night, as it varies during this month from northeast to northwest in this locality, and we are likely to run into some thick weather as we near the coast."

"I suppose, sir," said the mate, "that we will have a tacking match of it, but other ships have met and overcome the same conditions, and I am sure the 'Two Sisters' can eat her way to the windward with the best of them. I think that we will probably fall in with a pilot a few miles to the southward of the East Saddle Island. If I remember rightly, their outermost cruising station is between Leucotna Island, Barren Islands, and the East Saddle."

Mr. Fletcher, the steward and myself were much elated as we sat down to dinner that day. Our long journey was nearing the end. The steward remarked:

"It is just what I have longed for ever since we discharged the pilots off Sandy Hook."

"Well, Mr. Steward," inquired the second mate, "what is it that you have been longing for during all the last one hundred and thirty-eight days?"

"To welcome a Chinese pilot on board, somewhere in the vicinity of the mouth of Yang-tse River," answered the steward.

"We have got a hard pull and a long pull of it; three hundred and sixty miles dead to the windward still ahead of us, before we reach that point," said Mr. Fletcher, "it may take us ten or fifteen days before we get safely anchored at Shanghai, but even so, we have no reason to complain.

"That's a fact," replied the steward, "taking into consideration all that we have passed through since leaving New York, I think we have been very fortunate. I thought that our voyage of life was about

ended when those pirates made their appearance under our bow in the strait of Malacca, but we came out of it without a scratch, and I am rather glad for that experience when I think of the very practical lesson we taught them, and there is Sunday; the way was opened for his providential escape from the awful life of a pirate slave, and if I am not mistaken, they will hear from him again some day."

"I have thought it over several times," said the second mate, "we ran the gauntlet sure enough that night," continued Mr. Fletcher. "There is some good steel in that chap Sunday, he knows his soundings, although he overrun his reckoning a little when he jumped overboard and struck out for a twenty-mile swim, against wind and tide, to secure liberty. He didn't know us then, but he proved his mettle. Why, I tell you, that fellow is picking up English and other things, hand over hand, and I have an inkling that if the old man can carry out his plans for him, Sunday will bring many a pirate up with a round turn. Well, Jack, it's our watch below, and if the steward cares to be entertained by this after dinner talk, we have no objections."

"Go on, go on," replied the steward, "I rather enjoy it, besides I am in no hurry just now. I was thinking about the two hurricanes which we encountered, especially that one we experienced in the Atlantic, north of the equator. That tidal wave appeared as though it would completely annihilate us."

"I have not forgotten either of them," said the second mate.

"Jack, what has impressed you most during the voyage?" asked the steward.

"Well, sir," I answered, "this eighth day of February, 1859, impresses me, as it is my birthday and I am now thirteen years old."

"We have had a pleasant chat together," said Mr. Fletcher, "let us make well fast all that has been said, and now, Jack, my boy, you and I will turn in for a little snooze."

"And leave me to do all the work," remarked the steward.

"Past experience has taught me that the steward of the 'Two Sisters' is perfectly well qualified to take care of himself," replied the second mate.

That evening, as I was assisting Mrs. Benjamin in getting out some winter clothing for the captain, and while we were talking over the voyage, I reminded her that we had been out one hundred and thirty-eight days and that it was my birthday; whereupon she presented me with some nicknacks and a nice, warm comforter, saying:

"Jack, your mother is thinking much about you to-day." Mrs. Benjamin's gifts and her remarks caused me to think of home and mother, and for a moment or two, the old-time homesickness came over me like a flood, and I felt just like crying, but, I thought, "you are thirteen years old and too big to cry.

Mrs. Benjamin, observed my embarrassment, and remarked, cheerfully, "Never mind, Jack, we will soon be sailing home again."

I then told her of our conversation at the dinner table. "I did not hear it all," she said, "but I caught the drift of it. That which impresses me most, these days, Jack," she continued, "is that I am nearer my heavenly home than I am to my earthly home, but I trust that will be glory for me 'to be absent from the body and present with the Lord,' and 'not to me only but unto them also that love His appearing.'"

"But you are quite well now, ma'am," I said.

"Yes, Jack, I am glad that I am, but—" at that moment Captain Benjamin entered and our conversation ceased.

Mrs. Benjamin did not know, nor did I, at that time, that when we sailed none of her friends expected to see her again in this life, and that all of the necessary articles for preserving her body had been placed on board.

"Mrs. Benjamin," said the captain, "you had better brush up your shore clothing, for I expect to land you at Shanghai in a week or so."

"If the wind does not fail us," intimated Mrs. Benjamin.

"Well," continued the captain, "if we can keep the 'Two Sisters' afloat, I promise to take you to church one week from next Sunday, which will be just twelve days, counting to-day."

"I will be glad to accompany you, sir," said Mrs. Benjamin, "I hope that your calculations will prove correct. By the way, Jack and I have been getting

out some warm clothing for you, and as it is his birthday I presented him with one of those comforters."

"I thank you very much, and I reckon that Jack does also. The night are getting real cold. It is just like you to be always helping others."

During the following ten days all hands had been actively engaged in cleaning, scraping and painting up ship from waterline to truck. The spars were scraped and oiled, mastheads varnished, yards painted black, the lower masts white, and all of the bright work on deck scraped and varnished. The cabins also received attention, the woodwork was polished, carpets laid, stoves set up, etc. Everything was made as neat as possible. The "Two Sisters" looked like a yacht, both inside and out.

The wind had been dead ahead during the last week, but we had been steadily working our way to the windward. At six P. M. we were on the port tack heading east by north. "All hands tack ship," ordered the captain. After we were straightened out on the starboard tack, the wind favored us a little, as we had headed up northwest by west.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "if we average eight knots on this course, up to seven bells to-morrow morning, we shall make the East Saddle Island. The North Saddle is in latitude 30 degrees 50 minutes north, 122 degrees 41 minutes east longitude. If we don't fall in with a pilot in that vicinity, there is scarcely a doubt that we shall if we stand on our

course to their middle cruising station, which is between North Saddle Island, Elliot Island and Amherst Rocks. If the weather should come in a little thick, we may miss them, and have to heave to and wait for them."

"If we should happen to miss them, sir," replied the mate, "we will surely pick up one on the inner station, which is, from the light-ship, eight miles out."

"We will not take any chances," said the captain, "and rather than lay outside with a leading breeze, I think we can take the ship up as far as the light-vessel with out running any risk. I have just been looking over the chart; the course is simple enough. We are not there yet, but we should know what to do in different circumstances when we arrive on the spot. In leaving the North Saddle Island, we must keep it, bearing southeast by east, one quarter east until Gutzlaff Island bears south, distance sixteen or seventeen miles. With Gutzlaff bearing thus, the light-ship will be visible from the masthead, then we will steer for her, to cross the bar. If it should be thick weather, we will lay to for a pilot, ten miles to the north'ard of Gutzlaff."

"The indications are that it will be clear to-morrow, sir," replied the mate. "What is the position of the light-vessel as laid down on the chart?"

"The light-ship," answered the captain, "is supposed to be anchored near mid channel on the inner part of the bar, and bears north by west, one quarter west, twenty-two miles from Gutzlaff; it shows

a revolving red light every twenty seconds and has a fog bell which can be heard about two miles. A gun is fired when a ship is seen running into danger and guide signals are set from the peak. The light is visible twelve miles in clear weather."

"The directions are plain enough, sir," said Mr. Stover, "but the conditions are ever-changing. There was no light-vessel to mark the channel across the bar when I was here before." I was glad that I was at the wheel and heard the above conversation.

"How do you head?" called the mate. "North-west, sir," I answered.

"I think that when we get within fifteen miles of the coast, we will be able to lay our course," said the captain, as he and the mate went below.

Wilson and I had a little chat during the middle watch that night. "Jack," he said, "how was it that you left a good home to go to sea when so young?"

"I must have inherited a roving disposition from my father," I replied, "he made a voyage to Canton when he was a lad and followed the sea most of the time since, except the last ten years, which he has passed in California."

"Well, Jack, how do you like life at sea?"

"There are some things about it, Wilson, that I like. I have no reason to complain, but there are certain conditions which I can never overcome. My eyesight is not very good, you know, our binnacle is so far from the wheel that I can scarcely see to steer by the compass, and I could not be trusted on the lookout."

"Yes, Jack, that will prove a great hindrance to you. One needs a clear vision if one ever expects to make a success of a seafaring life. I advise you, when you get home, to quit the sea and when you get through the schools you will be prepared to choose a more profitable occupation. However, this voyage will not be time lost, but will prove a valuable course of training. The experience that you will get and the lessons learned will be of value all through your life."

"Light ho," shouted the lookout.

"Where away," called out the second mate.

"A point forward of the weather beam, sir." Wilson and I went on the forecastledeck to take a look.

"Hello," he said, "it looks like a steamer's light. Can you see it, Jack?"

"No, Wilson, I can't." "There is a light," I thought, "he can see it distinctly and I cannot make it out at all." Then it was that I realized my deficiency as never before.

"Never mind, Jack, I have been shipmate with some bright boys during my time, but take you aloft or on deck, Sundays and week days, alike, in storm or sunshine, you are the very best boy of your age I ever fell in with."

"Sure, Wilson is right, he is," said Chips who was on the lookout, "yees have been a lift to us all. It's the likes of ye that makes life a bit plisant on board of a ship at say." These kind words were a source of encouragement and help. They inspired me to go on, to do better service, to be more useful. The

stranger proved to be a steamer, bound, probably, for Hong Kong. She crossed our wake several miles distant.

The following morning, at seven bells, we spoke to the U. S. sloop-of-war "Germantown," a sailing ship from Shanghai, bound south. They reported East Saddle Island as bearing north by west, one quarter north, sixteen miles distant. It was blowing a good breeze from east northeast. We had been close hauled on the starboard tack all night. We now kept off half a point and run up our topmaststunsails. At three bells we were off the North Saddle; the weather was getting quite thick and the wind was much lighter. There was no pilot in sight. We set a signal for one as soon as we sighted land. It was now four bells and my wheel.

"It is the first of the ebb tide, sir," said the mate.

"Yes," replied the captain, "we will take in the stunsails, keep her northwest by west, one quarter west."

"Northwest by west, one quarter west, sir," I answered. The yards were then trimmed in.

"We're on the middle cruising station, Mr. Stover, but there is no pilot. We will run on this course until Gutzlaff Island bears south sixteen miles distance by dead reckoning and if we don't fall in with a pilot by that time, we will lay the ship to, or come to an anchor. We might make the light-ship all right, but it is getting so thick we will not run the risk, besides we don't know just how the current is setting us."

The mainsail was clewed up and everything made ready to come to quickly, if necessary. Sunday, who had the sharpest eyes of any man on board was on the lookout. Wilson was in the starboard main chains throwing the lead. The second mate, with the rest of the crew, was busy getting the anchors over the bow, chains shackled on, etc.; a four-fathom range was overhauled for each anchor. The ship's bell was rung vigorously every other minute.

It was a few minutes before noon. We had just about run our reckoning up when Sunday cried out: "Boat, boat!"

"Hard-a-port, light up head-sheets, back the main-yards," shouted the captain. It was a pilot boat sure enough, of about ten tons.

As he was passing us to the windward, he hailed: "Captain likee pilot?"

"Of course we want a pilot," shouted Mr. Stover, "don't you see our signal?" He rounded close up under our lee. We threw them a line and they pulled up alongside. After a gangway ladder had been hung over the side an old weather beaten Chinese pilot climbed up on deck. It would have done you good to have seen him, especially after a five-months' voyage.

He was dressed in part as a European sailor and in part as a Chinese captain. His boat was partly decked over; one mast lateen-rigged; the sail was fitted with bamboo splints running across from luff to leach, about eighteen inches apart. There were ten men on board.

After producing his credentials, which certified that he was a licensed pilot, the captain gave him charge of the ship. Before assuming command, however, he said, "Captain likee piece beef." The steward got a good sized piece out of the barrel and gave to them, saying, "John, what's the news?"

"No savvy, no savvy," answered a half dozen of them at once. They did not even have a newspaper of any kind. By this time the pilot had taken charge, got his bearings and gave the following orders:

"Fill him up, topsail; pull him board maintack; keep him 'head, north by west, half west."

"North by west, half west, sir," I answered.

"Mate bracee sharp up. Captain likee man to steer?"

"The boy can handle the wheel all right," said the captain.

The pilot shook his head, saying, "No, no likee; man to wheel."

As it was one bell, Oleson was already on his way aft to relieve me. After giving him the course, north by west half west, I passed along on the lee side of the quarter deck. The pilot said to me:

"He good boy, but he too little. Sing him out de lead," he called out to Chips, who had just relieved Wilson in the main chains. Then began the monotonous song: "And a quarter three, and a half three, a quarter less four, by the mark four," etc., which continued until we entered the Wu-sung River. The captain, mate and pilot then went to dinner. As the steward was a little under the weather, I waited on

the table for him. The pilot was introduced to Mrs. Benjamin. He was very polite. He used a knife and fork fairly well and enjoyed the dinner.

"Pilot, steering for the light-ship?" inquired Mr. Stover.

"Yes, mate," he answered, "light-ship be north by west, half west little west, seven miles, got him tide 'head, wind 'head, sharp up, set him ship to leeward. I no like it."

"Can we cross the bar without tacking?" asked the captain.

"Maybe," he said, "get him Wu-sung River, fair wind, fair tide."

"When will we arrive at Shanghai?" inquired Mrs. Benjamin.

"Git him Shanghai to-night, ma'am, anchor two miles below, no can moor ship flood, moor ship ebb tide, to-morrow."

"A big ship coming down before the wind, sir," called out the second mate.

"Keep him course," shouted the pilot as he ran up on deck, "big ship got him fair wind." She proved to be the American clipper ship "Surprise," bound for New York. We passed each other quickly.

"Report us all well on board," shouted Captain Benjamin. "Aye, aye, sir," came back the answer, clear and strong. For fear that they did not get our name correctly we run up our burgee to the main truck.

"I am sorry that we missed this opportunity to send letters home," said Mrs. Benjamin.

"Maskee (never mind)," replied the pilot, "Boston ship sail soon."

While the second mate and I were at dinner, Mrs. Benjamin took a seat by the stove and entered into conversation with us.

"We missed the steward this noon," she remarked, "I hope he is not seriously ill."

"He thought he would be all right by to-morrow, ma'am," I said, "it is the first meal that he has missed since we left New York."

"The Yang-tse is a very long river, I believe, ma'am," said Mr. Fletcher.

"I have been studying it up a little lately, sir," said Mrs. Benjamin, "and I find that this river ranks first in the Old World. It is next to the Amazon and the Mississippi. It is by far the most important river in China. It rises in Tibet and flows through the heart of the Empire; it has been called the girdle of China, as it is three thousand miles long in its windings. It has many large tributaries. It is known by several names: above Tung-ting Lake it takes the name of Kin-ho, the golden river, or Kin-shakiang, the golden sand river, thence to Hankan or the Poyang Lake, the name of Taking, or the Great River, while its lower part is called the Yang-tse-kiang, or son of the ocean, a name adopted universally by foreigners. It is generally known to the people as the Kiang, the river par excellence, which name it give to three provinces, from its central course

through the country and the number of provinces through which it passes. It is said to be free from falls and rapids. The Yang-tse-Kiang, or Yang-tse, as sailors call it for short, has, as you know, a very wide estuary, and is divided into two channels, by Tsung-ming Island, which is thirty-two miles in length, from a west northwest to east southeast direction, and from five to ten miles broad, with a population of five hundred thousand. There is a large city on it which is not visible from the sea. It is stated to be the largest alluvial island in the world, although in the fourteenth century it did not exist above water."

"We thank you for all this information, ma'am," replied the second mate. "It has been like an hour at school, eh Jack?" as he hastened on deck.

"I might have gone over all of this a number of times at school and then not have understood it as well as I do now, ma'am," I said. "I suppose we entered the river by the south channel; it is so thick that we can't see anything but water."

"Of course we did," answered Mrs. Benjamin, "we came from the south you remember, we took our bearings from the North Saddle and Gutzlaff Islands, besides the north channel is not deep enough for European ships, Shanghai is situated on the Wu-sung river, about thirteen miles from its mouth."

As soon as I had cleared away the dinner table I called on the steward in his room. "The dinner was all right," I said, "I got along with it first rate, but my! Steward, you ought to have seen that pilot eat

canned turkey and mince pie. He's a jolly good old fellow, though. He had me sent away from the wheel. He said to the captain, 'Likee man to steer.' I was just about to be relieved anyhow, so I didn't mind it. He said to me 'He good boy, he too little.' "

"Perhaps some part of the channel is narrow and he thought you could not handle the wheel quite quick enough," said the steward, "I want you to ask the captain if you can help me out until to-morrow morning. I think I will be all right by that time."

The captain said, "Yes, Jack, go ahead and assist the steward as long as he needs you." The mate did not like it, he thought that the steward was well enough to do his own work. However, I kept out of his way and tried not to offend him. I told the second mate all about it, and he said:

"That's right, Jack, give us a good, hot supper, eh?" I then reported to the steward. He seemed pleased.

"Mr. Stover," he said, "is a good sailor, but if he was the captain we would have different times on board this ship, Jack. Never mind, if he gets sick we will take the very best care of him that we can, but during all of the two years and seven months that we were shipmates, I never knew him to be laid up a day. Tell the cook," continued the steward, "to make some hot biscuit, a soft molasses cake, boil some rice, warm up the baked beans, have tea and chocolate; you can open a can of beef tongue and peaches and tell him not to forget to mix the bread for me to-night."

It was now seven bells, and about slack water. We had passed the light-vessel on the starboard hand, half a cable distant, and were then opposite the red buoy, which marks the entrance of the Wu-sung River. This also, we passed on the starboard hand and kept off for the little village of Wu-sung, which is situated on the left bank of the river, one mile from the entrance. All hands were busy stripping the rigging and yards of chafing gear; the decks were covered with it, fore and aft. That which could be used again was stopped up, tagged and put away, the remainder of it was condemned as old junk. A yellow Joss house marked the village of Wu-sung. We passed quite near it, also a creek to the south of it, which led to the important city of Soochow. On the west point of entrance to the river was an old fort, in ruins.

Junks were in evidence, in every direction. A large fleet of them was anchored on either side of the channel. Others were under way. Some were painted in various colors, but most of them were not painted at all. They were differently rigged, having from one to four masts. The masts were placed, seemingly wherever it was most convenient, without regard to the distance between them. A little farther up we passed several English and French warships at anchor, along the west edge of the channel. We exchanged greetings with them by dipping our ensign.

After leaving Pheasant Point we came to the middle ground, which is seven miles below Shanghai. We passed to the eastward of it and having a fair wind

and tide, soon came to anchor two miles below the city. It was not safe to anchor among the shipping with a flood tide, nor even at slack water. Sampans and bomboats hovered around us soliciting trade, but according to the rules of the port, no boat was allowed alongside until the ship had been duly entered through the Custom House and an officer sent on board.

In the meantime the cook and I had prepared the supper, as the steward directed, and while the sails were being furled, I served it. I would much rather have been aloft with the men tying up sails, but as the captain and the rest at the table enjoyed the meal, and I their conversation, I had no reason to complain. The fact was, we were all so glad to be within sight of our destination that no one was hard to please. The captain decided not to go up to town that evening, being too late for business. At four bells, everything have been tied up snug, running-rigging coiled up, anchor signal-light set about fifteen feet up the forestay, the crew went to supper. I had kept everything hot for the second mate. As we sat down to supper he inquired about the steward.

"He is better, sir," I answered. As I was about to take him a cup of tea the steward suddenly appeared on the scene and sat down with us.

"Good evening, your honor, we will be pleased to have you dine with us," said Mr. Fletcher. "You are looking better. How are you feeling?"

"If you will just hold on a moment and give yourself time to breathe," replied the steward, "I will endeavor to inform you concerning the state of my health."

"All right, shipmate, I will make well fast, so heave ahead, my hearty," said the second mate.

"I am much better," continued the steward, "I think I will be able to eat my allowance by to-morrow morning. How long are we going to lie here, I wonder."

"Until the ebb tide makes, about noon to-morrow," replied Mr. Fletcher. "All night in, to-night, eh, Jack? Are we to have coffee in the morning before we turn to, to wash down decks?"

"Sure," said the steward, "Jack, you may tell the cook to have coffee ready for all hands at three bells. Mr. Fletcher, we will serve you and the mate with coffee any time you want it, but after the ship is moored, the crew will not get any before breakfast, they will probably just as soon have an extra half hour in their bunks."

It was very quiet on deck and everything looked strange enough. Sails all furled, no orders being given, no one hurrying here and there, the almost constant inquiry, both day and night, for the last five months, "How do you head?" had ceased, quiet reigned fore and aft. After I had finished my work for the evening, I went forward intending to have a little chat with the cook. Just as I had seated myself in the galley, however, Sunday entered, bringing his "Illustrated Life of Christ." He and the cook had been

endeavoring to teach each other, and you would have been surprised to know how well they had succeeded. They used me from time to time as a referee. I helped them the best I knew how. The second mate came forward to set the anchor watch. As he was passing by the galley, he looked in upon us.

"Hello, missionary meeting, eh, Jack?" he said. It was our last meeting together, although neither of us knew it at that time. Sunday was quite anxious concerning his future. He understood what the captain's plans were, but he seemed to doubt that they would be carried out. We told him that he could remain on board the "Two Sisters" as long as he liked and the captain would pay him wages.

"No, no," he said, "a gun-boat. His chief thought and ambition was to run down pirates. He did not wish to be carried to any port of the Western world.

After breakfast, the next morning, the steward resumed his duties again, as usual. The captain went up to the city with the ship's papers, bills-of-lading, etc., leaving the "Two Sisters" in charge of the pilot and first mate. The pilot's duties were not completed until the ship was moored securely off the city. The crew were kept busy cleaning up ship. I was detailed to help Mrs. Benjamin in the after-cabin, making it tidy.

"Jack," she said, "I find that this river has taken its name from the small village of Wu-sung, which we passed yesterday afternoon. This river is sixty miles in length. It flowes from Lake Tienshan, through which is a water communication with the

grand canal leading northward to the large city of Soochow and southward to Hang-chu-fu. It is navigable its whole length and opens up a direct communication to the sea for hundreds of miles of territory. European ships, however, do not ascend the river above Shanghai. Jack, that will do for this time. I will tell you more about the country and its people another day. I think that we have made the cabin look real nice and cozy. We may have some callers when the ship gets up to the city."

"That's a fact, ma'am," I replied, "everything looks fine on deck and aloft. The pilot says, 'Evely thing lookee good, muchee work.'" I then reported to Mr. Stover that the steward and Mrs. Benjamin did not need my services any longer for the present and that I was ready for duty again on deck.

"Well, I haven't any use for you," he said in an unpleasant tone of voice. I remembered what Mrs. Benjamin told me the first part of the voyage and said nothing; but as I turned away from him I thought, "Never mind, the second mate has, if you haven't."

It was now seven bells. The tide had made ebb, the wind was light but fair. "Git him ship under way," ordered the pilot. "Man the windlass," shouted the mate. After heaving up the anchor, the topsail-yards were hoisted. While this work was going on we sang, heartily, three jolly old shanties, which I enjoyed very much. We got under way and sailed up to the town under fore and maintopsails, jib and

spanker, and came to anchor off French town, as it was called.

At three P. M., February 20, 1859, the ship was moored in the following manner: Ninety fathoms of chain were payed out on the first anchor, then the second anchor was let go, and while heaving in forty-five fathoms on the first, forty-five fathoms were payed out on the second. Thus one anchor laid ahead forty-five fathoms and the other forty-five fathoms astern so that when the tide turned the ship would always swing within her own length. To prevent the two cables from getting twisted they were connected at the water's edge by means of a large shackle, fitted with a swivel.

Then Mr. Stover signed a certificate for the pilot to the effect that the "Two Sisters" had been safely brought into port and moored properly by the pilot, Mr. Hop Lee. The pilot took the paper and, according to the pilot laws of the port, was discharged, by this act. "Likee captain's name," he said, "Maskee, I get 'im on shore." After bidding us good-bye, he took his departure. The sails were then furled snug with harbor gaskets. Our voyage from New York to Shanghai was ended.

Chapter XII.

A Month in the Port at Shanghai

The captain, with several gentlemen, came on board at two P. M., also the customs officer. After looking about the ship a few minutes, the captain invited them into the cabin and introduced them to Mrs. Benjamin. After a few pleasant remarks they all went on shore, excepting the officer, who was to be on board every day, from sunrise to sunset, until the cargo was discharged.

There were a large number of sampans crowding around the gangway, the boys all calling out loudly to the captain for patronage. At the same time each of them exhibited a string of recommendations a yard long or more. It was impossible to choose one from among them as superior in any respect to the others. Every boat was as bright and clean as a whistle and was skillfully handled in the tideway. At length the captain selected one from the outside edge of the crowd, manned by a bright looking little fellow, whose boat had been crowded off just a little, though they all appeared to be fair with each other. When it was known what boat had been selected, they all shouted out the boy's name, "Lang Su, Lang Su," and dispersed, leaving Lang Su the right of way to the gangway.

"How muchee, Lang?" asked the captain as he appeared on the deck.

"Ten dollar month, me cookee rice, likee sampan, captain."

"All right, Lang, ten dollar month," said the captain. So Lang Su was duly hired to tend the ship day and night if necessary for ten Mexican dollars per month and board himself, as "me cookee rice," implied, but these boys really expected and generally did get their living from the galley.

Market boats, store keepers, laundrymen, tailors, and bomboats crowded around the gangways on either side. After the captain had engaged one of the marketmen to furnish the ship with meat, vegetables, etc., he and Mrs. Benjamin went on shore to make some calls, having several letters of introduction. The stunsails were unbent, the gear sent down and put away. All the running gear except the braces was stopped up snug, up and down the shrouds.

The port warden came on board during the afternoon. The hatches were taken off and everything found satisfactory. The lashings were taken off the big sticks of timber which we had on deck. It was found that they had not moved an inch since we left New York. The captain and Mrs. Benjamin returned at three bells. After supper, while the captain was taking a walk on deck, Mrs. Benjamin told me that the ship "Snow Squall" would sail for Boston some time the following week.

"You had better write all your letters to-morrow, Jack, and have them ready. This ship will take mail for all parts of the United States. Jack, you must not be disappointed if the captain should charter the

"Two Sisters" for a year, to run between China and Japan. You need not mention it in your letters, as it will not be decided for a week or two yet. I must confess I had rather that the captain would charter for some Atlantic port of the United States, but never mind, Jack, a year is only one day at a time. It will soon pass away. Probably we would be in port more than half of the time. Jack," she continued, "I suppose that the men will go on shore to-morrow, as it is Sunday. I hope that they will conduct themselves properly."

After breakfast, the following morning, Mrs. Benjamin told me that she and the captain were going on shore to attend church, after which they were invited to dine at the home of the American Consul, and would not return until late afternoon, and as it was a beautiful day they anticipated a pleasant time.

All hands were given liberty to go and come as they chose, through the day, but were ordered to be on board by eight bells, evening. Wilson, Chips, Sam and Johnson came on board to dinner. They reported having had a good time; had met some old shipmates and were going to visit ships in the harbor in the afternoon in search of others. I inquired about the rest of the crew. Wilson shook his head but said nothing.

"Sure, I know I'm me brother's kaper, but what will ye bay after doin', Jack, me boy, when yeer brothers won't be kaped?" said Chips.

"Ye needn't have to tell the old woman habout hit, Jack, but the land sharks 'ave got 'old of 'em," said Sam.

"Perhaps you will get a chance to help them on board this afternoon," I replied.

"Sure, we'll lind 'em a hand if we falls in with thim, Jack, but it's myne opinion ye'll niver say thim on board the 'Two Sisters' again," said Chips. I was very sorry to hear all this about my shipmates. They had all been good to me and I had become attached to them. After dinner, Mr. Stover, the steward and cook went on shore. I assisted the steward in getting off, and Sunday, who was by this time a first class cook's mate, took charge of the galley.

A little event occurred a few minutes after eight bells that morning, which I should not fail to mention. We had just dressed the "Two Sisters" up fore and aft in all the bunting that we could muster. Our code of signals were displayed to the best advantage. Our pennant was set at the main truck over the burgee. This pennant was very long, reaching below the mainyard, and when straightened out its full length was very conspicuous. An English frigate was lying near us, whose commander was the senior officer in port, and who immediately sent a boat alongside in charge of a young midshipman. He requested the first officers of the "Two Sisters" to haul down the pennant, which, according to the rules of the port, warships only were allowed to fly. By this time Mr. Stover had become quite indignant.

"What!" he said, "Haul down the flag, Mr. Officer? I want you to understand that this is an American ship and we are flying a United States pennant, and I don't propose to haul it down."

"I understand all the facts of the case," replied the officer, "but it is according to the laws of the port, sir. It is not our pleasure to board an American ship and haul

down an American flag, but according to my orders the flag must come down."

The second mate and I were standing near by; the case was getting serious. We wondered how it would end. Captain Benjamin, hearing the loud talking, came on deck to investigate, and finding a boat from the war-ship alongside, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Officer, what's the trouble?"

When the captain learned the facts, he did not regard the request of the Englishman as disrespectful to the American flag, but turned the whole matter into a pleasant joke.

"Mr. Fletcher, you and Jack had better haul down the pennant," he said, "we will not provoke a bloody war between the United States and Great Britain. We can fly it as long as we choose when we get to Liverpool, if we cannot here at Shanghai. The fact is, Mr. Officer, our mate is a towny of yours, but, as you have observed, no doubt, he has become thoroughly Americanized, sir," said the captain.

"His patriotism is not according to knowledge, sir," replied the officer.

"I agree with you," said the captain in an undertone, which the mate did not hear as he had become disgusted and had retired to his room. The officer had been very courteous, all through the episode, and, after exchanging a few remarks with Captain Benjamin, he and his crew pulled away for their ship.

I had finished my afternoon's work and was on deck observing the walled city, the European towns, and the shipping. The second mate had been giving the customs

officer an account of our voyage. The officer, after commenting on it and expressing his satisfaction with the way that we had handled the pirates, said:

"That Malay chap, Sunday, would make a valuable man for the service in the vicinity of Singapore. Perhaps you and the boy would like to hear something about Shanghai and its surroundings."

"Well, I reckon we would," said the second mate. "Come along, Jack."

"The city, proper," said the officer, "is oblong in shape, one mile in length and one-half mile in breadth, surrounded by a high wall, which you can see. It is bounded on the north by a creek, and on the south by the European concessions. The Europeans consist chiefly of English, American and French, (all white people are classed as Europeans), who had previously purchased land, and having congregated together according to their nationalities, have erected substantial business places, large warehouses, handsome residences and churches, along the bank of the river, extending from the walled city several miles below. According to the treaty of Tientsin, 1858, all of this land was conceded to the English, French and Americans, with the privilege of purchasing as much more, the Government giving absolute right and title forever. This concession is divided into three districts or towns, so called, Frenchtown, Englishtown and Americantown. In going up the river we first come to Americantown, situated on the right bank, next we come to Englishtown and from thence to Frenchtown, which extends to the walled city north of it. The Soochow creek separates Americantown from Englishtown. They are connected by bridges. These districts have a population of five

thousand Europeans and about one hundred thousand Chinese, the greater part of whom live in the suburbs. The towns are beautifully situated, as you will observe, along the river bank, with a wide, spacious quay in front, indented here and there with little slips. Englishtown is the largest and most important. All the foreign consulates are located there. The exact position of the British Consulate is in latitude 31 degrees 14 minutes north, longitude 121 degrees 26 minutes, or eight hours five minutes, forty-five seconds east of Greenwich. The shipping, which lies along the front of the towns, always presents a very picturesque appearance, as you see today. One can see the ensigns of all nations displayed. Shanghai has always been a great center of trade. It is said to have once stood on the seashore. Its name implies, 'upon the sea.' It is now twenty-five miles from the coast."

"How is it, sir," inquired Mr. Fletcher, that the Chinese do not have charge of the port and collect their own dues?"

"Well, I'll tell you, sir," replied the officer, "according to the last treaty, the English Government agreed for a special percentage of the dues collected to take charge of the port, which extends from Shanghai to Wu-sung, and assist the Imperial Government to protect it against inward or outward foes, to gather up custom receipts, harbor fees, etc. Hence all the officers of the port are Europeans. There are a few old time Chinese pilots on the river yet, but as fast as they retire their places will be filled by Englishmen or Americans. A pilot boat is now on the way from New York. There is also a towboat about to be shipped from England, which will be put

together here, and will be ready for use by next October. There is only one drydock here, but it is large enough to take in any ship that can get up the river. It is controlled by an American, a New York man. A gun is fired at exact noon from the senior warship in port, preceded by a red and white swallow-tailed flag, displayed at the fore truck. There are about thirty ships in port, of different nationalities, including seven warships, three English, two French, one Russian and one Spanish."

"We met the U. S. sloop-of-war 'Germantown,' bound south, just before we sighted the Saddle Islands," interrupted the second mate.

"Yes," continued the officer, "she is the only American warship on the coast, at present. You see those large junks which are painted so grotesquely, having great eyes carved on either bow, moored here and there among the foreign shipping? They are all Ning-pu junks. Those large eyes serve them very well at anchor, Jack," he said, "but when they get under way, they find that they need a man at the helm, like other vessels. Some of the sampans you see have eyes on each bow. They are manned by Ning-pu boys. You notice that great fleet of condemned junks, all huddled together up the river there, moored abreast the walled city. Their old masts look like a forest. There are thousands of people who were born, brought up and still live on these junks. I have been here for ten years, during which time that fleet has never diminished, but has steadily increased. The sanitary conditions among them are fearful. The Europeon authorities are now endeavoring to have them removed, as they endanger the health of the port. Mr. Fletcher,"

said the officer, "how are you going to get these great sticks of timber on shore, sir?"

"Don't know," answered the second mate, "but we will tell you tomorrow how we will get rid of them, sir."

The sampan business was very good, especially on Sundays. I enjoyed watching them as they darted hither and thither among the shipping. They were all dressed up in bunting. Our sampan flew the union jack at the bow, a Chinese streamer amidships, and the stars and stripes displayed gracefully over the stern. Every ship was tended by one or more of these boats, and there were always several of them sculling to and fro within call.

When the anchor watch was set that evening, Oleson, Hanson, Fred and Carl were missing. The watch was from eight P. M. to five A. M., and divided into six divisions. I took the first. The cook was called at five A. M. When we had a full crew I was never called on to stand anchor watch. The custom officer, after sealing up the hatches, etc., went on shore at sundown. On the following morning the four men were still missing. We never saw them again, at least I never did. I have often thought of the last time that I met them. How strong they were, in their own strength. I am sure they will never forget it.

A Chinese stevedore, with a large gang of coolies, was on hand at six bells, sharp, to begin the work of discharging the cargo. Mr. Stover and Mr. Fletcher, however, were to superintend the work of getting the sticks of timber overboard. The one on the port side was put over first. It was slipped along on heavy skids until it was close up to the rail, then the yards were braced up sharp to the port. The fore and main rigging on the port side

was then come up with and the lanyards unroved. Lang, with his sampan, patrolled that side of the ship to prevent boats from slipping up under the big sticks and being crushed. Everything was then ready, and with one extra effort it was rolled over the side. As it struck the water it caused quite a tidal wave, which nearly filled Lang's sampan. The port rigging was then set up, temporarily, after which the big stick on the starboard side was disposed of in like manner.

The second mate and crew then turned to, to set up the rigging properly. A lighter came alongside and the stevedore got his men at work discharging the cargo. There was not any purchase used, it was all done by hand. The lighters were large, flat bottomed boats and carried fifty tons of cargo each. With the exception of a short space, fore and aft, they were arched over with a turtle-back deck of light material. They were propelled in the same manner as a little sampan, but on a larger scale. They had only one large oar, or rather sweep, which they sculled on the head of a steel bolt, one of which is placed on either side of the stern. A little socket is made in the sweep, about an inch and a half deep. The sweep is shipped on the top of the steel bolt, the bolt entering the socket. It thus hangs as on a pivot, with the longest part over the stern. The inboard part of the sweep has a curvature, on the end of which is fitted a lanyard, made fast to the deck near the waist. It takes a half dozen men or more to handle one of these sweeps. Two or three of them pull back and forth on the lanyard, while the others are pulling and pushing on the sweep.

That evening the captain ordered me to call the men aft, including the cook. He addressed himself to the

officers and men, stating that if he chartered to run on the coast, their voyage would be ended as soon as the cargo was discharged, and if they desired it he would pay them off; but if they wished to remain by the ship, he would be glad to re-ship them and pay them coasting wages, which was three times as much as they were then getting. All hands were satisfied with the conditions and agreed to stay by the ship.

"Men," said the captain, in the presence of the officers, "if you can locate Oleson and the others, send their chests on shore. It will be of no benefit to the ship to confiscate them. They are good sailor men, and if they had let rum alone, no doubt, they would have been with us yet. You can tell them for me that a berth is open for them on the 'Two Sisters' at any time. I remember that when those pirates were under our bow in the Strait of Malacca, we had only one common interest at stake, that of helping each other to save ourselves, and I declare to you, gentlemen," he continued, turning to Mr. Stover and the second mate, and steward, "I would be glad to pay what is due them if they will come and receive it." The men then went forward.

"I think we can trust these fellows," said the captain as he went below.

"I wouldn't trust any of them," muttered the mate. "I'm not in the business of trusting sailors. What, be glad to pay them their wages after they have taken French leave and send their chests on shore! If they had me to deal with, they wouldn't get a rag. Boy, what are you loafing about here for?" as though I was responsible for all the captain had said. "Get out the anchor light and set it."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered. The second mate, although the mate had addressed him, made no comment.

One day, during the week, the gentleman who controlled the dry dock, came on board and took dinner with Captain and Mrs. Benjamin. He said that he was a towny of mine, and had known me at home. I did not recognize him, however. We decided afterward that it was my brother whom he had known at home.

On the afternoon of the following Sunday I was permitted to go on shore by myself. I was supplied with a lot of cash for spending money. These coins are small copper coins, with a hole through the center. They are of different value, according to their weight. Those that I had, were equal to about one mill each. They are strung on a cord made of straw, one hundred in a bunch, divided into four or five links. A link can be easily broken from the bunch without interfering with the remaining links. Silver Mexican dollars were the coins used generally in all of the ports of the coast open to Europeans.

Lang took me on shore, but it was understood that I was to hire a boy to bring me on board. As we lay abreast the French concession I was supposed to walk about in that town only, and to visit the English and American settlements at a future time. I did not come across anything new or strange to me. I met only a few European citizens on the streets. I did, however, fall in with several bands of drunken sailors of different nationalities. The Chinese people made haste to keep out of their way, and I also gave them as wide a berth as possible. "Well," I thought, "the town is beautifully laid out and there are some nice looking buildings here, and

the shipping in the river looks grand, the 'Two Sisters' the most gallant among them, but I did not come to China simply to see all this. I want to see something strange and wonderful. I think that I will keep off and head for Shanghai, the walled city."

I soon came up to one of the gates. I then hove to for a while to get my bearings. The walls were about seventy feet in height, eight or ten feet up were port-holes, from which big guns were pointed in every direction. There were four gates at this entrance, made of wood and about twenty feet high, ten feet wide, and four feet thick, covered with some kind of metal. They were supported by massive columns. There were also inner gates two feet in thickness. All of these gates were wide open.

The great Taping rebellion was going on, and the rebels were within twenty-five miles of the city. They had many sympathizers among the Europeans, and it was not considered safe for a foreigner to be found alone within the city walls, as he might be taken and executed as a spy for the insurgents; but as I did not know anything about all this at that time, it did not deter me in the least. While I was standing by one of the inner gates, observing everything about me, a lad of about eighteen years hailed me and came alongside.

"Likee go in see?" he inquired.

"I reckon I would. How muchee cash, pilot?" He informed me that one link (about two and one-half cents) would pay the bill. So the bargain was made and we got under way.

As I did not know just what to steer for, and my pilot did not appear to care, I simply followed him. We sailed

along together fairly well for a time; then I took an observation, and after reckoning up I found, sure enough, that I was in China and a Chinese city. Everything was different from anything I had ever seen, and looked strangely old and uninviting.

Some of the streets were only four feet wide. The walls of the buildings on either side apparently meeting each other at the top, shutting out most of the sunlight and fresh air. They were dark, loathsome alleys. Now and then I would come up against a horrible looking idol, staring straight at me from a corner or niche in the wall of some building. These streets were so narrow that you were compelled to crowd close up to a building, in order to let a sedan chair pass by. I met several of these chairs, manned by four coolies each. They were generally occupied by one male or two females. One of these conveyances, having two ladies on board, came abreast of me. We were so near together that a collision could not be prevented. This did not seem to disturb the occupants in the least; they looked me over from head to foot with great surprise, apparently. One of them put her hand on my shoulder and said something in Chinese, which my pilot interpreted, "Good warship boy." They got their impression that I belonged to the navy from the fact that I wore my shore coat, which was fitted with brass buttons. These ladies knew, as did all the inhabitants of the city, that their safety depended on the foreign warships in the harbor, as the Imperial forces were not strong enough to hold the rebels in check.

After getting under way again, the pilot ordered me to tack ship and steer for Frenchtown. I objected. He

then demanded another link of cash. I refused, whereupon he deserted me and left me to paddle my own canoe. I then proceeded cautiously. I passed through some streets which looked fairly well, being about eighteen feet in width, paved from side to side. They were crowded with men and children. I met only a few women on foot. It was very difficult for them to walk with their small feet. I noticed that some were using two canes. None of them wore hats, but their hair was rigged up in great style and really looked well.

The wealthy men were easily recognized from the working classes, not by their apparel alone, for a working man, even though he were dressed in silk and satin, would still be known by his fingernails. The wealthy allow their nails to grow long. They are carefully preserved and protected, and after growing a certain length they are turned under. Some protect their nails by wearing gold or silver tips. No person can perform manual labor without breaking them, hence a poor man makes no pretension to long nails.

I saw several spacious squares, laid out in front of Joss houses, or temples. These buildings at first sight appeared grand and beautiful, but the idols which were exhibited along their balconies were such uncomely, hideous-looking things, that they marred the beauty, viewed from a Christian standpoint. These squares were densely crowded with men. I could only make out a boy or two. All the crowd was engaged in worship, and like the Ephesians of old, were not quiet in their devotions. Many waved banners, covered with Chinese characters, very elaborate and beautiful. Others waved Joss sticks,

which were gilded or highly polished or otherwise decorated, while some were burning Joss paper in little spaces reserved for that purpose.

No one said anything to me or molested me in any way. I got mixed up in the crowds several times, and unless they had given way a little for me, I would hardly have extricated myself. No doubt but that my brass buttons served me again, yet I was as unconscious of the fact, as the buttons themselves. After backing and filling for a time I sailed into the general market-place. Here all was bustle and business; sellers on the lookout for customers, and customers for bargains. I looked in vain for rats and mice and such like, for at home I had been told that the Chinese were fond of them. I did see, however, some fine poultry, a great number of pigs, of all sizes, and mutton. Beef appeared to be scarce. Eggs and rice were abundant. There were all kinds of fruits and vegetables, sweet potatoes and yams. I did not see any white potatoes. Really this market was the one redeeming feature of the city, as I saw it that afternoon. I noticed that all the produce and supplies of every kind came from the same direction. I soon learned the fact that all the gates, on every side of the city, were closed except the one which I had entered. I thought it strange, but did not then know the reason for it.

I was aware that the gate which I had entered would be closed at sunset, and as the sun was getting low I immediately made for that exit. I soon found, however, that I had lost my reckoning. As I knew that the sun always spoke the truth, I took an observation and located the Wu-sung River. I then proceeded under full

sail. As the streets were not laid out for my special benefit, I found that it was impossible for me to lay my course. At length I came into a street which had a gradual ascent. I remembered that the inner walls were backed up with solid earth and that there were streets leading up to the top of them. I then took courage and sailed on. To my great delight the top of the walls was soon in sight. When I came up alongside of them I found that they were several feet above my head. I espied, however, a short distance away, a big gun. I at once made for it, and in coming up to it I found a port hole, and looking out at once determined my exact position.

A beautiful panorama was spread out before me. The European towns, the river and the shipping, in their holiday attire, extending far and wide. All were enveloped in the glory of an Eastern sunset. The tops of the buildings and the mast-heads of the shipping were tipped with gold and crimson. The different colored flags of many nations waved in the breeze. It was, indeed, a magnificent view, and I was tempted to tarry, but as the sun was sinking fast, I continued on my way. I soon made the gateway, and as I passed out, the great gates were closed with a clang. I tarried just a moment or two and noticed the needle eyes in the two gates, only large enough to admit one person at once. I was reminded of the passage in St. Luke, XVIII:25. I was very thankful that I was on the outside of them. I then kept away for the "Two Sisters," under all the muslin that I could carry.

As the tide was running ebb, I hailed a sampan quite a distance up the river, above the ship, in order to make better time. "How muchee, John?" I inquired, as I endeavored to point out the "Two Sisters."

"Two linkee cash," he said, "Lilo, lilo," (come, come.)

It was half an hour after sunset when I arrived on board. All hands were glad to see me back again. Even Mr. Stover seemed pleased, although he was inclined to growl a little, which was perfectly natural for him. The captain had just come on deck, and was about to send the second mate and Wilson on shore in search of me. While he was taking a walk, in company with his cigar, I related to Mrs. Benjamin my adventures of the afternoon. That, as I did not find anything strange or wonderful about Frenchtown, I ventured into the walled city; about my pilot, the gates and streets; what the lady said to me; about the temples and idols, the market-place, top of the walls, etc.; also about the gentry with their long nails and the women with their small feet and fancy headdress.

"Jack," she said, "You have told me much more about the city than I have heard before. I wish I could have been with you, but it would not have been safe."

"Why, ma'am, no one interfered with me in any way."

"Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise," she replied, "none of us supposed that you would dare venture inside the wall, consequently we failed to warn you." She then told me of the great rebellion in the country and how near the insurgents were to Shanghai, and the unrest and suspicion of the people within the city walls.

"I am glad, ma'am, that I knew nothing about the political situation. If I had, I would have lost this afternoon's experience. Perhaps I may never have the opportunity to see so much of the city again."

"I think," she said, "from what I have heard, that the state of affairs is very perplexing. They tell me that

England and France are about to commence hostilities against the Imperial Government at Pekin, and yet, notwithstanding this, they are assisting the Imperial troops here under the command of General Gordon, an English officer, to protect Shanghai and keep the port open to foreign commerce, according to the last treaty. There are a large number of Europeans here who are in sympathy with the insurgents and are aiding them, as much as possible. So you see, Jack, it was not safe for you to be wandering around in the city. Perhaps your age and the brass buttons on your coat prevented anyone from injuring you. The Europeans are, however, comparatively safe under the guns of the warships."

During the week we got some letters off for New York, by the ship "N. G. Palmer." Writing home, and thinking of loved ones there, and of the fact that we would probably charter to remain on the coast for a year or more, caused a homesick feeling to come over me. However, Mrs. Benjamin helped me out, as she always did whenever anything went wrong with me.

All hands had been busy overhauling the standing rigging, and repairing sails. About two-thirds of the cargo had been discharged. It was Saturday. We had been in port fifteen days. The captain came on board late in the afternoon.

"Mr. Stover," he said. "I have chartered the 'Two Sisters' for one year to run between this port and Japan. After we get our cargo discharged we will take in ballast, also take a supercargo and some specie on board, and sail for Nagasaki. It is rather risky navigating among those islands. There is not a pilot or light, beacon or buoy or anything of the kind."

"Well, sir, we will have to act as our own surveyors," replied Mr. Stover. "Our charts are not very specific in regard to the approaches of the harbors of Japan."

"They locate the different islands, and that is about all," replied the captain, "our charter party will furnish us with the surveys made by the United States Squadron under Commodore Perry in 1853-4, which are fairly correct, as far as they go. Her Majesty's ship 'Roebuck,' is about to begin some extensive surveys among these islands. I understand that there is an able corps of surveyors on board. But their work will not be of any service to us this year. I have made arrangements with the American and British Consuls, also with the English Admiral, who has agreed to take Sunday on board the flagship and allow him to get a thorough training, after which he will be sent South. The Admiral told me that Europeans had never been successful in hunting down the Malay pirates, and that Sunday was one of the men they had been looking for, whom they could trust after being trained for the service. "Jack," continued the captain, "tell Sunday we may send him aboard the flagship tomorrow, and that they will teach him how to shoot big guns and handle small arms, and then send him after the pirates."

Sunday did not receive the news as joyfully as I had expected, but appeared down-hearted. To get on board of an English war vessel was just what Sunday had been anticipating, but as he had become used to the "Two Sisters," and attached to us all, he dreaded to make the change.

"Well, Steward," said the second mate at the supper table that evening, "I hope that Sunday will prove a success on board of the flagship."

"The cook will miss him," replied the steward, "more than anyone else. His life has been quite romantic, so far. I would like to hear from him five years from now, but I suppose we will soon lose run of him. I wish the chap well, and that's the truth. I expect to be on old Long Island in five months from today. I will give the "Two Sisters" one hundred and twenty days to make the run home, and that will leave us a month to get away from Shanghai."

"Well," replied Mr. Fletcher. "Man proposes, but God disposes, you will have to quit the 'Two Sisters' in order to carry out your plans. She will get away to sea inside of a month, sure enough, but we will not sail in the direction of Long Island, for the captain has just chartered her for a year for the Japan trade.

"Is that the fact, Jack?"

"I heard the captain tell you and Mr. Stover, sir, all about it when he came on board just before supper."

"That completely shivers my timbers from main truck to keelson," said the steward. "I think I heard you say, Mr. Second Mate, that wherever you happened to have a good berth, that was your home, and it's the same with the old man, wherever the old woman is, that's his home, but we are not old shell-backs, eh, Jack? Old Brookhaven is our home and I feel a kind of drawing that way."

"I think Jack's mother ought to see him again before he gets grown-up," replied the second mate, "but in your

case, Mr. Steward, if we can only keep you warm and supply you with plenty of grub, I reckon that you will survive all of the hardships and disappointments that you are anticipating."

"I am greatly obliged to you, Admiral," retorted the steward, "for your kind regards respecting my future happiness."

After supper Mrs. Benjamin called me into the after-cabin. "Jack," she said, "the captain will send you on board the flagship in the morning with a letter for the chaplain. I wish to see that gentleman and have a talk with him respecting Sunday."

The Sabbath was clear to partly cloudy. After washing decks, shining up the brass work, etc., all of our bunting was made ready to run up, our ensign and masthead flags were rolled up and stopped with a slipknot and sent aloft; and at the very moment the flagship gave the signal for eight bells, the slipknots were hauled out from the decks and instantly the flags were unfurled and spread out in the breeze. We could not arrange all of our colors in that manner. Some were joined together and sent up in a string, as it were.

After breakfast the captain ordered me to dress up in my shore clothes, as I was to take a letter on board the flagship. I was very glad of the opportunity, as I had never even been alongside of a warship. Mr. Stover seemed quite anxious that I should make a good appearance and conduct myself in a shipshape manner. He instructed me as to which side of the ship I should board, how to salute the officer who would meet me at the gangway; that after presenting my letter, I should remain standing there until I received an answer, unless I was invited to look about the ship.

Lang had made his sampan ready for the occasion, flags were set, etc. After some necessary instruction from the captain I set out. As I sat back in the comfortable seat under the bamboo covering of Lang's boat and ordered him to scull me to the port gangway of the flagship, I really thought myself quite important. When coming up alongside of the big ship, a sentinel ordered Lang to keep off. I then presented myself in full view from under the bamboo covering. The sentinel then said, "All right, come on."

When I reached the deck I saluted the officer, according to direction, saying, "Good morning, sir," and presented my letter. The officer returned my salutation and inquired if I wished an answer. I told him I did. He then whistled up a young fellow who was decked out with a more elaborate set of brass buttons than mine. The officer handed him the letter, saying, "An answer is required." In a few moments the same young "middy" returned, saluted the officer, saying: "The Admiral wishes to see the visitor, sir." I was ordered to follow.

Now, I had never been in the presence of so great a man as a British Admiral, and as Mr. Stover's instructions in naval etiquette did not take me beyond the officer of the deck, I did not know just how to conduct myself. As I was ushered into his presence, I did not even venture to say "Good morning," I simply stood before him and saluted, which I afterward learned was the proper thing to do. He acknowledged my salutation, and said, "Good morning, my lad." When I saw that he saluted me, just as the officers of the deck did, and heard his cheery "Good morning," I was inspired with

confidence. Supposing him to be "Lord Admiral Somebody," I said:

"Good morning, My Lord Admiral, Sir."

He smiled and said, pleasantly, "Good morning, sir; is quite sufficient for a Yankee lad. You do not have any use for Lords, Dukes and Earls over in New York, do you?"

"They are always very highly honored, sir, when they visit us," I replied.

"That's right, my lad," he said, "but really there is only one Lord, over and above us all. I am not a Lord Admiral, however, but only plain Admiral. Are you the captain's son, my lad?" he inquired.

"I shipped as cabin boy, sir," I answered, "but have been promoted to be a sailor boy."

"That's good," he said, "but what can you do as a sailor boy? How heavy are you?"

"I weighed ninety pounds, sir, when I left New York. I can loose sails, furl the royals and skysail, set the gallantstunsails, steer my trick at the wheel, hold turn, coil ropes and a good many other things."

"You are a handy chap," said the Admiral, "what part did you take in fighting the pirates in the Strait of Malacca?"

I replied that Mrs. Benjamin and I wanted to take a position on deck with the rest of them, but the captain would not allow it. "He gave each of us a pair of revolvers and ordered me to stand by Mrs. Benjamin to the last, and said, 'If the pirates should succeed in boarding us, we will take our stand around the companionway,

then you and Jack may come on deck, and we will fight to the death.' "

"Bravo!" said the Admiral. "Your captain told me that if it had not been for a sudden breeze which sprang up, it would have been the last for everyone of you, although you had a brave crew and your lives would have cost them dearly. That man, Sunday, must be an active chap, I hope to make something out of him. You may tell your captain that I will send for him at eight bells to-morrow morning. Give my regards to Mrs. Benjamin, I have heard of her as a brave, Christian lady. I would be pleased to meet her in the near future." The Admiral ordered the young officer to show me about the ship, and added that whenever I chose I might come on board and visit Sunday.

As I was about to begin my tour of inspection, the chaplain's answer was handed me with an invitation to remain on board and attend divine service, which would begin at six bells. As it was then only three bells, I declined, and returned immediately to the "Two Sisters." I then reported to Captain and Mrs. Benjamin all that the Admiral had said. Mrs. Benjamin was pleased that she had been mentioned.

"Jack," said the captain, "you may go to church aboard the Bethel ship this morning, and suppose you take Sunday along, if he will go with you."

"Yes, Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "that will be doing real missionary work. It will all be very strange to Sunday, but I am quite sure that he will enjoy the service and will probably never forget it."

When I came on deck, Mr. Stover and the second mate were waiting for me, anxious to know how I had been

received on board the warship. I rehearsed again the whole affair to him.

"Had an audience with the Admiral, did you?" said Mr. Stover. "Well, that's more than he would have given us, eh, Mr. Fletcher?"

"We can belay that, I reckon, sir," replied the second mate.

"Mr. Stover, the captain told me, sir, to take Sunday with me to church service."

"All right, Jack," he said, "you have twenty minutes in which to get away."

I found Sunday in the galley. He usually assisted the cook, when not otherwise engaged. "Sunday," I said, "you come with me and hear a man talk about the Christ."

"Yes, yes, Jack, I come." The cook fitted him out with a nice cap, jacket, etc. He also offered him his French Bible, but as Sunday could not read at this time he preferred to take his "Illustrated Life of Christ." Captain and Mrs. Benjamin came on deck to see us off. Lang was to leave Sunday and me on board the Bethel ship and return to the "Two Sisters." Mr. Stover furnished me with a prayer book.

"Jack," he said in a broken voice, "be careful of the book, it belonged to my mother."

As Lang shoved off I overheard the mate exclaim: "Strange papers, a Sunday school boy and an ex-pirate on their way to church together, eh."

"He was not a pirate of choice, sir," replied Mrs. Benjamin.

"Well, I don't know about that, ma'am," said the mate, doubtfully, "but he is going the right way now."

We arrived on board the Bethel ship a few minutes before the service began and were received cordially. It was thought, at first, that I was in charge of Sunday. A congregation of about one hundred persons had collected, composed of sailors and officers from the surrounding shipping. It had been generally talked over among the fleet that the American bark, "Two Sisters," had encountered a band of Malay pirates on her way out, which had been successfully beaten off, and had taken one prisoner. As soon as it was learned that Sunday and I belonged on board the "Two Sisters," it was thought that Sunday might be the ex-pirate. It was really believed that he was the man, and they so discussed it. The chaplain came to me and inquired about the matter. I at once explained to him all of the facts in the case and introduced Sunday to him as a Christian. Before the service began, the clergyman explained to the audience that the Malay present had never been a pirate, but had been captured by the pirates and had escaped from them to the "Two Sisters." After some singing and the reading of the service, the clergyman preached a sermon from the parable of the prodigal son. St. Luke XV: 20.

I watched Sunday closely during the service, and saw that he was much interested, though he understood but little of the language used; yet he comprehended much of the teaching, as the sequel showed. After exchanging a few remarks with the chaplain and a few of the others, who plied me with many questions in regard to Sunday, we set out for the "Two Sisters." On our way, I told him that they would come after him from the warship the following morning, and next Sunday I might come and visit him.

"Like all on the 'Two Sisters,' " he said. "I glad I go, get South some day." He had previously told me that he had a father, mother, one sister and two brothers, if they had not been killed in the wars with robbers and pirates.

"Jack," said the captain, as Sunday and I came on deck, "keep a good lookout for the cabin, Mrs. Benjamin and I are going on shore. Mr. Stover, the second mate and steward have gone already. Wilson, Chips and the cook will remain on board with you. If anything unusual happens and you need assistance haul the ensign down and run it up again union down."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered. The captain and Mrs. Benjamin got away a little before four bells and I had full charge of the afterpart of the ship the rest of the afternoon and enjoyed myself greatly. I took the glass and inspected the shipping and Frenchtown thoroughly and then took a look at the walled city and meditated upon the long, long centuries, past and gone, when the city stood on the sea shore, but the grim old wall still encircles the city within its protecting arms. "Yes," I thought, "and yet these, too, shall pass away." I glanced over the fleet of old dilapidated junks above us. They were fairly alive with people. I looked up the river and down. I saw nothing of interest on the opposite side of the river; lowlands, Chinese cemetery, small villages, rice fields, etc. After surveying everything in sight I read awhile and then walked the quarter deck until eight bells. I noticed that Sunday, Wilson and Chips were seated on the main hatch having a consultation. As I could watch the cabin from their position I hove ahead and joined them.

"Hello, Captain Jack," said Wilson, "you walk the quarter deck like an admiral. Suppose we get under way and put to sea."

"That's just what we will be doing after we get discharged and take in some ballast," I replied, "for we are chartered to run to Japan a whole year."

"Sure it's ter Japan we will be goin', is it?" inquired Chips. "They'll bay after sazin' the ship and puttin' us away fer safe kapin' ind all the saints kint help us."

"Well," replied Wilson, "what all of the saints did not do, the United States squadron, under Commodore Perry, in 1853-4, did accomplish, and now the Japs really like everything that is under the American flag."

"Faith, ind is that the truth?" asked Chips, "thin it sames to me, ind it's me opinion, that the squadron, the commodore and the saints all worked togidder."

"I will not deny that, Chips," said Wilson. "I know that when the saints were on the earth, they were all mighty men of faith and works, and that their influence will go on forever, but just what they did concerning the treaty with Japan I am not prepared to determine."

"Niver ye mind, Wilson, we'll lave the quistion where it noo stands," said Chips.

Wilson, Sunday, Chips and I then had an experience meeting, as the Methodists would have termed it. We were teaching Sunday somewhat of the theory of Christianity, or as Chips put it, "Thayology of the Prastes." Yet, Sunday had a better practical experience of the Christian religion than any of us, and proved to us that he understood Mrs. Benjamin's explanation of the morning lesson. We had a pleasant and profitable conversation together. It was the last extended talk that we ever had

with Sunday. Mr. Stover, the second mate and steward came on board at five P. M., and I was relieved of my responsibility.

On the following morning the chaplain of the flagship was rowed alongside by two men in a small gig. The captain met him at the gangway, escorted him to the aftercabin and introduced him to Mrs. Benjamin. I was at once sent forward after Sunday, who was already dressed for the occasion. Mrs. Benjamin explained to the chaplain how that Sunday had been miraculously delivered from a compulsory life of piracy, and that she had always considered him as her ward.

"I have taught him the truth as best I could, and he has embraced Christianity, which fact repays me a hundred fold for all of my efforts in his behalf. The officers and crew have also taught him many practical things. He can speak only a few words of English, yet he understands about all of the words used on board a merchantman, except 'swear words.' I have taught him that they did not mean anything but bad. I now commit him, sir, into your charge."

"I only hope, ma'am," replied the chaplain, "that Sunday's future development and service will be as successful under my care as it has been under yours. Captain Benjamin and the Admiral have told me of their plans concerning him," continued the chaplain, "the first year he will be taught to read and write, some mathematics, how to work in rigging, sew sails, handle big guns and side arms, small boats, etc." Mrs. Benjamin then introduced Sunday. The chaplain shook hands with him, saying:

"Good morning, my man, we will take up the teaching where the mistress has left it, and I will endeavor to help

you all I can." Turning to Mrs. Benjamin, he added: "Madam, you will probably always know this man as Sunday. Perhaps he would prefer to be known by his real name, or some other. We will give him a choice in the matter in the near future."

"I approve of your plan," said Mrs. Benjamin, "his real name will probably be much better for him."

Sunday was then sent forward to get himself ready to leave the "Two Sisters." The chaplain, after a few minutes' pleasant conversation with the captain and Mrs. Benjamin in regard to our voyage out and our proposed trip to Japan, was about to take his leave when the captain who was proud of the superior strength of the "Two Sisters'" construction, invited him between decks and down into the lower hold and pointed out to him the many points of strength and durability. Underneath the decks, the beams, carlings, knees, breast hooks, sides, in fact everything down to the thick streak, had been scraped and varnished. The cargo, which had not yet been discharged, formed a flat surface fore and aft and from side to side. The bales being closely pressed together formed as it were, a nice carpeting. Indeed, everything looked substantial and neat. The sunbeams chasing each other down the hatchways, gave a pleasant appearance to the surroundings. The chaplain remarked that with the addition of a few mirrors, here and there, and some furniture, it would make a fine drawing-room. After coming on deck the captain introduced him to Mr. Stover and the second mate. He then bade us good-bye and departed.

At four bells a boat with four men and an officer from the flagship, with a letter from the Admiral for Captain Benjamin, and the necessary papers for the transfer of

Sunday, came alongside. Sunday was given a letter which was, in effect, an honorable discharge, stating all we knew of him, that he had been obedient and faithful while on board the "Two Sisters," and further commending him. This paper was signed by the captain, Mr. Stover and the second mate. Mrs. Benjamin also added her signature by request. Sunday was all ready, having previously taken his leave of all hands forward, shook hands with Mrs. Benjamin and the captain, and with the rest of us aft, saying, "Good-bye," and was off.

"How different from the time we first saw him prostrate on the deck, pleading for his life," remarked the captain; "I am quite sure, Mrs. Benjamin, if it had not been for you I would not have sent a boat after him when he jumped overboard and tried to make his escape."

"I am sure we have all been a great help to him, and I trust that we shall never have cause to regret it," she replied.

Mr. Stover remarked to the second mate, "There's been more fuss made over that chap during the last few days than I ever had made over me at any time in my life." The captain then went on shore to attend to business.

During the week we had had considerable wet weather. We did not quite finish discharging the cargo. The Sabbath had come again, making twenty-three days in port. It was a foggy, disagreeable day, consequently there was no display of bunting made among the shipping, and our ensigns only were set. Captain and Mrs. Benjamin had gone on shore to pass the day. Mr. Stover had also gone to make some calls. Before dinner I had a little talk with Wilson, all the other men having gone on shore.

"Jack," he said, "do you remember what Tom told us about having a brother who was on his way out here from Boston, on the ship 'N. G. Palmer?' "

"Yes, Wilson, I remember now, but I had forgotten all about it. Why it was the same ship that sailed for Boston two weeks ago in which we sent letters home. Tom said that his brother sailed about a month before we did. I wonder if he went back in the ship. I am sorry that we did not think of it before she sailed."

"I don't believe that he remained by the ship, Jack; we may run afoul of him out here some time. I think I would know him from a picture Tom showed me of him. Everything belonging to Tom which would be of interest to his relatives was taken aft. Of course, if his brother should ever heave in sight they would be delivered to him. There is a Sailors' Home in Americantown, and other boarding houses here," said Wilson, "and when I get ashore again, I will take a look in all of them. Perhaps I may get run of him. I think Tom told us he was generally known as 'Ericson,' but his Christian name is Andrew. Jack," continued Wilson, "when I was on shore, last week, I thought I would take a cruise inside the walled city, so I hauled up for the gates. After arriving just within the inner gate, I came to and took an observation, and according to my calculation I reckoned they did not have any use for me in there. I then put my helm hard up and kept away. If I was thirteen years old and had a coat full of brass buttons I might have sailed on all right, as you did; but as it was I decided that 'discretion is the better part of valor.' While the Chinese in this vicinity are depending upon the European authorities for protection, yet, as individuals, they can not

trust them. There is a great demand here for white men, especially sailors, to join either the Imperial or rebel ranks. The insurgents offer a very large bounty, besides all of the treasure you can capture, but it's a cut-throat business and there isn't gold enough in all of China to tempt me in that direction. The Imperials offer big pay, but one would have to enlist for at least a year, and the probabilities are that before the time expired you would fall in with some rebels, who would decide that you ought to die, and proceed to carry that determination into effect. There are some cases, Jack, in which I had rather be known as a 'living coward' than as a brave dead man."

"Perhaps our shipmates have been smuggled up the river before this time," I said.

"Likely enough," replied Wilson. "I haven't heard anything from them since we sent their chests ashore."

After dinner, Wilson and I visited Sunday, on board the flagship. We learned that twenty-five of her crew, while on liberty, deserted and joined the rebels. The remainder were not allowed to receive visitors, or any of them to go on shore. We would not have been allowed up the gangway if I had not been known. As we saluted the officer of the deck, I said: "Please, sir, we would like to visit Sunday."

"Does this man belong on board your ship, my lad?"

"Ever since we sailed from New York, sir," I answered.

"All right," he said, "you may 'ave an hour with Sunday hif you wish hit."

We were then shown down on the gundeck, which is also called the berthdeck, as the men swing their hammocks there at night. Going forward, on the port side,

we found Sunday in company with a countryman of his. They were sitting beside one of the big guns. Sunday was greatly pleased to see us. He did not know enough English words to express his joy, so he rattled off a lot of kanacka (Malay), which his friend interpreted as best he could. Sunday had his book with him, and his friend had his small English primer. Sunday explained the situation in a few words.

"Tell mistress," he said, pointing to his friend, "he makes me read, I tell him 'bout the Christ, chaplain he talk today."

"What did the chaplain talk about this morning?" I asked. Sunday answered by pointing out in his book the "Feeding of the Five Thousand," as recorded in all the four Gospels. Wilson, in conversation with one of the men, learned that Sunday had adapted himself to his new environment, and had become well known on board the ship. As we bid Sunday goodbye, he said:

"Tell mistress I learn much, tell all, I happy."

One of the men then showed us around the gundeck. The flagship was a steam frigate, of forty-four guns, thirty on the gundeck, and fourteen on the spardeck, ship rigged, and carried a crew, including officers and marines, of three hundred men. The gundeck was spacious, neat and well ventilated, having fifteen ports on either side which could be thrown open at a moment's notice. Notwithstanding the thirty guns, machinery, smokestack, masts and many other things on this deck, there was plenty of space left in which to handle the guns. The spardeck was more attractive, although that day the rain awnings were spread from rail to rail, fore and aft. The broadside guns were not so large as those on the gundeck.

There were several brass pieces and a small one in each top. Every morning the hammocks are rolled up snug and stowed on the top of the rail, on either side, and covered with tarpaulin. They are held in place by brass rods, running fore and aft. Everything was clean and neat as a pin, and as shipshape as possible. The chaplain told us that the ship would sail for some port, when relieved; perhaps they might meet us in Japan. He then handed me a note for Mrs. Benjamin, after which Wilson and I took our leave, and set out for the "Two Sisters." On our way he explained to me several things about the warship which I had not understood. I was much pleased with my visit.

The captain and Mrs. Benjamin came on board at six bells that evening. "Jack," she said, "what about your visit on board the frigate?"

I handed her the chaplain's note, and gave an account of all that I saw and of what Sunday was doing and what he said.

"The chaplain's note is very satisfactory, Jack," she said, "I am glad you had a good time and that Sunday is doing so well."

The following week was a very busy one, the cargo had been discharged and ballast taken in. Much of the chafing gear had been sent aloft and put in place. A full crew was shipped and ready to come on board the following Monday morning. As we were to carry specie for the purchase of a cargo, our charter party furnished us, at their own expense, two big guns and ammunition and an experienced gunner, for protection against Chinese pirates. The gunner and his guns were taken on board Saturday morning. In the afternoon our old

Chinese pilot came on board and, after taking in some stores, we got up our anchors and dropped down below the shipping. Everything was made ready to get under way the following Monday morning.

Our fifth Sabbath in port was a cloudy, damp day. The captain and Mrs. Benjamin went on shore to attend church and to drive with some friends. Before leaving the ship, the captain ordered Mr. Stover to send Wilson on shore to trace out Tom's brother, if possible. "Mrs. Benjamin is quite anxious he should have the few things which Tom left. He did not go back in the "N. G. Palmer," for I am told that she shipped an entire new crew.

"Why not let Jack go along with Wilson, sir?" asked Mrs. Benjamin.

"All right, Jack," he replied, "you may go, but be careful that you and Wilson don't get smuggled up the river, and be sure that you keep out of the walled city." Turning to the second mate, he said, "Mr. Fletcher, you may as well take a hand in it, too, if you will."

"I will go, sir," said the second mate, "but I have no way whatever of knowing him." Mrs. Benjamin then produced the picture that Tom had said was the likeness of his brother and handed it to Mr. Fletcher. Now, Mrs. Benjamin's proposition that I should go with Wilson, was not especially for my benefit, but she feared that Wilson, while going through the different boarding houses, might yield to his old appetite for strong drink. If I had been detailed to accompany the second mate, instead of Wilson, perhaps it might have been better. While Mr. Fletcher was as good-hearted, conscientious and clever a sailor as ever hauled out a weather earing,

he was not strong enough to overcome the sailor's besetting sin, and as he did not depend on the Strong One for strength, you can readily guess what followed.

Before dinner I had some conversation with the pilot. "How far out do you take the ship, Pilot?" I inquired.

"Oh, maybe Amherst Rock, if catchee boat Ariadne Rock, I go. I pilot here thirty year, never go outside Shawieshan, Amherst, Saddle Island."

"Are there many Chinese pirates on the coast?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "European, he git him junk, coolie sailors make him pirate." Mrs. Benjamin had told me that it was said on shore that many of the Chinese pirates were headed by European desperadoes in disguise, and as every junk that left the harbors was well armed, some of them turned pirates whenever the opportunity was presented.

After dinner the second mate, Wilson and I went on shore to locate Tom's brother, if possible. Mr. Fletcher was to visit the boarding places in Englishtown, while Wilson and I were to visit those in Americantown. We agreed to meet at five-thirty P. M. on the Soochow Creek bridge, which connected the two towns.

There were not as many business houses in the American as in the English district, but it was pleasantly situated and well laid out. We met only a few European residents, and no ladies. It had its full quota of drunken sailors, however, along the water front and around the saloons. Wilson and I visited several boarding houses. In most everyone of them we were received cordially and invited to drink with the proprietor and talk over old times, but we steadfastly refused all such invitations.

One proprietor, however, insisted that we should drink to his health and for the good of the house. Wilson demurred, stating that we merely dropped in to inquire about a friend, but the man still persisted, whereupon we turned to leave. The man then came out from behind the bar, followed us up and insulted Wilson, hurling at him profane epithets, saying that he was no sailor man but only a land lubber and loafing spy. I saw that trouble was brewing, and became anxious. Now, I knew that Wilson was a hard man to handle, but there were a number of men sitting around, and as I did not know just which side they might take, I endeavored to induce Wilson to leave the room with me. "All right, go ahead, Jack," he said. As I was about to open the door, the man, thinking that we were beating a retreat, became more profuse with his insulting remarks, and followed close behind us. Wilson then turned and dealt him a powerful blow on his starboard cheekbone, which sent the fellow reeling backward.

"Served him right, served him right," echoed a half dozen voices.

"Shipmates," said Wilson, "we are not made of putty, a man can't stand everything. All I expect is a square deal. If that fellow wants to have it out with me, I am ready, only allow us all the room we need, and if that land-shark or I need any help we will let you know."

"Get out of my house," yelled the proprietor.

"All right," said Wilson, "if you are satisfied, I am." We then left the place.

"My! Wilson", I said, "I am glad to get out on the street. I was afraid, at first, that those chaps in there would take his part."

"We had the door behind us, Jack," said Wilson, "and if they had come for us we would have retired, but those men saw that the fellow was trying to take advantage of us."

"Well, Wilson, where now?" I said. "We've only found out so far, what the captain knows already, that the 'N. G. Palmer' shipped a new crew before going to sea."

"We will take a look in the 'Sailors' Home,' Jack, before we go up to the bridge."

There was no barroom attached to the "Home," which fact was a relief to me, for I had visited more rum-shops than I cared to. The superintendent received us courteously and looked over his books, but could not find any one from the "N. G. Palmer."

"Shipmates," said a man, who was standing near us, "I know somethink 'bout the men that came out in that ship, 'bout eight of 'em joined the little bark "Maryland" and sailed fer Hong Kong 'bout two weeks gone. I'm thinkin' the chap you're lookin' fer might be one of them. They'll be back here again in a months or so."

"Good for you, shipmate," said Wilson, "his name is Andrew Ericson."

"If you ever heave in with him tell him that he is wanted on board the American bark 'Two Sisters,' to claim the belongings of his brother, who died on the way out from New York. The 'Two Sisters' is about to sail for Nagasaki, and may return here and we may meet the 'Maryland,' if she comes back to this port."

"If I'm here, I'll keep a look out fer him," said the man.

"I will also make a note of it," remarked the superintendent. After a little further conversation about coasting, wages, etc., Wilson and I set out to meet the second mate. We arrived at the bridge right on time. Mr. Fletcher was just heaving in sight.

"Jack," said Wilson, "something's up with the second mate." As he drew near, I saw that he was three points in the wind, as the sailors say of a man who is intoxicated.

"Hello, W-w-wilson, o-o-old boy," he stammered, "didn't find out anything."

"We located him, sir," said Wilson, "and we are ready to go aboard now."

"You needn't 'sir' me now, W-wilson," he said, "I'm by the board, I'm going 'board neither for nobody."

"Mr. Fletcher," I said, "I am surprised to see you in this condition. It's too bad, Mrs. Benjamin would be sorry to hear about it, sir."

"M-m-rs. B-b-benjamin is a young woman," he replied, "but she-e-e-s been like a mother to-o-o us all. She n-n-eedn't know 'thing 'bout it, eh, Jack? I get 'board to-night, all right, you, you understand."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered. Wilson and I then arranged between us that he should remain with the second mate and take care of him until he sobered up a little and that I should go on board and report our afternoon's work.

"Say to Mr. Stover, Jack, that the second mate and I will be on board during the evening. It will not be necessary for you to make any explanation, understand?"

"Yes, Wilson, I understand."

"That's a-a-all r-right, come 'board to-night, no explanations, eh, Jack, m-my lad?" exclaimed the second mate and Wilson.

"Aye, aye, sir," I replied. As I set out for the 'Two Sisters,' Wilson proposed to Mr. Fletcher that they keep off a bit and go and take a look at the dry dock. "The man who owns it," he said, "is a towny of Jack's."

The captain and Mrs. Benjamin arrived on board at the same time that I did. I reported to the captain what we had learned about Tom's brother. Mr. Stover, who was standing by, inquired about the second mate and Wilson.

"They told me, sir, that they would come off this evening." No one asked the reason why they had not come back with me, and I did not give any.

A few minutes before nine P. M., a sampan came alongside. I was alone on deck, standing the first hour of the anchor watch. It proved to be Wilson and the second mate, who was in quite good condition. I told them that the coast was all clear, everybody aft had turned in. As Mr. Fletcher was to take the second hour of the watch, I reported to Mr. Stover, at two bells, that the second mate and Wilson were on board all right. I then went to my room, tired and heavy-hearted. I liked Mr. Fletcher very

much, even with all his faults. I had not forgotten his kinds words and helping hand on my first night at sea, and at other times, I thought "How weak we are in our own strength to overcome temptation, even the very best of us."

All hands were turned out at daylight the next morning to take in the specie, which had been sent alongside under cover of the darkness. It consisted of Mexican dollars, packed in boxes, five thousand in each box. We took in about thirty of them and stowed them away in the lower hold. The supercargo accompanied the treasure, and was duly installed as a guest of the captain. The men who had been previously shipped came on board. Our ship's company now consisted of the captain and Mrs. Benjamin, first and second mate, eight sailors, gunner, carpenter, cook, steward, supercargo and myself, sixteen souls, all told, not including the pilot.

After breakfast we proceeded to get under way. A light breeze was blowing down the river, and an ebb tide was running. We first mastheaded our topsail-yards, then manned the windlass and hove up short. As we were to cast on the port tack, the spanker was set with the boom hauled well over to the starboard, after which the topsail sheets were hauled out and the halyards tautened up, the foreyards were then braced up sharp with the port braces, the main yards were left square, the anchor was broke out and the headsails run up. While the ship

was paying off, we hove up briskly, then braced the fore-yards around to the starboard, and as we gathered headway the wheel was changed, after which we cat and fished the anchor, and made sail as rapidly as possible. We passed out of the Wu-sung River into the Yang-tse at nine-thiry A. M., the twenty-second of March, 1859.

Chapter XIII.

The First Year on the Coast of China and Japan

We now headed for Kintoan beacon, about three miles distant, and after passing it, hauled up for the light-ship on the starboard tack. Our direct course from Kintoan beacon to the light-ship was southeast by east, one quarter east, distance fifteen and one-half miles, with the wind dead ahead. The tide was still running ebb. We passed the light-ship and out over the bar at four P. M., sailing close to the windward of Ariadne Rock, and meeting a pilot boat in that vicinity we hove to and discharged the pilot. At six P. M. we passed a little south of the Amherst Rocks, from whence we took our departure.

"How do you head?" asked the captain of the man at the wheel.

"Northeast by east, sir."

"Our direct course to the bay of Nagasaki," said Mr. Stover, "is east by north, sir, distance three hundred ninety miles."

"Yes," replied the captain, "and it leads midway between the Pallas Rocks and Cape Goto. The Pallas Rocks are three in number, the position of the southeastern one is latitude 32 degrees 34 minutes north, longitude 128 degrees 12 minutes east. We pass a little to the north of the Asses Ears group, the highest island of which is visible, in clear weather,

about thirty miles. With Asses Ears bearing south, eight miles distant, an east northeast course for seventy-five miles will place the ship off the north point of Iwo Sima islands, at the entrance of Nagasaki Bay. The wind is southeast," continued the captain. "I hope it will haul a little more to the southward. If it does not, we will keep her going on the starboard tack for a couple of hundred miles and then tack ship."

"We may head up a little to the eastward, sir, during the night," said the mate, "I understand the prevailing winds in this vicinity, at this time of year, are from northeast to southeast."

It was eight bells, evening, when the log was thrown, showing that the ship was making eight knots. The starboard watch came on deck; it was my wheel.

"Full and by," said Sam, as I relieved him.

"Full and by," I answered.

We were heading northeast by east, half east. Everything was set except the stunsails.

"Keep a good lookout ahead," called out the second mate.

"Aye, aye, sir," came back the answer from the forecastledeck.

The second mate and the supercargo engaged in conversation regarding our port of destination, which was especially interesting to me.

"Is this your first trip to Japan, sir?" inquired Mr. Fletcher.

"It is my second trip, sir," replied the supercargo, "yet I do not know very much about the country. Nagasaki is situated on the west coast of a peninsula of the same name, which is a part of the island of Kiusiu. Nagasaki harbor is available for ships of all classes. There are three entrances into the bay, the principal one is from the northwest, between the islands of Faku da Saki and Iwo Sima; this entrance is called the Fairway. It is four miles from the harbor proper. The Bay of Nagasaki, sir," continued the supercargo, "is formed by four islands. There are also a number of small islets in the bay. Nagasaki harbor is an arm or inlet, running in a northeasterly direction from the head of this bay. It is large and commodious, thoroughly sheltered from all winds. The entrance is a quarter of a mile wide, between Ogami Point on the west and Megami Point on the east, and runs northeast, increasing in width as it nears the city, two miles distant."

"You are so familiar, sir, with the bay and harbor, you can act as pilot for us," suggested the second mate, "as I understand that there are no pilots on the coast.

"No, no." replied the supercargo, "I had rather be excused. I am no sailor and would not dare to assume the responsibility of taking the ship into the bay or harbor. From what I have learned the approaches from the northwest entrance are comparatively free from obstruction, with the exceptions of one or two sunken rocks. If I should undertake to pilot you, the probabilities are that the 'Two Sisters' would fetch up on one of them. The little I

know about Nagasaki Bay and Harbor I studied out while I was over there from a new chart which Captain Benjamin received from my company. There is a flag-staff on the north point of Iwo Sima islands, which marks the northwest entrance of the bay. This entrance, although safe of approach, is sometimes difficult for a stranger to make out, especially in clear weather, when the islands blend with the mainland, but on near approach, or in cloudy, hazy weather, when the islands appear in relief, the uncertainty is removed."

"What kind of merchandise do you expect to purchase, sir?" asked the second mate, shall we have a full cargo?"

"Oh, yes," replied the supercargo, "we will use our specie as far as it will go in buying silk, both raw and manufactured, lacquer ware, polished steel mirrors and curios of all sorts for the United States and European markets, after which we will purchase, on credit, all that the ship can carry for the Chinese market, such articles as seaweed, a kind of sea grass from three to four feet in length which is used for food, dried fish, peas, oil, flour, etc. There is nothing shipped from Japan direct to any other part of the world except China and two or three cargoes to Holland, every season, a privilege which was granted to the Dutch many years ago. Nagasaki is the most important treaty port in Japan and the only place of trade opened for foreigners between 1623 and 1857. The Japanese grow quantities of tea, but they simply dry it for their own use, therefore, it

is not properly prepared for the markets of the world."

At four bells the supercargo went below. After I was relieved from the wheel, the log was thrown. We were making eight knots and heading northeast by east. The second mate then wrote up the log-slate, course, distance, direction of the wind, etc., for the last two hours. After assuring himself that the lookout was at his post, he said:

"Jack, my lad, you may take a snooze under the lee of the center house if you like." It did not take me long to avail myself of the privilege. Although I had stood watch for several months on our way out, yet it was as natural for me to sleep through all the night, as for a fish to swim. It was seven bells, when I awoke, and as Wilson was on the look-out I went up on the forecastledeck and had a little chat with him.

"Hello, Jack," he said, "been sleeping on watch?"

"The second mate told me that I could, Wilson."

"Might just as well as not, Jack, there has nothing been going on. But if you were in the mate's watch, he would keep you walking fore and aft on the poop deck, if there was nothing else to do."

"I hope that I shall never be in his watch, Wilson, but I may be, if the second mate should leave, at any time. Do you think that the gunner could send a shell into a pirate junk with one of our big guns?"

"Yes, Jack, I think that he could hit a junk with both of the guns about as fast as we could load them,

that's just what he is here for, but my! Jack, if the pirates knew about the specie which we have on board, wouldn't they be after us though? However, it is not likely that they know anything about it, as it was brought alongside before daylight you remember, so you need not be fearful, besides these Chinese pirates seldom get very far from the mainland, but if we should ever get becalmed among the islands on the coast of China, then look out."

"Why don't they use swift fore-and-aft schooners?"

"Because, Jack, there are no such crafts on the coast, and if they should secure several vessels of that class elsewhere, they would easily be detected, but as it is now, you can't tell a pirate junk from any other. You either have to wait for them to attack you or else turn pirate yourself and fire the first gun. A pirate junk may sometimes be detected, however, by the way they are handled."

"There goes eight bells, Wilson."

"Sail ho," he shouted.

"Where away," called out the second mate.

"Dead ahead, and she looks like a junk on the starboad tack, sir."

An order had been given previously that if a junk should heave in sight during the night, all hands should be called immediately. As soon as I heard the word "junk," therefore, I rushed aft into the cabin and notified the mate and supercargo. The captain and steward had already been awakened. The rule was to relieve the watch within five or seven

minutes after eight bells, but in this case all hands were on deck in less than half that time.

"Jack, keep close to me," said the captain, as he and the officers, including the supercargo, went forward to watch the stranger. The gunner and the crew loaded our guns, which were mounted on the forward end of the poop deck, one on either side. I heard the gunner remark, when he came on board, that our guns and ammunition were much superior to those which the pirates carried, and this I remembered with satisfaction.

"We are overhauling him fast," said Wilson.

"We will watch him closely," replied the captain, "and see if he changes his course."

"If he does not, perhaps we had better change ours," said the supercargo.

"Well," answered the captain, "I don't know about that, we must avoid running off to the leeward, unless it is absolutely necessary, and if we should tack ship, he will, if he is a pirate, run down and attack us while we are in stays, and that will never do. Mr. Stover, suppose we send a shot to windward of him, he will understand what it means and if he is a merchantman, he will change his course, but if he does not, then we will."

"A good manoeuver, sir," said the mate. "Mr. Fletcher, notify the gunner."

"Away, Jack, and tell Mrs. Benjamin all about it," said the captain. "There is no danger yet, only going to test the stranger, understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered and rushed aft.

As I entered the cabin I heard the order, "Keep her off a couple of points." I found Mrs. Benjamin up and dressed, quietly seated by the center table, waiting and watching. I knew that she was looking for me, and I said in one breath: "All is well, ma'am, don't be frightened, only going to test the stranger."

"Bang!" went our starboard gun. The concussion did frighten us both although I knew what was going to happen. As soon as she recovered herself, she said: "Jack, my boy, it looks like trouble." I then hurriedly explained to her our tactics and hastened on deck to learn the results. When I reached the break of the poop-deck, I found that the stranger had kept hard off and given us the absolute right of way.

"Sailing on this coast is quite dangerous and must be very unpleasant for a lady," remarked the supercargo. "Suppose," he continued, "the fellow wears ship and creeps up astern of us. You know they always carry a large bow gun, a chaser."

"There is not a junk afloat that can creep up on the 'Two Sisters' in a steady breeze like this," said the captain. "The only time that they could overhaul us would be during light baffling winds. At such times they might bring a fair breeze along with them. No, no, if that fellow was a pirate, he would have run for us and showed fight."

"Hello, sir," said Mr. Stover. "He has hauled up by the wind again."

"He's all right, I think," said the captain. "He doesn't want to run to the leeward any more than we do. We're outsailing him, hand over fist; we will, however, watch him out of sight. Mr. Fletcher, your watch can go below."

"Relieve the wheel and go below, the watch," shouted the second mate.

At noon the following day we had made about one hundred and fifty miles on the starboard tack, the wind having headed us off to the north northeast, we tacked ship. It was blowing a good stiff breeze. After dinner I was set at work oiling the after cabin.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "if you can do your work and listen, I will tell you a little of what I have been reading about Japan."

"I think I can, ma'am," I answered, "rubbing on oil is smooth work."

"Very well, then, we will begin. The celebrated and mysterious traveler, Marco Polo, was the first to announce to the western world the existence of the rich islands of Xipangn, now known as Japan. In 1542, a Portuguese, Mendezpinto, was cast by a storm on its shores, and a Portuguese settlement from Malacca was soon afterwards made on Kiusiu. In June, 1588, some citizens from Rotterdam fitted a small fleet of five ships to trade in the Indian Archipelago and injure, as much as possible, the commerce and power of Spain. Among several Englishmen in this fleet were William Adams, of Gillingham, near Rochester, and Timothy Shotter, who had accompanied the famous Cavendish in his circumnavigation

of the globe. The venture was pre-eminently unfortunate. Only one ship, and that the smallest, the 'Joyous Message,' commanded by Siebold de Weert, returned to Holland. Two of the others were destroyed, and the fourth, in which were these two Englishmen, reached Japan, a mere wreck. They were taken prisoners, and after some confinement, Adams was taken into the confidence of the Tycoon; the rest departed. He was raised to great honor, became of first importance in the political and commercial affairs of the empire, but did not succeed to the extent of his intentions, having gained privileges only for the Dutch, who have studiously avoided mention of his part in their establishment. Several extensive privileges were also granted, at his instigation, to the English East Indian Company. As it is well known, the only port allowed to be opened to foreigners, which permission was limited to the Dutch and Chinese, was the port of Nagasaki, or rather for the Dutch, the island of Dezima, lying close to the city. But the Japanese maintained a rigid exclusiveness, and but little was known in Europe or America about the country. Without enumerating the old authors, the principal work on Japan is by Dr. Ph. Fr. Van Siebold, who visited the country in the period between 1823 and '30.

"The events from that time to the present have marvelously altered the relations between Japan and Western civilization. The various attempts to obtain admission into Japanese affairs, made prior to 1853, need not be mentioned, but in that year, July

eight, Commodore Perry, U. S. N., appeared off the entrance of Yedo Bay with two large steam frigates and several sloops of war. He sought first only to abolish the barbarous Japanese laws which consigned shipwrecked seamen to death and their vessels to destruction. The steady resistance to holding any intercourse, overawed, however, by the presence of this formidable force, gradually gave way, and some concessions were granted before the departure of the fleet, which left with promise or menace from Commodore Perry that he intended to return for a more definite answer with a larger fleet, in the following year.

"Accordingly, on Feb. 12, 1854, a squadron of nine war vessels appeared in the Bay of Yedo, and after skillful negotiations a treaty of friendship was concluded between the Tycoon and the United States, and permission was granted to locate a consul at Simoda, an insignificant place at the south extreme of the Idsu peninsula, on the west side of Yedo Bay. The second stage of this international negotiation was reached by Mr. Harris, United States diplomat, who by unremitting zeal contrived to enter Yedo in 1857, not to leave it until April, 1858, with the treaty of commerce framed."

"Is the United States the only nation which has a treaty with Japan, ma'am?" I inquired.

"Yes, Jack," answered Mrs. Benjamin, at present we are the only nation which has secured such privileges. No doubt, however, similar concessions will be granted to the principal European powers. I

heard, while at Shanghai, that a treaty between Japan and Great Britain would be ratified within a few months. There is much internal trouble in Japan; the political situation is very uncertain and feudal strife and rebellion prevail. The opening of their ports to the outside world is being vigorously contested by many in authority. It is feared that our treaty and the concessions which have been granted us are illegal, having been ratified by the Tycoon of the period. It should have been ratified by the Mikado, the actual emperor. All these difficulties, however, will soon be overcome, as the United States and Great Britain, as well as the loyal citizens of Japan, have determined that the country must be opened for trade. Well, Jack, that will do for this time. I will tell you something about this Island Empire, 'The Land of the Rising Sun,' on our way back to China. I have a better opportunity of learning about these things than you do, and it is a pleasure for me to tell you of them."

At noon, the fourth day out, Asses Ears were in sight. We passed to the windward of Pallas Rocks, on the port tack, during the previous night. The wind having headed us off to the south southwest, we tacked ship at eight bells that evening, Asses Ears bearing south.

"Check in the weather braces," ordered the mate, "and run up the topmaststunsails." Mr. Fletcher and I then went below.

"Mr. Fletcher, what are the indications, sir?" inquired Mrs. Benjamin," I notice that the log slate records three knots, heading east northeast."

"We have a fair wind, ma'am, but very little of it, expect to make the entrance sometime in the morning," replied Mr. Fletcher.

When the second mate and I went on deck at midnight, the wind began to freshen, every stitch of canvas was spread and drawing nicely, and at four A. M. the "Two Sisters" appeared quite like herself again, redeeming the time at the rate of twelve knots. At eight A. M. we were off the northwest entrance of Nagasaki Bay.

"Take in the stunsails, Mr. Stover," ordered the captain, "and clew up the skysail, royals and degallantsails, haul down the staysails, flying-jib and clew up the mainsail."

By that time the supercargo made out the flag-staff which he had previously spoken of. The captain knew that it was on the north point of Iwo Sima islands, afterwards known as Signal Head, but the islands so blended with each other that no entrance was visible.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "it's not safe to stand in any nearer. We will heave the ship to and run up the Union Jack at the fore. There are no pilots on the coast, but perhaps some fisherman may understand our signal and come off."

"Brace up the head-yards, light up head-sheets, down with your helm, back the maintopsail," shouted the mate. While these manoeuvers were going on

I sent aloft the Union Jack. In the meantime Captain Benjamin had made out a ship coming up, under full sail, bound apparently for Nagasaki.

"We will have company, sir, at any rate," said the supercargo, "perhaps he has been here before. If so, we can follow him in. I think, sir, if we ventured a little nearer in shore, we would discern the entrance, but captain, I would not dare to advise you against your better judgment."

"Likely enough," replied the captain, "however, we will wait a little now for further developments."

At four bells the stranger was within hailing distance. She proved to be a Dutch brig, full rigged, from Hong Kong, her captain and officers had been to Nagasaki before. We might follow him into port, or if we would send a boat alongside he would send his second mate on board, who would act as our pilot.

"We will send a boat alongside," shouted our captain.

Our friend then hove to. Mr. Fletcher and four men were dispatched immediately. They soon returned from the brig and brought her second mate. He was a big, strapping fellow, about thirty-five years of age, a noble specimen of a Scandinavian sailor. He resembled our late friend, Tom, in every particular, more fully than any man I ever met. He delivered a note from his captain to Captain Benjamin, who after reading it, passed it over to Mr. Stover. The note certified that the bearer was fully capable of handling the ship and to take her safely into port, whereupon the captain gave him the command.

"Up with the helm, fill away the maintopsail and board the main-tack," he ordered. After we had kept off on our course, the pilot ordered all the light sails except the studdingsails, set.

"We may not feel much wind on deck when we get close in among the islands," he said.

The brig got a little the start of us, but we soon overhauled and slipped by her, indeed, the "Two Sisters" could show her heel to any craft that we had met on the coast.

"Captain," said the pilot, "you were in the right position, sir, and if you had ventured a little nearer in shore, you would have made out the entrance to the bay, all right."

"But I didn't like to take too many chances."

"You are right, sir," said the pilot. "When I first came here in this same brig, we launched our life boat and the captain sent me in shore to locate the entrance. Care must be taken, to avoid the bank off the dangerous Soto no Hirase Rock."

After sounding, we hauled up sharp on the wind for Papenburg Bluff, course east, half south, passing it as closely as convenient, but taking care to avoid the Barracouta Rock; then we headed for the entrance of the harbor, course east northeast, distance four miles from the entrance of the bay. It was not necessary to use the lead, as the channel from Iwo Sima Point to the entrance of the harbor carried a depth from twenty to forty fathoms. When reaching the harbor we passed in mid-channel between

Ogami and Megami Points. We then steered directly for the Dutch flag on Dezima a northeast course, distance two and one-half miles to the city. The depth of water gradually decreasing to three and one-half fathoms. We now began to take in sail and soon came to, off the city, and anchored on the afternoon of the fifth day out from Shanghai.

A fleet of boats gathered around us, but no one came alongside. It was evident that they were not looking for business, but were simply curious. After a few minutes our gig was lowered and manned by three men and myself. After the pilot had been thanked and remunerated, we pulled the captain, supercargo and his luggage ashore. It was a new experience for me to handle such a large oar. The captain was rather doubtful, the mate did not expect me to go, but Mr. Fletcher had previously instructed me to take a place in the gig, whenever there was an opportunity.

"It will be a change and a help to you, Jack," he said.

So, as the boat was about to be lowered, I slipped in. After unhooking the falls, and while being pulled up to the gangway, the mate called out in a very unpleasant voice, "Boy, come out of that." But the captain, not wishing to be detained, answered for me, saying: "Never mind, Mr. Stover, we will give him a trial."

About half way to the landing, while the boat was being sent through the water rapidly, I caught a

frog and a big one at that, which sent me over backward in quick time. This caused a hearty laugh among the crew and passengers at my expense. I was reinstated, however, after which I kept stroke fairly well.

After landing the supercargo and captain, he ordered us to go back to the ship and return for him at five P. M. On our way back the crew insisted that I should act as cockswain, and with a few instructions from them we rounded up under the quarter and came alongside in good style. I gave Mr. Stover the captain's orders.

Mrs. Benjamin, who had been watching the boat, said: "Jack, you did very well." The mate, however, appeared to be jealous of me, because I had succeeded, and after Mrs. Benjamin went below, he ordered me about in a packet-ship manner.

The light sails had been tied up. The crew was now furling the topsails and courses. As I have said before, I was not large enough to be of any use on the lower yards, but there was enough for me to do, as the decks were covered with the running rigging.

"Mr. Stover doesn't mean half what he says to me, and yet," I thought, "it is bad enough;" but I had straight work ahead of me, and I went at it with a will, coiling up ropes as neatly and as quickly as I could.

During the afternoon the supercargo came off, having several small boats with him. The specie was then got out and taken on shore. They had no large

lighters in Japan, as they had in China, and therefore the cargo had to be handled in small boats. The boats in Japan were propelled by the same method of sculling as at Shanghai, with this difference, however; at Shanghai each boat, large or small, is propelled by one oar only, while in Japan a boat may have from one to a dozen, according to the size of the boat, two over the stern and one or more on either side. The side oars are fitted on little outriggers, just long enough to allow the oar to swing clear of the boat.

At a quarter before two bells the gig was ordered on shore for the captain. I was quick to act as the second mate had advised me, and installed myself in the stern sheets, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," I thought. The mate growled a bit, but allowed me to hold my position. We then shoved off and headed for the landing. I had a new crew. Wilson was one of them and pulled the stroke oar.

As the captain was thirty minutes late, we had time to look about. We landed at the broad stone steps, as before, on the west end of the historical island Desima, which is connected with the city by a stone bridge. Desima was conceded to some Dutch merchants many years ago. It is the site of the old factory and the Dutch residences and warehouses. Their Consulate also was located there. The island is shaped like the border of a fan, and is about two hundred and fifty yards in length and eighty in width. It is traversed by a central street. The consulate is situated at its southwest angle. The broad steps,

at the west end, were the best place for landing at the city. The Japanese custom house stood directly east of Desima, but was not accessible to boats before half flood.

The people were approachable and seemed to be kindly disposed. They dressed somewhat differently from the Chinese, most of them wearing long gowns. The fronts of their heads were shaven, like the Chinese; they wore no cue, but arranged their hair in a topknot, which was neatly twisted up and turned toward their foreheads. Both sexes were dressed much alike. In warm weather the working men wore only their shirts and loin cloths. We bought some oranges and nuts.

The captain had bought oranges, eggs, fish, chickens, mutton, etc. I never saw a market boat, bomboat or any boatman soliciting trade during all my visits to Japan. When we got back to the ship and had hoisted the gig, I found the decks had been washed and everything made tidy for the following day which was the Sabbath. After supper that evening the cook and I had a little conversation. He said:

"Jack, likee go in de boat, eh? What ye see on de shore? See small boy likee ye?" I then told him of my experience in the boat, about the landing and the people.

"De mate growl, he say, 'de boy no good, in de boat, he better rub de brasswork;' de second mate, he say, 'de boy rub de brass all right in de morning, sir.' "

"The captain and the boat's crew thought I did remarkably well for my first trial," I said, "besides it was a help to me, in several ways."

"Jack, when we gits back to Shanghai, I leaves de 'Two Sisters.' I goes back to de States. I no likee de mate, no longer any more, he growl, he growl all de time he growl. De steward leave, too, some time soon, fur he no like him de mate, neither. De misses, de captain, all hands good. De mate he fight him, de men, when he was on shore, he git him killed some day. De second mate he no help him."

"Cook, I hope you will not leave us," I said, "I have got to stay by the ship until she gets back to New York. You know we talked this matter over once before, and the mistress told us, you remember, that we must try and like Mr. Stover with all his faults. I am sure that we would like him better if he didn't have so many. Perhaps we are not doing our best."

"Jack, I likee Mr. Stover, if he be long way off. Ye and de mistress tells me much 'bout de Bible. I no forgits it, Jack, I reads, 'Give not de good meat to de dogs nor put de pearls before de swine,' maybe de come and eat you, but if de mate be in de East Indies and I be in de West Indies, I likee him all right, so I goes back to Martinique."

The Sabbath day dawned clear and beautiful, the surrounding harbor and the little city nestled at the foot of the great hills on the eastern side of the harbor seemed quiet and restful; indeed, the harbor and its surroundings appeared more fitting to a Sabbath

morning than any I had witnessed in other seaports that I had visited. The old Dutch merchants had left an impression upon some of the people that one rest day in seven was necessary, from a commercial standpoint if nothing else. The orb of day first showed itself on the top of the western hills across the harbor, enveloping them with radiant splendor. In a few minutes it flooded the city and harbor with light, life and beauty. It was glorious!

By eight bells I had finished rubbing up all the brass, while the crew were wiping the paintwork and mopping the decks. A Russian frigate, the only war vessel in port, gave the signal for eight bells, and all the ships in the harbor ran up their colors. As we were not allowed to fly the United States pennant at Shanghai, Mr. Stover determined to try it at Nagasaki, so we sent it up to the main truck over our burgee. No one objected, for the Japanese didn't care what kind of a flag we flew, and the Russian frigate was not clothed with the necessary authority. By the way, the Japanese from the beginning of their commercial intercourse with the outside world regulated and governed their own seaports.

After breakfast, there being no Bethel ship in port, and so far as we knew no Divine services held on shore, for up to this time no Protestant missionaries had located in Japan, all hands were invited aft. Mrs. Benjamin read the Scriptures. Truly, the little service was impressive.

The crew were then given liberty to go on shore, the starboard watch, until one P. M., the port watch

from one to six P. M. The cook went on shore with the starboard watch, and I assisted the steward with the dinner. At one P. M. the captain, Mrs. Benjamin, the steward, Mr. Stover and his watch went on shore, and Mr. Fletcher and his men came on board. They brought with them a number of curios, some fancy workboxes and little cabinets, some silk patterns, etc. Mr. Fletcher said:

"Jack, get the glasses and we will take a look around the harbor."

The city of Nagasaki covers a broad valley on the eastern side of the harbor, surrounded by lofty hills. The entrance between Ogami and Megami Points is only a quarter of a mile wide. The harbor broadens gradually toward the city. About two miles above the city it narrows again, with shoal water. The anchorage grounds are spacious and the harbor is completely landlocked. The entrance was well fortified; batteries were located at different points. On Megami Point there were three, one above the other. In entering, a ship must pass under these guns within cable distance. An enemy would be obliged to silence these batteries before passing them.

There were six foreign vessels in port, including the Russian warship and an old Russian frigate, which had been dismantled in a typhoon, moored close under the western shore, and abandoned a number of years before. Mr. Fletcher had heard that she was to be refitted. Only a few junks were visible. They were lying above the city and scarcely any boats were moving about the harbor, excepting those

belonging to the foreign shipping, going to and from the landing.

Our friend, the Dutch brig, was lying quite near us. Her second mate came on board during the afternoon. He and Mr. Fletcher had a pleasant conversation about their old voyages and the country. I listened and asked some questions. He was a Norwegian, John Nilson by name, and had been in the United States Navy and on Commodore Perry's flagship in 1853-4. He had made two voyages to Nagasaki from Holland, and several on the coast.

"Did you fall in with the little bark 'Maryland' at Hong Kong, sir?" I inquired. "Yes, she came in from Shanghai and was chartered for Nagasaki and will probably arrive here within a week or two. The 'Maryland' is the smallest bark I ever saw. Why, she will only carry three hogsheads of molasses, two in the hold and one on the main hatch," he said jokingly.

"Mr. Fletcher," I remarked, "we may fall in with Tom's brother, sir."

"Sure enough, Jack, I never thought of that," he answered. "Mr. Nilson, are there any other ports in Japan open for trade?" asked Mr. Fletcher.

"Nagasaki," he replied, "is the only port opened on this island, the island of Kiusiu. Kanagawa, situated on Yedo Bay, the east coast of Nippon, and also Hakodate on Yesso island are treaty ports, but there is little trade there as yet. Nagasaki is growing apace, and you will probably make several trips here

before you go around to Kanagawa. How do you like the people here?"

"Very well, sir," replied Mr. Fletcher, "they are polite and I note that they have a good degree of self-respect. I reckon that they would not allow a squad of drunken sailors to take charge of the town, not even the water front."

"There are no rum shops here, sir," said Mr. Nilson, "I am sorry to acknowledge, however, that such things always follow Christian civilization. There is a kind of wine here, which they call 'sakky.' It will intoxicate if indulged in too freely, and it is better to steer clear even of that, especially as the shop keepers offer you cake an tea. Nagasaki is one of the five Imperial cities of Japan. Its population is about fifty thousand, and is increasing rapidly. The city is under the jurisdiction of a governor, holding his appointment from the Tycoon. The people are good natured, honest and industrious. It is a capital crime to steal. They use chop sticks, as the Chinese do, but the ladies do not have small feet nor the gentlemen long finger nails. All the married women here have their teeth dyed black. It makes them appear very uncomely to us. I think that the custom will soon be abolished." The second mate then asked Mr. Nilson if the Japanese had a navy.

"Not a ship, sir; I have heard that they have purchased a small gunboat, but have never seen her. They are an enterprising, vigorous people, and the outside

world will hear from them in course of time. They are hampered now by internal disorder."

"Bang! bang!" belched forth from a couple of guns on the hill back of the city.

"Hello, what does that mean, sir?" asked Mr. Fletcher.

"It means, sir," our visitor answered, "that a warship is coming into port. One gun is a signal for a merchantman, two for a war vessel. I understand that they signal all the way to Yedo by firing guns." After inviting Mr. Fletcher to visit him on board the brig, Mr. Nilson took his departure.

Mr. Fletcher sent the boat on shore for the captain, Mrs. Benjamin, Mr. Stover, the steward and others of the crew who might be at the landing. It was four bells. Supper was ready, and in order to help the steward, I went below and prepared the table for him. All the absentees were at the landing and came on board together. All were much pleased with their trip on shore, especially Mrs. Benjamin. She and the captain were entertained by the American consul, who introduced them to some of the city dignitaries in their homes. Mrs. Benjamin was an object of great curiosity. Many of the people whom she met had never seen a European lady. Her manner of dress attracted much attention.

At five bells, that evening, a full rigged ship made her appearance at the entrance of the harbor and came up the bay under full sail. She proved to be the United States sloop "Germantown" from Hong Kong. She was the same ship which we met just

before we sighted the Saddle islands near the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang River, on our way to Shanghai.

A full rigged ship, under full sail, especially a war-ship, is majestically beautiful. The hull, spars, rigging, sails, all appeared to be filled with animation. It was a treat for me to watch the "Germantown" come to anchor, as I had never witnessed such a sight. Just before reaching the widest part of the harbor, off Minage Point, the best anchorage for large ships, she began to shorten sail. Everything excepting her three topsails, jib and spanker was taken in and furled so rapidly that they seemed to have simply vanished out of sight. In a moment the yards were lined with men. They appeared, in the distance, like small boys. They then took in their jib, fore and mizzentopsails and brought the ship up into the wind with the maintopsail to the mast and the spanker-boom hauled over to the windward. When the ship had lost headway, the anchor was dropped, and as soon as she gathered a little stern board, the maintopsail and spanker were taken in. By the time that a sufficient length of cable was payed out, the topsails, jib and spanker were furled up snug. A boat was then sent ahead a half cable distance in order to regulate the yards by the topping lifts. They were also made perfectly square by the braces. The ship was moored perfectly with a buoy floating over the anchor, and everything complete. The work was accomplished as smoothly as clock work, without noise, a bo'sw'n's whistle only was heard, now and then. All of this quick work

was the result of thorough training and strict discipline among the officers and men.

The "Germantown" was not a commodore's ship, consequently it did not have a full band of musicians on board, a bugle, cornet, fife and drum furnished very inspiring music, I thought.

The second mate said: "Jack, it's about sundown. We will stand by our colors. You watch the 'Germantown' and see what happens."

I looked and saw four men running up the fore, main and mizzen-rigging, two on either side, two rested at the topgallant-yards and the other two at the royal yards. In a few minutes the sundown gun was fired from the Russian frigate, the senior warship in port. Immediately the little band on board the "Germantown" struck up one of our national airs, always played in the American Navy at sundown. As the stars and stripes were hauled down, the topgallant and royal yards were sent down simultaneously. The Russian went through the same manoeuvers, but the American was ahead at least thirty seconds, which was gratifying to us. After playing several sacred pieces, such as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "The Day Is Past and Gone, the Evening Shades Appear," all was quiet.

"They will give us another tune at two bells, Jack," said Mr. Fletcher.

There were no salutes fired, nor visits exchanged between the two warships nor to and from the shore, as it was the Sabbath day. At nine P. M., a gun

was fired as a signal to turn in for the night. The band then played "Home, Sweet Home."

The following morning at eight bells, we ran up our ensign. The warships crossed their topgallant and royal yards (sent them aloft) the "Germantown" a little in the lead. As the stars and stripes were run up to her peak, the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

Just at this time the Japanese ensign, a white flag with a bright red ball in the center, representing the rising sun, was run up to the fore-truck on board the "Germantown" and a salute of twenty-one guns belched forth, which was answered from one of the shore batteries. The Russian frigate then saluted the American flag, to which the "Germantown" replied with another twenty-one guns. The report of these big guns echoed from hill to hill, back and forth across the harbor, resounding as though a thunder storm had visited us. The Russian commander then visited the "Germantown."

As we were setting the captain ashore that morning, the captain's cutter, of the "Germantown," pulled up. She was manned with six oars. We made no attempt to keep the lead, but gracefully allowed them to pass by. The two captains saluted each other and passed the time of day. During the first part of the day all hands were kept busy geting ready to take in cargo. Cargo pennants were sent aloft, purchases roven off over the main and after-hatches, also on the mainyard-arms. Skids and

fenders hung over the sides. In the afternoon several tons of cargo were taken in. Mr. Fletcher had charge of the starboard side of the hold; Mr. Stover and Mr. Wilson took the port side. I was busy keeping tally of the boxes and bales, as they were taken in, and in taking care of the gig.

The following Sabbath was partly cloudy. All the English-speaking people in the harbor were invited to attend Divine services on board the "Germantown." Captain and Mrs. Benjamin, Mr. Fletcher, Wilson, the gunner and several others of the crew, including myself, took advantage of the opportunity. There were twenty-five visitors. The services were held on the berth-deck. The chaplain preached a good sermon, and both the vocal and instrumental music were very inspiring.

After the service we were shown about the ship. Everything on board was in the very best possible condition. The "Germantown" was not nearly as large as the English flag-ship. She carried twenty big guns and several small ones on her spar deck. The berth-deck was quite spacious and well ventilated and lighted. The cabins, cook's kitchen, sail-room, etc., were located on this deck. The magazine, all of the ship's stores, the "sick bay" (hospital), and the "brig" (lockup) were below the waterline. When the ship was launched the ladies of Germantown, Penna., presented her with a large silver ship's bell.

"Mr. Fletcher, how much longer will it take us to load up and get away, do you think, sir?" I asked.

"We have got only about one hundred and fifty tons of cargo aboard so far," he replied, "but I understand that after this the freight will come alongside as fast as we can take care of it. It will probably be about two weeks before we get ready for sea. The starboard watch will go on shore this afternoon. Suppose you ask leave to go along with us."

"All right, I would like to go, sir," I answered.

Now, it was a question with me of whom I should ask permission to accompany the watch. I was afraid that if I asked Mr. Stover, he would refuse, and I knew that if the captain gave me leave and I did not ask Mr. Stover, that he would be angry. I then remembered that when I was promoted from cabin boy to sailor boy, the captain said that I should be subject to the orders of Mrs. Benjamin, whenever she needed my services, so I decided to ask her opinion.

Mrs. Benjamin thought that it would be proper for me to go, and the captain had no objections, yet I was a little fearful of running up against the mate. Mrs. Benjamin, who was ever thoughtful of the feelings and prejudices of others, cleared the coast for me.

"Jack," she said, "in order not to offend Mr. Stover, you had better speak to him about it. You may say that I told you to ask his permission.

"Thank you, ma'am," I replied.

The captain then supplied me with two dollars' worth of Japanese legal tender, consisting of some paper money and twenty copper coins, called tempos. A tempo is a flat, oblong coin, having a

square hole in the center, weighing about half an ounce. I went on deck and finding the mate, said:

"Mr. Stover, Mrs. Benjamin told me to ask your leave to go on shore this afternoon with the starboard watch, sir."

"Mrs. Benjamin told you, eh? Why didn't you ask me in the first place?"

"Mrs. Benjamin said it would be a good thing for me to go, sir, and that I had better ask you about it," I answered.

"Don't you go ashore four times every week day? Isn't that sufficient?" muttered the mate.

"Yes, but I don't get uptown any sir," I said.

"Don't get uptown, eh? What do you want uptown? I suppose you will have to go if Mrs. Benjamin says so," said the mate.

"Jack, if you are going along with us bear a hand and get ready. We will be off in a minute," said Mr. Fletcher.

We were soon at the landing. Mr. Fletcher, Wilson and I set out in company with each other. It was a heathen city, with only a few European residents, consequently there were no open bar rooms. The stores were arranged beautifully. All being opened in front, with tier above tier of highly polished lacquer ware, steel mirrors, work boxes, glove boxes and cabinets, of different sizes and designs, fancy fans and silks, tops and other toys, and all manner of curios. The shop keepers were courteous, and quite active in soliciting trade, some of them treating

us to cake and tea, which was generally delicious. The cake was like our American sponge cake.

The city was not crowded like the city of Shanghai with its unsanitary, narrow streets. It was laid out more like our large towns, with several wide streets and a spacious square, shade trees, detached houses, gardens, etc. The dwelling houses are always neat and the city was clean. The floors of the houses were padded and covered with matting, which was held in place by thin, narrow battens tacked across the floor from both directions forming squares of about three by three feet. They did not use chairs, but sat on the floor in these padded squares. The rooms are formed by sliding partitions and can be subdivided if necessary. The partitions or panels are made of light material, and a door is opened wherever convenient by simply sliding one of them.

The people slip off their sandals before going into their houses. When the streets are muddy they use wooden sandals with a piece across the heel and toe from two to three inches in height. I spent all the money I had in buying little work-boxes and tea-boxes, trays, tops and other trinkets. We all met at the landing at six P. M. and went aboard, well pleased with our trip ashore.

Two weeks have passed. The "Two Sisters" is loaded and again ready for sea. In the meantime the bark "Maryland" had arrived from Hong Kong. Tom's brother proved to be one of the crew. After proving his identity, Tom's things were delivered to him. We told him about his brother's life while on

board the "Two Sisters," and of his conversion, and his death. Mrs. Benjamin gave him the Bible and other books which Tom had read.

"All hands get under way," ordered Mr. Stover.

It was eight A. M. The morning was partly cloudy and the wind light from the west. We were lying head to the wind and tide, and desired to cast on the starboard tack. We therefore mastheaded the topsail-yards and proceeded to get under way in the same manner as at Shanghai. The "Germantown," Russian frigate, and several other ships were lying below us. We bid each other good-bye by dipping our ensigns. We made all sail, except studdingsails, and soon passed down the harbor and out of the bay, a distance of about seven miles. We then set our studdingsails and took our departure from Signal Head, the north point of Iwo Sima island, course west southwest, about the eighteenth of April, 1859.

Our anchors were not lashed across the forecastle-deck and chains unshackled, as for a long voyage, but simply made secure at the catheads and on the rail, and the hawse-pipes caulked. We passed Asses Ears at ten P. M. that evening. The wind then died out, and we were in sight of the group all of the next day. While we were drifting, the gunner had some target practice. We headed up an empty beef barrel for a target and as it was water tight, it set well up out of the water. Our gunner hit at the sixth shot. The cask was about two cables away, and if it had been a pirate junk, every shot would have gone crashing into her.

"Three cheers for the cross of St. George!" exclaimed Sam, as the crew were gathered on and about the forecastledeck during the last dog watch that evening.

"Faith, it's meself that'll bay after cheerin' fur auld Ireland and fur the cross of St. Patrick," shouted Chips, as he sprang to his feet and swung his cap in the air.

"I'm thinking mair 'bout the heather and thistle, the birdies and flooers and ma ain highland lassie in me far away hame and the cross of St. Andrew of my ain countrie," said Scottie, one of our new men. This little burst of patriotism from Sam, Chips and Scottie attracted the attention of all present. I thought that I would like to take a hand in the discussion, at least by proxy, so I ventured to ask Wilson what his views were upon the subject.

Wilson straightened up a bit and said, "Shipmates, I always like to see a man stand up for his country, his native land, the home of his birth and childhood; but as I have told some of you before, I was born at sea, on the equator, under the Norwegian flag, without a country. The first five years of my life were spend on board of a ship. I then became an orphan, threefold, having neither parents, home nor country. I passed my boyhood days in old Norway and Sweden; and after I was grown, I went to the States, where 'a man is a man if he's willing to toil.' Shipmates, I believe that the United States of America is the best country under the sun. Well, I sailed out of New York and Boston for several years. I

then felt the need of a country to hail from. The Yankees took me in and I signed allegiance to their constitution and to the stars and stripes. Now I will propose that we run up the 'star spangled banner' in the midst of the three crosses, that of St. George, of England, St. Patrick, of Ireland, and St. Andrew, of Scotland, all blending together, and then harmonizing with the double eagle of Russia, the black eagle of Prussia, the crescent of Turkey, the tricolor of France, and the red, yellow, red of proud old Spain, whose royal standard was the first flag to cross the Atlantic, and we will demand universal peace; that war shall cease in all the earth."

"Good! good! Wilson," exclaimed several of the listeners.

"Sure, an' it's the millennium you're thinkin', Wilson. Faith and it's comin' sure," said Chips. The Lord reigns by the Holy Sperit in the hearts of his Saints thits on the airth to-day, as I understand it; but sure, he's comin' Himself in pearson sume day to reign over all the nishuns, thin shill universal pace cume to pass."

"I agree with you, Chips," said Wilson, "but I believe that every nation should do its best to bring it about. I knew that when Christ shall come, without sin unto salvation, to reign on the earth, the world will enjoy the full fruition of man's highest ideals of reform. There goes eight bells, Jack, and it is our watch below. Chips, we'll turn in and dream over the subject. Good night, Sam, keep a good lookout for pirates, eh?"

The following day the wind was fair, but light. We passed Pallas Rocks about midnight, but did not sight them. All hands were set at work scraping the bright work about decks, varnishing, painting, etc. As the trip across to Shanghai would be of short duration, we did not have watch and watch. Mrs. Benjamin had promised to tell me something more about Japan. When she had anything especial to say to me she always planned something for me to do in the after-cabin, so after breakfast that morning I was ordered to report to her for service.

"Good morning, Jack, while you are making up the berths and polishing up the wood work, I will tell you more about the land of the Rising Sun."

"I will be very glad to listen, ma'am," I answered.

"The empire of Japan," began Mrs. Benjamin, "is composed of four large islands, Kiusiu, Sikok, Nippon and Yesso, and also a large number of small ones, Nippon, the largest and most important of these, and which gives its name to the whole empire, is more than seven hundred miles in length, northeast and southwest, and its breadth varies from fifty to a hundred and fifty miles. South of Nippon and separated from it by a narrow channel is Kiusiu, lying northeast of Kiusiu and eastward of the south extreme of Nippon is the island of Sikok, about three hundred miles in length. It is separated from Kiusiu by the Bungo channel and with Kiusiu and the western part of Nippon, forms a basin or an inland sea named Setouchi. North of Nippon and separated by the strait of Tsugar is the large island of Yesso, a conquest

and colony of Japan. Just at this point the captain entered the cabin. It was five minutes to high noon, apparent time. We were sailing to the westward, consequently losing one minute in every fifteen miles.

"Mrs. Benjamin," said the captain, as he took up his sextant, "I want to find the longitude this noon by double altitudes; if you will please take down the time (chronometer time) for me, I will take the first observation now. Jack will stand in the companion-way and pass the word to you."

"I will be ready in a few moments, captain," said Mrs. Benjamin as he went on deck.

We made Amherst Rocks at noon, seventy-six hours after weighing anchor at Nagasaki. We had calms and light variable winds during the passage. A European pilot boarded us a little to the eastward of Ariadne Rock, wind northwest, about the last of the ebb. We worked up as far as Wu-sung that evening and meeting a head tide, we anchored for the night. The next morning, at two A. M., we again got under way and sailed up to Pheasant Point. There we had the wind dead ahead, and took in foretopsail and spanker and headed across the river. On reaching the opposite bank we hauled down the jib and backed the maintopsail and sailed the ship, stern first, back across the river again, then filling away the maintopsail and hoisting the jib, sailed back again as at first. This method of sailing across the river back and forth is called backing and filling, the current in the meantime taking the ship up or down the stream according to the flood or ebb. We arrived

at the city and moored opposite Frenchtown, in about the same locality as before, and discharged the pilot at eleven A. M.

In the afternoon a custom officer came on board and we began discharging cargo. Lang Su, our sampan boy, was alongside before we dropped anchor. As he had proved to be a faithful boatman, he was re-engaged. We were not surrounded with sampans, for the boys knew that Lang was out of employment, consequently, the "Two Sisters" belonged to him, as it were. Bomboats, market boats, tailor and laundry boats were well represented. All of the crew, excepting Wilson, Sam, Chips and the gunner, were paid off. The cook also left us in about a week, having found a ship bound to Boston. The captain gave him a good recommendation in writing, and he was greatly pleased to find Mrs. Benjamin's signature added to it.

"Jack, I keeps de Bible, I reads him, I say, missis tell me some things, too. On de Boston ship I no finds de missis nor Jack, but de Lord he tells me, I gets to Boston; I goes to de mission. If de 'Two Sisters' come back to de States, might be I see him. I come board. Tell him Sunday be good man, hunt de pirate quick."

"That's right, Cook," I said, "If you should ever fall in with the 'Two Sisters,' come aboard. You may not find me, but probably the captain could tell you where I could be found. We will all miss you very much." This was true, for he was a good man as well as a good cook.

In about two weeks after arriving at Shanghai we were again ready for sea, bound for Nagasaki in ballast, with a large amount of specie on board. The same pilot who brought us in took the ship out. His name was Moore, and he hailed from Baltimore, Maryland. After I arrived home I learned that he was a brother of a lady who lived in the next house to my mother's. We took our departure from Amherst Rocks on our second trip to Nagasaki about May 5, 1859.

"We ought to make Amherst Rocks by six A. M. tomorrow morning," said Mr. Stover.

"Yes," replied the captain, "that will be soon enough. I don't want to get in there before daylight. We might not be able to pick up a pilot, so I think we had better take in the degallantstunsails, skysail, royals and upperstaysails."

The wind was south southeast, blowing fresh. We were steering west by south. It was the fourth of July, 1859. We were returning to Shanghai from Nagasaki on our fourth trip. Nothing unusual occurred during the last three trips, with the exception of the third trip, when we took over a set of spars for the dismantled Russian frigate. We always went over in ballast, but brought back a full cargo. We took, generally, some passengers back and forth. On our second trip to Japan, in May, there was among the passengers a missionary; and on our third trip, in June, 1859, another missionary took passage with us. These gentlemen, I understood, were connected with the Episcopal Board of Missions and

were the first Protestant missionaries to locate in Japan.

On the following morning a pilot boarded us between Amherst and Ariadne Rock. A little before reaching the light-ship we met the British flag-ship, "Gibraltar," (Sunday's ship) bound out. Of course, we looked for Sunday and located him in the maintop, swinging his cap high over his head. We answered his salutation, Mrs. Benjamin waving her handkerchief vigorously. We dipped our ensign while passing. The "Gibraltar" was a powerful ship-of-war, having among her crew gallant and heroic men, with officers of high rank, yet it was not the ship, nor her men, nor her officers which attracted our special attention; it was a poor, humble, Malay Christian in the maintop. No doubt that Sunday thought as we did, "When shall we meet again." We arrived at the city that afternoon and made preparation for discharging cargo.

The following day was the Sabbath. Wilson and I attended divine service on board the Bethel ship. The chaplain was glad to see us. He said:

"You may tell your captain, my lad, that I visited Sunday on board the 'Gibraltar' and learned that he was progessing rapidly in all his duties."

After dinner Mr. Stover proposed that I go ashore with Mr. Fletcher and Wilson. This was quite remarkable for him, though he was, at times, really kind to me. We visited American, English and French towns, and called at the Sailors' Home where several old shipmates were met. We spent a very

pleasant afternoon, and went aboard at six P. M., having steered clear of bar rooms and all such places.

The following Saturday was a day of great excitement to the whole community, especially among the Chinese living in the walled city. It happened that there was only one war vessel in port, the French frigate, "Forte" a sailing ship. She was in the dry dock, and some of her big guns were on board a lighter. The insurgents, having learned of this fact, took advantage of their opportunity and made an attack on the city (Shanghai). It was fortunate that the warship was in a condition to be floated. As soon as possible, therefore, the ship was floated and hauled out into the river, in position, and then she began shelling the insurgents. They did not return her fire, but continued their operations against the city. It was feared that the insurgents would capture it, or destroy it by fire. Late in the afternoon three English men-of-war came rushing up the river, and as they steamed up above the city, the rebels withdrew out of range, in double quick time, and the old historic city was saved. In the evening marines were landed from the warships and patrolled the European towns, assisted by their respective residents.

About the twentieth of July we were ready for sea again, bound for Nagasaki in ballast as usual. We had several passengers, but Mrs. Benjamin remained at Shanghai. We passed out of the Wu-sung river at four P. M. and worked down the Yang-tse and

anchored a little outside of the bar for the night; wind southeast by east, blowing strong.

During the night the wind increased to a gale, and the following morning it had not abated in violence. The ship rolled heavily, especially during the ebb, as the tide was running against the wind. We were riding to one anchor, with sixty fathoms of cable, good holding bottom. At six A. M. a strong flood tide having set in, it was deemed necessary to let go the starboard bower (biggest anchor). Then it was discovered that the port-cable had cut through the hawse pipe and was eating down rapidly into the wood work. We payed out fifty fathoms of starboard cable. Of course, it was impossible to get our port anchor at that time, and in order to take all the strain off the cable, it was necessary to pay out one hundred and fifty fathoms.

It continued to blow heavily all day, but moderated during the night. The next day we got our anchors, after some difficulty in getting the port one, having to heave in the cable over the bow. We then returned to Shanghai for repairs, and anchored off Americantown at sundown. The passengers went ashore until we were ready for sea again, which was three days later.

On the second day Mrs. Benjamin, with some lady friends, came aboard and took dinner. "You ought to have been over to Nagasaki, by this time, Jack," she said.

"We are chartered by the month, and it's not worth while to go to sea disabled, ma'am," I answered.

"The truth is, ma'am, we are not getting along very well without you."

"Well, Jack, you must try again and do your best," she said.

On the twenty-fifth of July we got under way and proceeded to sea without further mishap. During the first night out we had a dead calm. The ship drifted to the northward of Shaweishan (seventeen and one-half miles north of Amherst Rocks). Much anxiety was manifest among all hands. It is needless to say that everyone was well equipped and ready for a sudden attack from pirates. It was quite dark, and with muffled oars they could row up within a short distance of us before being discovered. We fired blank cartridges now and then so as to warn any who might be after us. The cause of our alarm and precaution was in the fact that we had on board two hundred and seventy-five thousand Mexican dollars, the largest amount of specie we had ever carried to Japan at any one time. This was a great temptation and inducement for pirates; for, if they captured the ship, the spoils could be disposed of readily. Another reason for anxiety was due to the fact that after the specie was taken aboard, the ship was detained several days before getting to sea and had been becalmed near the coast during the night. We knew that the pirates had emissaries who always kept them posted of such matters. Nothing occurred, however, through the night to warrant our suspicions.

"If they planned an attack for to-night, sir, they are a little late," said Mr. Stover.

"It is better late than never with those fellows, if they ever get after us," replied the captain.

As the day dawned and the darkness disappeared, quietly and beautifully the morning light enveloped the surrounding ocean, making it look like a sea of glass.

"Sail ho, right astern, sir," shouted the second mate from the maintopmast cross-trees.

"All right, come down," answered the captain.

All hands were on deck in a moment, including passengers, cook and steward, every man of them well armed. Our big guns had been placed during the night just forward of the break of the quarter-deck, so as to have a good range over the stern.

"He is coming up on us and doesn't appear to have any wind. They must be rowing. I think I can see the flash of their oars through the glass. Take a look, Mr. Stover," said the captain, handing the glass to the mate.

"They are rowing, sir, and that's the fact," said Mr. Stover.

In the meantime Mr. Fletcher had been sent aloft with a glass to observe the stranger. He then reported three other junks in line astern of each other.

"All of them must be using oars, sir, as they are close together," said the second mate.

The "Two Sisters" was lying perfectly helpless, scarcely under steerage way. It was now sunrise,

and the great light of day shed his brightness, warmth and life, glorious both in abundance and in magnificence, and, like all God's providental gifts, distributed equally on the just and the unjust; upon the evil as well as the good.

"Gunner," said the captain, "except the Lord of heaven and earth direct your fire, we will all be good for sharks before the sun goes down this night."

"Needn't be halarmed, sir," answered our gunner, who had served his time in the English navy, "hexcept they git ha land breeze hand come hup hon us quick, hi can smash hevery one hof 'um, before they over'aal us."

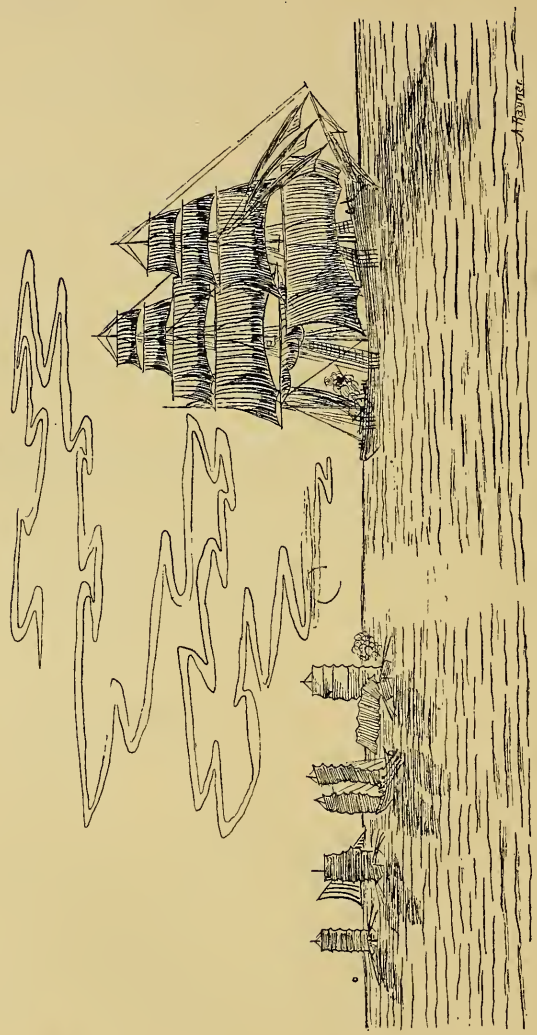
His confidence in his ability to smash the fleet inspired us with courage, especially when we remembered the target practice.

"Gunner, send a shot in their direction, and we will run up our ensign and introduce ourselves, and determine whether they are really pirates," said the captain.

"Bang!" went one of our pieces. As nearly as we could observe, the ball did not quite reach them. Immediately they swung out of line and proceeded four abreast with all possible speed.

"Men! that proves their identity," exclaimed the captain, "stand by the gunner and obey his orders."

We opened fire on the two inside junks. The crew supplying the ammunition and keeping the guns cool and reloading them as quickly as possible. Our sails had been wet down and everything done to take advantage of the first breeze that might favor us. As



A RUNNING FIGHT WITH CHINESE JUNKS

our spars were much taller than those of the pirates, we would feel the least breath of air aloft sooner than they.

"Captain, if they once get alongside, it will be all over with us, sir," said one of the passengers, "they have earthern jars filled with powerful chemicals which they throw on deck, and when broken the fumes are so strong as to poison the air, so that it is impossible to breathe near one of them. They are worse than musket fire."

"They are not coming alongside if we can prevent it, and I think we can," replied the captain.

"Three cheers, three cheers for the gunner," shouted the captain. All hands answered with a will. The captain was watching the result of our firing.

No shots had taken effect. There was some confusion on board the two middle junks. They had dropped a little astern, but had regained their position with the other two. They had opened fire on us, but all their shots had fallen short.

A little air began stirring aloft. The light sails were filled and the "Two Sisters" felt it and responded to her helm. The pirates had also felt the breeze, and with the aid of their oars were coming up on us. Their shots were skipping along dangerously near, on either side of us.

The passengers and some of the crew were much alarmed. I thought that we would surely be taken. Officers and gunner, however, were confident.

"We'll give um ha dose hof shell," said the gunner, as they loaded both pieces with those deadly

missiles. He then trained them on one of the junks which was a little in advance of the others, exclaiming, "Hi'll wager, hi'll put 'im hout hof commission."

One shell took effect, entering the bow and bursting amidships, completely disabling the fellow, for he dropped astern and did not resume the chase.

We kept the "Two Sisters" directly before the wind, having the maintopgallanttopmast and lower-studdingsails set on both sides, which gave us a wide spread of canvas. This was an advantage over the pirates, as they were under fore and aft sails. The wind had freshened a little, and this gladdened our hearts. All hands gave a yell of defiance, for another junk was put out of action.

"Hit's fine sport to smash um hup, hisn't it, hold girls?" ejaculated the gunner, as he patted his guns.

The remainding two junks had ceased gaining on us, but they kept up a vigorous fire. One of their shots struck our taffrail, on the starboard quarter, and two others pierced our lower studdingsails. At the beginning of the engagement the captain ordered me to supply the men with drinking water, and to assist them any other way that I could.

"Gunner, I am glad they haven't any shells," said the captain.

"Too long range fer um, sir, savin' um till they git nearer," answered the gunner.

We had ceased firing for several minutes, in order that our guns might cool.

"They are overhauling us, again, sir, coming up with a good breeze," said Mr. Stover. Just then a shell burst close astern of us.

"Hi'll speak to um hagain, sir," said the gunner. He then took accurate aim at the leading junk and fired. Down went his foremast as the shell exploded, proving disastrous, undoubtedly, to a number of the cutthroats.

There was only one junk remaining, and that one came pressing on with renewed determination, thinking, doubtless, that they could capture us. They probably knew that there were only nineteen lives between them and two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. If they could burst three or four shells on our deck, the lives, the specie and the ship would be at their disposal. Those of us still alive they would put to death, as their maxim is, "Dead men tell no tales." They would then transfer the provisions and valuables and scuttle the ship as quickly as they could. Our two big guns, however, handled by a trained gunner, proved to be our great salvation. After loading both guns and training them on the only pursuing junk, and getting accurate aim, we very soon disabled him, and he was forced to give up the fight.

"Three rousing cheers and a tiger for the gunner and for all hands!" shouted the captain.

After the cheering, which must have been heard by our enemies, we drew a long breath of relief, and doubtless every one offered up a prayer of praise and thanksgiving for deliverance.

"Let us indulge in a little sarcasm, and if there are any Europeans among them, they will understand it," said the captain.

We then run up the signal, "Hope to meet you at Shanghai in the near future."

A light breeze was blowing from the southeast. We took in our studdingsails and hauled up sharp on the starboard tack, heading east by north, half north, with a good full. Just then some smoke was seen to the southward.

"It was a steam vessel of some description, bound to the northward, perhaps she is a warship and has heard the cannonading, and is on her way up the coast to investigate. If so she will pick up some of those fellows before they reach the land," said the captain.

After the pirates were beaten off, and the ship straightened out on her course, we realized that we were hungry. I was detailed to assist the cook and steward in preparing breakfast. The best the "Two Sisters" could afford was soon made ready. After we had all enjoyed a hearty meal, the starboard watch went below.

The slight damage which the "Two Sisters" had received during our encounter with the pirates was repaired in a day or two, and no one would have imagined that we had just emerged from a running fight of three hours with four pirate junks. Our escape from such deadly foes afforded us matter for conversation for a long time, especially when we called to mind the

many vessels that had been captured, of which not one was left among their crew to tell the tale.

We arrived at Nagasaki without experiencing further casualties, on the morning of the twenty-ninth of July. It was very warm at the anchorage between the high hills, during the middle of the day. There was generally a breeze from the southwest during July and August, which blew through the entrance to the harbor. As there was plenty of room, we run out our kedge and hauled the ship crosswise of the channel so as to get the full benefit of the incoming breeze. This method is adopted by nearly all the ships which are at Nagasaki during the hottest months. It was thought to be conducive to the health of the men. I can testify that it was much cooler on board the "Two Sisters" when moored in that position.

Among the several other ships in port was Her Majesty's ship the "Roebuck," also the Russian frigate, whose crew had been engaged in refitting the disabled ship, the spars for which we had brought over. The frigate proceeded to sea the following day, bound for Kronstadt, Russia. While she was passing out, the British ship, and the Japanese battery saluted the Russian flag, which was answered.

Our cargo was ready, and in two weeks we were prepared for sea. A few days before we sailed, the commander of the "Roebuck" came on board. He congratulated all hands, especially the gunner, for the victory over the pirates. He replenished our magazine, at the request of Captain Benjamin. The cap-

tain also received from him some information regarding the best route to Yokohama, as the officers of the "Roebuck" had just been surveying the eastern coast of the Island of Sikok and up through the Vraga Channel into the Gulf of Yedo.

The scenery on shore was beautiful. The hills were gorgeously attired in a mantle of green, decked with blossoms. The city itself was filled with flowers and fruit of many varieties, indeed, almost every house was like a flower garden.

During the latter part of July, 1859, a treaty was ratified between Japan and Great Britain. This great event was celebrated in Nagasaki on the thirteenth of August. All the shipping in the harbor took part in it by displaying their bunting. Salutes belched forth from the war vessels and fortifications. It was a day of rejoicing among the Europeans, and more especially among the Japanese. This fact was suggestive when we remembered their past history and considered the opposition to foreign intercourse still existing in some parts of the empire. On the following day we sailed for Shanghai. We had a pleasant passage across the Yellow sea, with southerly winds, and anchored abreast Frenchtown on the evening of the sixteenth of August.

Mrs. Benjamin came aboard, immediately. It was well known on shore that we had had an encounter with pirates, and she had been fearful that some of us had been killed. She was quite well. We were glad to see her. She shook hands with all the crew and complimented each one us.

"You did so remarkably well that I think I shall remain on shore another trip," she said.

"We were glad that you were safe on shore," I answered.

"It must have been awful, Jack. When I heard about it, I was very anxious," continued Mrs. Benjamin.

The smoke, which we saw on the morning of our escape from the pirates, proved to be from the Chinese gunboat, "Confucius." She was of European construction and was bound into the Yang-tse from the South. Her officers, hearing the report of big guns to the northward, at once proceeded under full speed in that direction to investigate. As Captain Benjamin had suspected, they kept well in shore and succeed in intercepting and capturing two of the pirate junks. The other two had been abandoned and sunk. Those captured could not prove themselves to be honest merchantmen, and besides two of their men, in order to save their lives, confessed to the authorities. The pirates knew the "Two Sisters" well, and knew that we always carried specie. They had been watching for an opportunity to capture us, from the time of our first trip over. They knew something about our gunner and his guns, but they intended to pull up on us before daylight. There were eighty men of them; our shot and shell killed thirty. Twenty-eight of them were executed at Shanghai and their heads suspended on the outside of the walls, the fate of all captured pirates among the Chinese.

The "Two Sisters" had become quite famous. We received congratulations from all sides. It was really an important event. Two bands of pirates had been completely annihilated, and valuable information obtained regarding another band.

We were much surprised to find the American bark "Urania" in port. She was built within a cable from the birthplace of the "Two Sisters," although she hailed from New York. Her captain and second mate were "townies" of mine. I did not know them, however, but they knew of me. The "Urania" did not remain long on the coast. We never fell in with her again. A number of years after, she found her grave at Cape Town, South Africa.

The great Taping rebellion was still going, attended by its horrible consequences. .It shook the whole empire; the northern part being the most affected. General Lee Hung Chang, who became well known throughout Europe and America as a great statesman, was at that time commander and chief of the Imperial armies.

On the last of August, 1859, we set sail again for Nagasaki on our sixth trip, Mrs. Benjamin remaining on shore. Among our passengers was a Mr. Walsh, one of the members of our charter party. He was going to Nagasaki in the interest of his company, and to act, for a time, as consul for the United States. There accompanied us, also, Dr. Jenkins and his wife, Methodist missionaries, stationed in China. They were going to Japan on a tour of inspection, as well as a pleasure trip.

We took our departure from Amherst Rocks as usual, heading east, half north, sharp on the wind. It was my wheel. The captain and Mr. Stover talked over the probabilities; winds, weather, current, etc.

"I would like to head up about east. We must allow at least three-quarters of a point for leeway and current," said the captain.

"We are scarcely making any leeway, at present, sir, but I don't know about the current," answered the mate.

There is a set extending between longitude 126 degrees and 128 degrees which runs up through Korean strait, but its strength has not yet been determined," replied the captain.

"Keep her a good full, Jack," he said as he went below.

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered.

Everything went well until four-thirty A. M., on the morning of the third day out. The weather being thick, we had not had an observation for two days, but according to our calculations by dead reckoning we were well to the windward of our course, and intended to make Signal Head about ten o'clock that morning. The wind was south, southeast, blowing a gale. We were under two reefed topsails, reefed foresail foretopmast and mizzenstaysail and reefed spanker.

"Land ho, close on the lee bow, sir," shouted the lookout.

"All hands tack ship," ordered the second mate.

I rushed below to call Mr. Stover and the captain, but they being anxious about the ship's position, did not need to be called. I met them coming on deck.

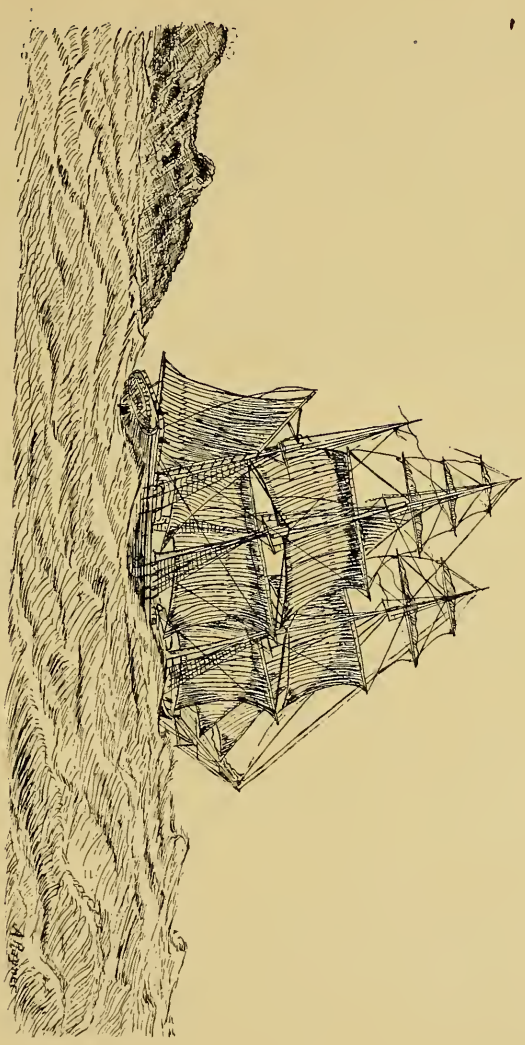
"We're on a lee shore! Hard a' lee, bear a hand, my hearties," shouted the captain.

It was thought that as the "Two Sisters" was under such good headway she could "come in stays" all right, but being in ballast, and a heavy sea running, she failed to tack. By the time that we filled away and got her under headway again, the land loomed up dangerously near to the leeward of us, so near that it was not deemed safe to attempt to wear ship.

The captain examined his charts and hastily concluded that we were a long way to the leeward of our course, and among a group of islands about sixty miles to the northward of Iwo Sima.

"It will be daylight before long, if we can only weather this island, I think that we will come out all right," said the captain.

He then went aloft to get a better view, if possible. It was very dark. In the meantime we had been crowding on all the canvas that the "Two Sisters" could stagger under. We were now so close to the island that its perpendicular side seemed to loom up over our heads. There were rocks and reefs, also, to the windward. The sea was breaking fearfully in every direction. We were, at times, completely submerged. Mr. Fletcher was on the foreyard, from which he could distinguish, a short distance away, the



On a Lee Shore.

white surf and the black outline of the rocks and reefs. The captain came down out of the main-rigging.

"Men, this is worse than pirates," he said.

We were all much alarmed, expecting every moment that the ship would be dashed upon the rocks, resulting in sudden destruction to life and property.

Brave-hearted men are sometimes fearful, after they have done their best, and their best does not apparently avail. Mr. Walsh was on deck. He was somewhat of a sailor, and offered a suggestion now and then. Dr. Jenkins, the missionary, was also on deck for a time. He was not competent to render any service as a sailor, but he had a firm trust in God.

"Captain, I can not help you any, but I know who can and I will go and invoke His Divine aid." He then went below, and with Mrs. Jenkins implored help from above.

Just at the breaking of day we cleared the point of the island. As the daylight appeared we could see something of the dangerous passage through which we had sailed. All hands agreed that it was, indeed, a miracle that we ever pulled through.

During the morning the wind and sea moderated, and at ten A. M. we shook the reefs out of the topsails, set the topgallantsails and tacked ship. At noon the weather was still thick, and we did not get an observation. We set all sail and continued on the port tack.

Dr. Jenkins was an elderly gentleman, who had been in China for many years and had traveled extensively in that country, disguised as a native penetrating as far north as the great wall.

"All of the costumes worn by the Chinese gentry are very comfortable," he said, "their shoes, however, turned up so abruptly at the toe that they cramped my feet. I found also that long nails were very inconvenient. I became so accustomed to their language, mode of traveling, table etiquette, chop sticks, etc., that I was not afraid of being detected as a foreigner."

Dr. Jenkins having become familiar with the Chinese language, both written and oral, besides a number of dialects which were used in different parts of the country, was very efficient in translating the scriptures, in which work he had chiefly been engaged. His reminiscences abounded in acts of labor, self-sacrifice and instruction, and, now and then, with amusing experiences.

Mrs. Jenkins was much younger than the doctor, to whom she had lately been married. She had a very unpleasant experience on the second day out from Boston, on her way to China. On the morning of that day the captain of the ship was found murdered in his berth. The mate took charge of the vessel and returned to Boston. All hands were arrested and held on suspicion and for witnesses, especially the officers, steward, cabin boy and passengers, as they only had free access to the cabins. After the ship had been provided with an entire new crew, she set sail again.

Mrs. Jenkins, after filing her affidavit, was allowed to proceed, and arrived safely at her destination, in due time. So far as she could learn the identity of the guilty person had never been proved.

We arrived at Nagasaki the afternoon of the fifth day after leaving the Yang-tse. The gig was lowered, and three men and I rowed the captain and passengers to the landing. Dr. Jenkins and wife were to return to China with us. There were always some loungers about the landing and they had become quite familiar with the captain and me. They greeted us cheerfully. The "Two Sisters" was moored crosswise in the channel, as before, and everything made ready for taking in cargo.

Within a few days, several vessels arrived from the coast of China, among which was our gallant friend, the United States sloop of war, "Germantown." They had all experienced a strong northerly current, which set them a long way to the leeward, as it had set us. The "Germantown" lost some of her sails; yet the "Two Sisters" did not carry away even a rope-yarn.

I had charge of the gig, as usual, and went to the landing at least twice every day, but did not go up into the city that trip. On our first sabbath in port, Mr. Fletcher, Wilson, Sam, Chips and I attended divine service on board the "Germantown." The chaplain recognized Mr. Fletcher and me, and gave us all a hearty welcome. Thinking that Chips belonged to another faith, he said:

"There has been much conflict between our creeds, carpenter, but I am glad that we can be one in spirit."

"Sure, yer honor," Chips replied, "'tis not in me head I's carrying me creed, but's in me pocket. Faith, sir, 'tis ther truth that I nade in me heart."

After the service had been read the chaplain took for his text the Twenty-Third Psalm.

It was a beautiful service, the discourse being spiritual and instructive, and the vocal and instrumental music, attractive and inspiring.

In a few days the "Germantown" sailed for Hong Kong. We never fell in with her again, as she was soon afterward relieved from the Chinese station by another ship. We missed the "Germantown's" company very much, as there was no other warship in port during our stay.

After being loaded with a valuable cargo, consisting of teas, raw silks, copper and lacquer ware, Dr. Jenkins and his wife came on board and we set sail again for Shanghai. We had been in port for eighteen days and were glad to have a change. As we had calm weather, most of the time, all hands were kept busy setting up and taring down the standing rigging, squaring ratlines, seizings, etc. Our gunner also took advantage of the smooth sea and indulged in some target practice, which resulted satisfactorily to him. Mrs. Jenkins trained and fired one of the guns. Her aim was not very accurate, the ball might have hit one junk in a fleet of half dozen, providing they were large enough.

I had had several conversations with Mrs. Jenkins during the trip, in the course of which I told her about our voyage.

"Jack," she said, "your mother certainly must possess a brave, self-sacrificing spirit to allow you to leave home so young."

"My mother felt very badly, ma'am," I replied, "perhaps she thought, 'I will never see my boy again, as a child.' It makes me homesick even now to think about it."

My last talk with Mrs. Jenkins occurred on the day before we arrived at Shanghai. As I was working in the after-cabin that day, she said:

"Jack, if you would like to hear me, I will tell you something about the island of Kiusiu."

"I thank you, ma'am, I will be glad to listen," I answered. "Mrs. Benjamin has told me about the islands of Nippon and Yeso and many other things about Japan and on our first trip over to Nagasaki, one of our passengers told me something about the bay and peninsula of Nagasaki, which are connected with the island of Kiusiu."

"The word 'Kiusiu,'" began Mrs. Jenkins, according to Kaempfer, signifies 'country of nine.' It refers to its division into nine provinces. It is sixty-five leagues in length, from north to south, and forty leagues in breadth. It is separated from Nippon by the Simonoski Channel, which is the western entrance to the inland sea of Japan and is only half a mile in width. The strait which separates it from the island of Sikok, is also contracted at one

point to ten miles in width. The strait of Van Diemen forms its southern boundary and the strait of Korea is on the western side.

The great inland sea of Japan is called by the Japanese, Seto Uchi. It is enclosed between the southwest coast of Nippon, which entirely bounds it on the north and east, and the islands of Kiusiu and Sikok, which bound it on the west and south. It extends somewhat in an east and west direction about two hundred and forty miles long and from ten to thirty miles wide. It communicates with the Pacific by the Kii Channel on the east, Bungo Channel between Kiusiu and Sikok on the south, and with the sea of Japan by the strait of Simonoski on the west.

Very little is known to Europeans of the inland sea at this time. It is a direct route from Shanghai and vicinity to the east coast of Nippon. It will become eventually a great thoroughfare. It is not yet opened, however, to the commerce of the world."

"There goes eight bells, ma'am, I am greatly obliged to you. What you have told me and what I have heard from others make me quite familiar with the general outline of the coast of the island of Kiusiu."

We arrived at Shanghai on the following evening, all well. The next day Mrs. Benjamin came on board.

"I have had a pleasant vacation on shore, Jack," she said, "but I am glad to get back home again, aboard the 'Two Sisters.'"

"We had a very dangerous experience on a lee shore, ma'am, on our way over to Nagasaki last trip."

"Yes, Jack, the captain, Doctor and Mrs. Jenkins told me about it. You did not make sufficient allowance for the current," replied Mrs. Benjamin.

"We had had thick weather and could not get an observation, ma'am, was the chief reason," I said.

"Well, Jack, the 'Two Sisters' will go to Yokohama for her next trip," said Mrs. Benjamin. "It is a port on the east coast of Nippon, and as it is new to you all, I think that I had better go along and assist, just a little."

There were several warships in port and among them the U. S. gunboat, "Helena," a small vessel of barkentine rig. She was not as gallant a craft in appearance as the "Germantown."

The usual routine of harbor work was carried on. When the cargo was discharged, I always enjoyed clearing up the lower hold. A dozen coolies would be placed in my charge; I would have six on either side, some piling up dunnage and some using brooms. The poor fellows received only about twenty cents each for a day's labor. I remember how they would run hither and thither and seem to try their very best to please me. As it was the only opportunity I had to boss anyone, I fear that I exercised great authority over them.

The gunboat "Confucius" steamed up the river with two pirate junks in tow, and anchored near us. She had forty pirates on board. As they were being transported to the shore, there was great rejoicing

in the harbor. "It is a solemn thing," I thought, "to see men going to their doom." The "Confucius" flew the Imperial ensign of China. This was the first opportunity I had ever had to observe it closely. The flag is a yellow ground bearing a hideous looking dragon and bordered with blue and white. Another Chinese flag is nearly triangular in form with an indented border and bearing in its center a nondescript figure somewhat resembling a lizard. The Chinese national flag, officially announced as such in 1872, is triangular in shape and made of deep yellow bunting with a blue dragon in the center, snapping at a red pearl or ball. The Chinese emblem of the dragon dates back to the remotest antiquity.

About the nineteenth of October we were ready for sea again, bound for Yokohama, and as our company had not had any business relations with that port, it was necessary to carry a supercargo. He became known to us as Dr. Hall, and a jolly old gentleman he was. Dr. S. W. Brown, D. D., and two other missionaries also took passage with us. Dr. J. C. Hepburn and wife preceded Dr. Brown and party, one month. They were the first missionaries of the Presbyterian Board of Missions to locate in Japan.

Chips and Wilson were the only ones forward left of the original crew. Mr. Fletcher and the steward contemplated leaving the ship, as the conflicts between them and the mate were increasingly frequent and severe. I was glad to have Mrs. Benjamin on board again for everything seemed to go more smoothly when she was present.

The following day, as the wind was dead ahead we were towed down the Wu-sung River to Pheasant Point, just above the village of Wu-sung. The tug boat, before mentioned, had arrived in sections, had been put together and was now doing a brisk business on the river. After rounding Pheasant Point we began to make sail and the tug left us. We passed out of the Yang-tse by the light-ship, over the bar, and discharged the pilot off Amherst Rocks at two P. M., from whence we took our departure, wind from the north blowing fresh.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "we will steer for Cape Satano, course east, one quarter south (magnetic) distance four hundred thirty-eight miles."

"That will be our first stretch, sir," replied the mate, "that's only about fifty-one miles difference of latitude and 8 degrees 23 minutes longitude."

"From Cape Satano to Cape Toyi," continued the captain, "our course will be east by north, distance thirty-five miles, from thence to Rode Island, northeast by east, half east, distance three hundred fifty-eight miles; from Rode Island to the entrance of Yedo Bay, northeast, sixty miles, and from the entrance of Yedo Bay to the anchorage off Yokohama the course is northwest by north, distance about eleven miles. With a fair wind we will have to make at least nine hundred miles."

"With a breeze like this and a straight course," said Mr. Stover, "we would soon reel off nine hundred miles, sir, but probably, when we get to the leeward of the islands the winds will be lighter and

more variable. I think that this breeze will run us over to Satano."

"Check in the weather braces and run up the lower and topmaststunsails," ordered the captain, after which the log was thrown. The ship was making ten knots. It was then four P. M. and everything having been made snug aloft and on deck, the starboard watch was ordered below. At noon, the following day, we had made two hundred and twenty-five miles, wind still fresh, weather fine.

During the forenoon of the following day we passed by some islands on the starboard hand, one of which, Volcano Island, stood up out of the sea to a great height, and looked like a gigantic pyramid. We always passed near this island on our way to and from Yokohama. It was generally active, emitting smoke and flame. We passed Cape Satano that evening, from whence we took a new departure and headed for Cape Toyi, course east by north, distance thirty-five miles. The wind was light, ship hauled close, making six knots. The next morning, at two A. M., we rounded Cape Toyi, southeast point of the island of Kiusiu. Captain Benjamin came on deck and consulted with Mr. Fletcher.

"We have got a long pull to the windward of about three hundred and fifty-eight miles," he said, "we pass up along the coast of the island of Sikok to Rode Island.

"The wind is a little to the east of north, sir," replied the second mate. "With a good, stiff breeze,

the 'Two Sisters' is in a fine condition to walk to the windward."

"That's right," answered the captain, "we will have to make a long leg off shore, and if the wind does not die out, keep her a good full, sir, and take advantage of every flaw." Then the captain went below.

On the following afternoon of the eighth day out, I had another opportunity of gaining some more information in regard to the Japanese Islands. The weather being mild and pleasant, Dr. Brown and party, Mrs. Benjamin and Dr. Hall were seated in the cock pit engaged in conversation.

"Doctor," inquired Dr. Hall, "how about the earthquakes in Japan? I must confess that I am very fearful of them."

"I also dread them," said Mrs. Benjamin, "although I am not to abide in Japan, as you will."

"I have never had any experience with earthquakes in Japan or in any country," answered Dr. Brown. "All that I know about the earthquakes of Japan has been gathered from books. The whole region of the Japanese Islands is volcanic, and many of the seaports are fraught with extreme danger to shipping. One occurred at Yedo in August, 1773, exceeding in horror and widespread desolation that of Lisbon. Another occurred at Yedo on the tenth of November, 1855, which is said to have caused the destruction of one hundred thousand dwellings, fifty-six temples and the death of thirty thousand persons. In 1854 the town of Simoda was reduced

to ruins and the Russian frigate 'Diana' nearly wrecked in the harbor, being whirled around at her anchor many times, at one time aground, at another, the water many fathoms deep. She was then greatly damaged, and was lost subsequently in an inexplicable submarine tornado, while in tow of a number of Japanese boats, which deserted her suddenly at some warning, well known to them.

"Yedo, the capital city, is about seventeen miles from Yokohama, but that is quite near enough for me," said Dr. Hall, "for the earthquakes that have happened there may happen again, and there's no man can tell how soon. We know that Europeans are not allowed even to visit Yedo, as yet, and I do not regret it."

"It is necessary," replied Dr. Brown, "that we always recognize the Scriptural injunction, 'Be ye also ready.' "

"I thank you," said Dr. Hall, "for bringing up this subject. It will never, never do to evade the question pertaining to our eternal welfare until the time and article of death. It is said of an old farmer who realized the providential gifts of the Almighty, such as the rain and sunshine, seed time and harvest, that whenever he was approached on the subject of the future life, by the village Rector, he always argued that if he only had the time allowed him at the end of this life to utter even one sentence prayer, such as, 'Lord, have mercy upon me,' he would be sure of his salvation. He was warned again and again that the only time which belonged to him was the

present, and if time were granted him, his mind might be so perverted that he would fail to breathe out the prayer. It so happened that his end came suddenly, without warning, while he was on the way to market with a load of produce. While crossing a creek the bridge collapsed. Naturally, the farmer's mind reverted instantly to his own immediate safety and that of his team and produce, and not to spiritual things, for his last utterance was 'The Devil take it!' "

The evening repast then being ready, the little party repaired to the cabin. At eight bells that evening we hauled up northeast for Yedo Bay. We had calm weather through the night and during the next day, and light winds to the entrance of the bay. Our course up the bay to the anchorage off Yokohama, was northwest by north, distance about eleven miles. A good breeze then sprang up, which was very welcome, but the wind being to the westward was, consequently, dead ahead. We made short tacks, using the hand lead freely.

After working up abreast the town, we came to anchor on the evening of the thirty-first of October. By the time everything was furled up snug, it was eight P. M. We had no communication to or from the shore that evening. The following morning the gig was lowered, and three men and myself rowed the captain and passengers to the landing, about three-quarters of a mile from the ship.

There were no constructed landing places nor piers at Yokohama, in those days. There was only a long

stretch of sandy beach, white and clean. A few natives met us on the beach and welcomed us. I found the Japanese always courteous and entertaining. They never force their company abruptly on foreigners. After landing our party, we pulled back to the ship. It was the first day of November, 1859.

Dr. Brown and party were very kind to me during the passage. They interfered in my behalf several times when Mr. Stover had his little tantrums. No doubt they thought I would be injured and were constrained to take my part. The good men did it for my benefit, but it didn't work out for my good, as the mate always objected to interference with his method of discipline. They did not "understand the ropes" as well as Mrs. Benjamin. Nevertheless I appreciated their kindness. I never saw Dr. Brown or any of his party again, but often heard of them as doing a great work for their Master. They located at Kanagawa.

During the forenoon a Custom House boat came alongside, and an officer was duly installed on board. At sundown all the hatches were supposed to be sealed, and the officer returned to the shore until the following morning. It was evident that the man was not familiar with the construction of ships' hatchways, etc. Being in ballast, our hatches had not been taken off during the day, but were covered with tarpaulins and were battened down just as they are when the ship is at sea. At sundown the officer proceeded to seal the fore and main hatch combings down to the deck. He thought that the hatches and

combings were all of one piece and could be taken out. The after-hatch was kept open by way of the booby hatch. The next day the officer recognized his mistake. After this the hatch bars were sealed or locked.

One morning, Mr. Stover, being fretful and cross, and over anxious to get into the lower hold to set the men at work, broke the seals, thinking that they did not amount to anything. The Customs authorities came on board to investigate. Captain Benjamin endeavored to excuse the matter by pleading the mate's impetuosity and carelessness, but he succeeded only in part, for it cost the ship five hundred Mexican dollars.

One Custom officer could talk good English and I enjoyed conversing with him. He told me many things about Japan, the people and their customs, and about Yokohama and its surroundings. Yokohama is on a plain, surrounded by low hills, and is encompassed by a canal which entirely isolates it. The only communications are by bridges and causeways toward Kanagawa, from the rear of the town on the west, and with the Yokohama Bluffs by another bridge close to the sea. The eastern part of the town was eventually set apart for the European residents, the Japanese merchants occupying the western portion.

Yokohama, meaning "cross shore," is the port for the foreign trade of Yedo. In 1854 it was a small fishing village, but after it supplanted Kanagawa as the treaty port of Yedo, in 1859, it grew gradually.

In the seventies the Government enlarged the canal, built stone piers and laid out a number of streets. It is at present one of the most important sea-ports of the Far East, having all the modern facilities and improvements. At the time of our first visit there was only one principal thoroughfare. It was about fifty feet wide, extending parallel with the water front. It was built up on either side, some parts were compact with shops, dwelling houses, places of amusement, etc., like Nagasaki.

The shops were beautifully arranged, filled with goods to suit the foreign taste, such as lacquered ware of rare quality and bronze work, baskets and porcelain, fancy silks and embroidery, curiosities, and various other articles. The exports were silk, tea, rice, copper, fancy articles in lacquered ware, sea weed, oil, firewood and horses. The imports were cottons, woolens, metals and such like.

Yokohama Bay is situated to the northward of a ridge of low hills, extending into the Bay of Yedo, ten and one-half miles north northwest from Kanot-saki. This ridge terminates quite abruptly at the sea in a line of bluffs, one and three-quarters miles in length and from one hundred to one hundred and twenty feet in height, of which the southern, treaty point, is of a conspicuous yellow color and the east-ern, Mandarin Bluff, has been named from its shape. "Haycock." These bluffs and a steep bank, which fronts them to the distance of three quarters of a mile, protect the anchorage from southwesterly winds, the only winds which send any sea into the bay. The

extremity of the shoal water off Treaty Point bears southwest, three-quarters south from the anchorage. Mandarin Bluff, southwest by west, and the mouth of the canal, west quarter north.

Kanagawa is situated at the head of the bay and on its north side. It is one of the ports opened by treaty, but was changed by general consent to Yokohama on the south side, owing to the more eligible position for business and communication, the landing being much better. It is located on the Tokaido, or Imperial highway to Yedo. Foreigners were free to go where they pleased within the following limits: from Kanagawa, ten ei (twenty miles) in any direction, except toward Yedo. The boundary in that direction was the river Logo, which empties into the Bay of Yedo between Kawasaki and Singwaga, the southern suburb.

The Custom House was located in Yokohama, but the government officials and the foreign consuls resided at Kanagawa, exclusively. There was no trade carried on there; in fact, we never landed on that side of the bay.

There were three Russian and one English warships in port and several merchantmen, of different nationalities.

The great Fujiyama, the largest of all the volcanoes of the East, with its peak piercing the clouds, could be seen plainly from the deck of the "Two Sisters." When it was active its appearance at night was grand and glorious, but it must be awful in its vicinity.

Streams of red hot lava flowing down its eastern slope could be defined easily from the anchorage.

Fujiyama is at the head of the Gulf Sumga, fifteen miles inland, though in clear weather it appears near the beach. It is held to be sacred by the Japanese and is the object of pilgrimages. The first Europeans who ascended it were a party of eight Englishmen at the head of which was Sir Rutherford Alcock, C. B. The crater on the summit is one hundred yards long, sixty wide, and three hundred and fifty deep; the peak is fourteen thousand, two hundred and seventy-seven feet high. (Latitude 35 degrees 21 minutes north, longitude 138 degrees 42 minutes east). On approaching the coast, in clear weather, the mountain is visible for one hundred miles.

Dr. Hall was obliged to make his home on board for a week, until suitable quarters could be secured on shore. In the meantime the specie had been carried on shore to the Exchange and some cargo had been purchased and taken on board. Mexican dollars were not legal tender at Yokohama, hence it was necessary to get them exchanged for Japanese money, which consisted not only of paper currency and copper tempos, as at Nagasaki, but also a small square silver coin, called "ichaboos." Three ichaboos and fifteen tempos, or their equivalent in paper, were exchanged for a Mexican dollar.

For some reason, which I did not understand, they fixed the rate of exchange according to their own pleasure and not according to the demands of foreigners. Perhaps they could not procure their own

coins in sufficient quantity to meet the demand. It was a hindrance to trade during the few months that these conditions prevailed. It was evident, however, that the exchangers did try to divide fairly between the merchants, shipmasters and sailors, according to their necessities. All manner of devices were resorted to by the Europeans to get as much money in exchange as possible. At one time I accompanied Captain Benjamin to the Exchange. After he had secured all the legal tender he could get, he handed me fifty dollars to get exchanged for him. The four exchangers were bright fellows. One received cash, another tested the coin, the third kept the account and the fourth paid out. As I got into line I thought I was quite a financier.

Stealing was a capital crime in Japan, consequently little precaution was taken to prevent it. The exchangers were not protected by steel bars and grated windows, but had open counters in front of them, and everything was in plain view. When I presented myself with the fifty dollars they knew that I did not really have fifty dollars of my own to spend. The cashier took only ten dollars to exchange for me, saying, "Too much money for small boy."

I then retired into the crowd and handed over the cash to Captain Benjamin. One of the exchangers noticed my actions and the cashier called to me, and said:

"Boy, I will exchange forty dollars for you." He knew very well that I did not have a dollar and enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense.

Until after we had made several trips we could obtain no fresh beef at Yokohama except by procuring a live beef and dressing it on board of the ship. The Japanese did not use beef for food and would not allow any to be slaughtered on the shore. The cattle were used as beasts of burden and were generally in poor condition for food.

The second Sabbath in port was a fine day and Mr. Fletcher, Chips, Wilson and I went ashore at nine A. M. to take a stroll around town. We first examined a wreck which was high up on the beach. We were told that it was a United States cutter, and that she had been wrecked some years before in a a typhoon. The vessel was on a surveying expedition; she was in quite good condition. Her spars were missing and there was no name visible on her hull.

The shop keepers were just as entertaining as they were at Nagasaki, and their shops were arranged even more beautifully. Grapes, oranges, cake and tea were in abundance and very cheap.

"Faith," said Chips, "they trate us loike gintlemen."

"There is no reason why they should not," answered Wilson, "if we act like gentlemen."

Mr. Fletcher, knowing the powerful temptation that the bar room was to him, remarked, "Shipmates, it's easy to be a man in a town like this."

"Yer right, sir," said Sam, "hit's 'ard fer ha poor sailor to hact like ha man in hold Hingland, with hall hit's open bars."

"The rum shop is the great curse of the Christian world," replied Wilson.

I bought some tops, trays, fans and glove boxes. Mr. Fletcher treated me to fruit and cake. After going over the town and seeing what there was to be seen, we returned on board at two P. M., well pleased with our visit.

Our sails had been loosened to dry during the day. The spanker and the other fore and aft sails were partly hoisted. At four P. M. we began to furl the sails. Mr. Stover had been overhauling his chest and brushing up his shore clothes. It happened that he hung up his best coat to one of the mizzen-shrouds and the throat halyard. When we came to take in the spanker I ran to the throat-halyards. Mr. Stover shouted from the opposite side, "Lower away, lower away."

Just then I noticed his coat, which caused a little delay in executing the order. He came rushing around the mizzenmast, "Lower away, I tell you, lower away."

I endeavored to explain, but he, being excited and thinking that I was talking back to him, slapped me in the face; this caused me to let go of the halyards quickly with the result that a portion of the mate's coat remained in the rigging and the other part was carried aloft.

Mr. Stover then proceeded to chastise me severely; while I took my own part the best I could. By the time that his shirt was nearly torn off and I had received several more slaps, the captain rushed on deck

and caused the warfare to cease; but peace was not declared until Mr. Stover finally left the ship.

Mrs. Benjamin visited on shore for two weeks as a guest of the United States consul and family, at Kanagawa. When she came on board I told her, as usual, of the principal events during her absence. When I came to the incident of the mate's best coat, Mrs. Benjamin reproved me mildly.

"Why, Jack," she said, "an angry passion took possession of you." She then quoted a verse of the Sermon on the Mount (Matt. V, 39): "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever small smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also."

I knew that Mrs. Benjamin was right, but wishing to justify myself, said, "I am sorry, ma'am, but I am not built that way."

"We are all built alike," she replied, "and it depends upon who has charge of the craft, the captain or the crew. You know that the captain directs and commands and the crew obey and serve. The Spirit of God within us is the Captain, our flesh is the crew; when the crew takes charge of the ship, everything goes wrong; it is mutiny. So when the flesh assumes control, there is confusion and strife." Mrs. Benjamin then explained the passage quoted above.

"Jack," she said, "when Mr. Stover struck you, if you had held fast the halyards, he would have seen his coat and that would have been in your case like turning the other cheek also. You would then have fulfilled the Scriptures and the results would have been better for all concerned. I do not approve of

the mate's conduct, but we are responsible only for the discipline on board our own little craft."

After Dr. Hall was established on shore, the cargo came off quite rapidly, so that by the twenty-eighth of November we were nearly loaded. Stowing away the cargo and keeping the ship clean kept all hands busy. One morning, while using our force-pump we lost the suction hose overboard, and while dragging for it picked up a long kiar hawser with a Japanese anchor attached. The anchor consisted of a shank, about six feet in length, with four prongs or flukes.

On the afternoon of our last Sunday in port, the Customs officer and I were left on board alone for a time, having full charge of the after portion of the ship. Wilson and several of the crew were forward to help in case of a sudden squall. I thought it was a capital time to make a demonstration before my Eastern friend, the Customs officer.

I threw some bottle overboard, got out one of our rifles and proceeded to have target practice. I was chagrined because the officer did not commend me when I hit a bottle, but guyed me when I did not, which was three times to one. The officer would not practice with the gun. He assured me that with his sword he could do better execution than I could with a rifle, and to prove his assertion he drew it and brandished it over my head and about my body, apparently to convince me. I did not enjoy the drill, as he played with his cold steel so dangerously near me as to make me fairly quiver.

The Japanese are expert swordsmen. Their swords are made of steel of a quality that is not surpassed; they are so perfectly tempered that with them a piece could be chipped from a hammer and they are kept sharp enough to cut a silk handkerchief in twain.

During the evening we were treated to some entertaining music from the warships; the national and popular airs of the different nations must have been appreciated by all Europeans within hearing distance. I enjoyed such pieces as, "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail, Columbia," "Rock of Ages," and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

On the last of November we proceeded to sea with a valuable cargo, bound to Shanghai. During the passage I had several talks with Wilson, Sam, and Chips. They had all decided to quit the ship as soon as we arrived. We had been shipmates for fourteen months; they had always been kind and helpful to me from the first day out from New York, and I had become attached to them. I pleaded with them to stay by, and told them that the captain and Mr. Fletcher appreciated their services, and even Mr. Stover said they were good men.

"We are glad to hear it," said Wilson, "you know that we chaps have never had any serious rows with the mate, but he has trouble with some one on board the ship almost every day, and we are tired of his continual growling and strife."

"Wilson, why don't the captain discharge him?" I inquired.

"Well, Jack, as I am not the captain I cannot say," replied Wilson, "probably the mate shipped for three years or until the 'Two Sisters' returned to some home port."

"If I were the captain, Wilson, I would tell Mr. Stover a thing or two," I said.

"Jack," said Wilson, "there could be no discipline on board a ship if the captain openly rebuked his officers; they must agree, apparently, at least, in the presence of the crew. You may tell the old man and Mrs. Benjamin, after I leave, that they are the best people I have sailed with since I was a child in my father's ship, and, Jack, my lad, I shall never forget you and the many good talks that we have had during these last fourteen months. We have had some dangerous and sad sea experiences. Each of these taught us a lesson which will leave a lasting impression. Another thing, Jack, I shall never forget my promise to Tom."

"Hi ham of the same hopinion," said Sam, "Hi shall halways remember the 'Two Sisters,' the hold man and the hold woman. Chaps, ye know hi 'ave halways been hin the mate's watch, so hi knows 'im better than the hothers of you, but hi don't care to know 'im hany longer. Jack, hi will think hof you. Hi showed you 'ow to furl hup the skysail, 'ow to send the yard down, hand 'ow to cross hit hagain. Then, Jack, hin hour talks you 'ave told me so much habout the good Book, han hits Hauthor."

"I remember about it all, Sam, and I thank you for all that you taught me. Do not forget all that I have told you and do not forget your promise."

"Sure," said Chips, "I niver was in the mate's watch, and it's a blessed thing for both of us; he's no carpenter, ye know, so he niver had much to do with me work. The captain is a gintleman and the ould woman is a Christian. Faith, ind thot's the truth, I niver see the loikes of her before. Jack, me hearty, it's many a knick-knack ye have brought me. Many is the kind words ye've given me. May the God of the hivens and the airth bliss ye and make ye a blessing to yer old mother all the days of her loife. Hurrah, shipmates, I'm off fer the ivergreen fiel's of ould Ireland to make me ould girl glad once agin. Chaps, it's likely enough we'll mate agin some day."

"Well, we may," I answered, "but I am sure that if we all keep our vows we shall meet at the golden landing in the Eternal Harbor, where the inhabitants never meet hurricanes nor pirates, and shall never more be driven upon a lee shore, and where there is no more sea, and our shipmates never die."

Everything went well during the passage, with the exception of the inevitable wear and tear of sails and rigging, and the usual amount of growling and scrapping between Mr. Stover and the crew. We had a dead beat to the windward, from Cape Satano to Pheasant Point on the Wu-sung River, distance about four hundred and eighty miles. Wind from west,

northwest to north, blowing a stiff breeze most of the time.

We fell in with a European pilot between Shaweishan Island and the Amherst Rocks, and as the tide was just making flood, we worked up the river like a top. We arrived at Shanghai on the eighth of December. The trip was the most pleasant that we had made, and I heard the captain remark, "the most profitable one."

The day following, all of the men forward, excepting Bob, a cockney chap, were paid off. We were all sorry to see Wilson, Chips and Sam go over the side for the last time; even Mr. Stover shook hands with them and expressed regret; he also said some pleasant things to me about them. I never saw them again.

We passed Christmas in port. It was clear and cold. Ice formed on deck while we were washing down that morning. The captain and Mrs. Benjamin were invited on shore, but they preferred to remain on board. The steward prepared a good Christmas dinner, consisting of roasted ducks, plum pudding, mince pie, nuts, fruit and Chinese confectionery. The warships in the harbor furnished delightful music.

In the afternoon Mr. Fletcher and I went on shore. We called at the Sailors' Home and there learned that Wilson, Sam and Chips had joined the British ship "Windsor Castle," bound for London, England, and had sailed a few days before. I was glad that they were together, as they had a good influence over one another. After leaving the Sailors' Home, the

second mate's appetite for strong drink asserted itself, and he headed straight for the bar, where the rocks and breakers could be seen right in the channel. I knew that it meant certain disaster to any frail bark that attempted to sail through it.

"Jack," said Mr. Fletcher, "I am going across the street, I will be back in a minute or two."

I remonstrated with him. "Mr. Fletcher," I said, "we are having a good time without going over there and, beside, don't you see those chaps hove to about the door, they look as though they might go down, at any minute, and if anything should happen that I could not stand by you, sir, as Wilson did, I would not like to go back to the ship and report without you."

"All right, Jack, my lad," he said, "we will keep away on our true course, under full sail."

I had a very enjoyable Christmas day. When I went to my berth that night a feeling of homesickness crept over me when thinking of home and loved ones, far, far away. I knew that they were thinking of me. We had been separated for fifteen months. I comforted myself with the thought that in about eight months I would be sailing home again with flying colors. I did not forget the origin of Christmas day, nor Him who doeth all things well, and I thanked Him for His love and protection.

We sailed from Shanghai on the first of January, 1860, bound for Nagasaki. This proved to be our last trip to that port. In forty-eight hours we rounded Signal Head and entered the Bay of Nagasaki. After

passing Papenburg Bluff we were becalmed, between Megami and Ogami Islands, at the entrance of the harbor; there we met an ebb tide and were obliged to anchor for the night in twenty-five fathoms, over rocky bottom.

The next morning we barely escaped being driven on the rocks, while getting under way. It was found that our anchors were fast in the rocks.

The captain sent up to the town for assistance. Our consignees sent down thirty-five small boats to tow us up to the harbor. With much difficulty we succeeded in getting our anchors and then proceeded up to the city, in tow of the fleet of small boats, which were manned by about one hundred men, all sculling vigorously.

We had a cargo to discharge, before taking one in, so it was necessary to lay in Nagasaki that trip about twice as long as usual. There were no warships in port, consequently we did not have any music; in fact, it was quite dull. I missed Wilson, Chips, Sam and the cook. Mr. Stover had occasional rows with the men, which, at times were exciting and never pleasing. On board of a ship the captain and his officers generally pull together and take each other's part; but the mate's ultimatums were so arbitrary that he always had to fight his battles single-handed. In most of them he would come out best, owing to the fact that he was clothed with authority; sometimes, however, he got punished severely.

Bob, the cockney chap, was a clever fellow, about twenty-five years of age. He and I became quite

chummy, but the other sailors we had on that trip were a hard set of men, although they appeared to appreciate Mrs. Benjamin's words of advice and the books and tracts which she gave me to distribute among them.

We sailed from Nagasaki for Shanghai the first of February, and had a stormy passage with wind from westnorthwest to northwest. We began to shorten sail immediately after passing out of the bay. As the weather was threatening and the wind blowing heavily, we settled down for the night under two-reefed topsails and reefed courses, foretopmast and mizzenstaysails, jib and reefed spanker. At eight P. M. our foresail was blown away; after tying up what was left of it, we took in the mainsail and jib, two-reefed the spanker, and hauled down the mizzenstaysail. Mrs. Benjamin was ill, and I was ordered to attend to her wants.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "I know you had much rather be on deck watching the storm than to be sitting here by me."

"I am sure, ma'am, that I could not be engaged in any better service than to attend to your needs."

"Thank you, Jack," she said, "I expect to be well again in a few days. You may go on deck now." Everything on deck and aloft had been made snug and the port watch had gone below.

"Mr. Fletcher, the wind is veering a little to the northward," said the captain; "if we can weather the Pallas Rocks we will make a good stretch of it after

all; it will probably moderate to-morrow. At present, the barometer is at a stand still; if it falls any more, we will heave the ship to."

"Snap! Bang!" went the foretopsail.

"All hands on deck, shorten sail," shouted the captain.

After rescuing the foretopsail we close-reefed the main, took in the spanker and set mizzenstaysail. We then hauled down the foretopmaststaysail and brought the ship into the wind. We remained hove to for seventy-two hours on the starboard tack, and drifted one hundred and seventy-five miles to the southward, after which it moderated.

My birthday was passed at sea. It was clear and cold, wind northwest, blowing fresh. We were working our way to the windward. I was then fourteen years of age and thought myself quite a man. Mrs. Benjamin had recovered her health.

"Here is a nice, warm cap, Jack, for your birthday present. I think it will fit you," she said.

"Just the thing, ma'am," I said, as I tried it on. "I will much appreciate it, for the nights are cold. I thank you for your kindness."

We arrived at Shanghai and anchored off Frenchtown in about our usual berth on February ninth. In sailing up the river we passed a number of English and French warships, moored on the north side of the channel, between Pheasant Point and Wu-sung village, just above the Soochow Creek.

By the time our cargo had been discharged it was the first week in March. Some of the warehouses belonging to the company had been burned and this caused delay. Five of the crew were paid off; the rest of us were kept busy, painting ship, inside and out. Lang Su, our old sampan boy, had been engaged to tend the ship. He had been visiting his home at Ningpoo for several months.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "our year's charter expires to-morrow, the fifteen of March. You remember that I told you it would soon pass away, and so it has. There is a greater demand here for vessels for the Japanese trade than ever before, and we must not be disappointed if the 'Two Sisters' should be chartered for another year."

"I will try and make the best of it, which ever way it may be, but I had much rather that we would load for home. I wouldn't mind it if we went across to San Francisco, as my father and other relatives are living in California."

"It would be very pleasant for you, Jack, to meet your father," said Mrs. Benjamin.

"But how strange it seems, ma'am, I answered, "that to reach them we would sail east."

"San Francisco is just about as far west of Greenwich as Shanghai is to the east of it," she said, "if we should cross the meridian on the Pacific, steering eastward, we would be in west longitude."

CHAPTER XIV.

Second Year on the Coast of China and Japan

"We are here for another year, Mr. Stover," said the captain, as he came on board late in the afternoon, "and we will begin to take on cargo for Yokohama."

It was the nineteenth of March, 1860. Mr. Fletcher, the steward and I discussed the situation at the supper table that evening.

"Stars of the Revolution!" ejaculated the steward, "I don't know if I can stand it another year. If the mate would only go ashore, the 'Two Sisters' would be one of the most comfortable boats afloat for a man to sail in."

"I suppose that I could, if I would, but I don't propose to stand it much longer," said Mr. Fletcher.

"If I do my duty," continued the steward, "I know the mate hasn't any right to interfere with my work, but there are dozens of ways in which he can make things pleasant or unpleasant, and he always chooses the latter."

"I think that I will be in duty bound to stay by the ship, come what may," I remarked.

"If it wasn't for Mrs. Benjamin," said Mr. Fletcher, "you would have a hard enough time of it; but though the mate is after you nearly all the time, I advise you

to stay by. While Mrs. Benjamin does not say anything to Mr. Stover about his method of discipline, nevertheless she exercises a silent influence over him. Things will not, probably, be any worse for you than they have been, and as you have pulled through fairly well so far, I reckon that you will win out."

After assisting the steward with his dishes, as I often did evenings, when in port, I took Mrs. Benjamin a pitcher of hot water.

"Jack," she said, "I suppose you have heard the news, that the 'Two Sisters' has been chartered for another year."

"Mr. Fletcher, the steward and I have just been talking it over, ma'am," I said.

"I know that you are disappointed, Jack, for home means more to you than it does to the rest of us. As I have told you before, where Captain Benjamin is, that is my home, beside I have better health here than I have on Long Island. It is different with you, Jack, but never mind, as I said before, a year will soon pass away."

We sailed from Shanghai for Yokohama about the fifth of April, with a full cargo. On the morning of our departure a new crew came on board, but they were not in condition to handle the ship, consequently we had to be towed down the river.

After rounding Pheasant Point it was discovered that a short distance ahead, the channel was blockaded from side to side. The warships were moored along the north side of the channel, while a large fleet of junks was anchored across it. To block a

ship channel is contrary to the rules of all well-regulated sea ports. We were going rapidly through the water, and a strong ebb tide was running. Our pilot asked the captain to decide quickly between three inevitables; either to run the ship aground, foul the war vessels or cut our way through the fleet of junks.

"If the tug can wedge her way through, go ahead," said Captain Benjamin.

"Let go your braces, fore and aft," shouted the pilot, "and stand by with your axes."

The pilot then signalled the tug to steer for the best opening and pull us through it, if possible.

It was fortunate for us that our jib-boom was rigged in; our anchors, however, were hanging at the cat heads and it was a miracle that they were not torn away. If they had gone to the bottom we would have brought up in the midst of the fleet, and as the Chinese were infuriated, we would, no doubt, have had to fight for our lives. Instead, the anchors were thrown up on the forecastle deck. Such crashing of spars and timber, and such yelling, I never heard before nor since. We carried away our lowerstunsail-booms forward, some of our braces, bent chain-plates, and got badly scratched up fore and aft. Our tow line was cut, but we were under such headway there was nothing short of the bottom, that could stop us.

We left several wrecks in our wake, and took away with us a portion of the bow, foremast and all the gear attached to one of the junks. It was tangled up under our bow, and had to be cut adrift. The

tug came alongside, and after connecting the hawser we proceeded and came to anchor in the Yang-tse, a little below the Wu-sung River, at one P. M. and repaired damages.

The following morning we got under way and passed out to sea. Before the pilot left us he requested the captain and officers to sign an affidavit to the effect that the accident of the previous day could not have been avoided with safety to the "Two Sisters." The ship was then headed for Cape Satano, having a light breeze from the north.

The captain had obtained a new chart of the Gulf of Yedo, Uruguay Channel, Yedo Bay and surroundings. The first evening after sailing from the Yang-tse, during the last dog watch, from six to eight P. M., he and Mr. Stover outlined the route to be followed through the Gulf.

On the second evening out, Bob, who was with me in the starboard watch, and I had a chat together. He told me about his home and boyhood days in the great city of London; of his later experience as a sailor, and of his adventures as a soldier in a Chinese army, operating against the rebels above Shanghai, near the head of the Wu-sung River. This adventure was most interesting and thrilling. He enlisted in the Imperial army for three years at a good salary, as Europeans were in great demand on both sides. The insurgent leaders were endeavoring to gather up all the Europeans on the coast that they could. In order to counteract and prevent this, the Government

offered even better inducements than the rebels offered. As it was considered a little more honorable and safer to be on the side of the Government, Bob decided to join the Imperials.

After serving a year he concluded that he had seen enough of Chinese warfare, the horrors of which, in that day, were too awful to describe. By that time Bob had collected a considerable amount of gold and jewels, and began laying plans to quit the service. He, with several other Europeans, applied for a three-months' furlough, as they had served faithfully for a year. This was granted on condition that they leave all their treasure behind them, and if they returned and served out their full time they would then be discharged and could take all the jewels and gold they possessed and be given a safe conduct to Shanghai. They refused a leave of absence on those conditions and expressed a willingness to serve out their time of enlistment. This decision on the part of Bob and four other Europeans of the same regiment created suspicion and they soon became aware that they were being watched closely.

From that time, however, they began to plan to desert the camp. All of the five men were officers, from captain down. Bob had charge of a squad of men. His rank was equal to that of second lieutenant in the British army. They began first by showing favors to the men under them, and in the meantime each one gathered out of his treasure as much gold and jewels as they could secure on their person, about eight thousand dollars worth.

After planning and watching for a month, an opportunity opened to them. Their division was ordered to move forward and attack the enemy. It appeared that the enemy, by some means, had anticipated the attack, and had immediately taken the offensive and marched against the Imperials in great force. During the confusion which followed, Bob and his four friends made a bold dash for liberty. They succeeded in passing outside of the guards, for the pickets were being called in all along the line. They walked leisurely in the direction of the river, and as they wore the uniform of the Imperial army, no one interfered with them. When they had reached within two miles of the river they halted in a field to rest a few minutes, and congratulated themselves that they had not yet been missed. Presently, however, a great shouting was heard in the direction of the camp, and they realized that they were pursued. Then they made all possible speed, which attracted attention on every side and caused suspicion, so that every one they met opposed their progress. The fugitives succeeded in reaching the river, having cut their way through the midst of a howling mob, which by this time had gathered around them. The soldiers were in hot pursuit, but could not fire on them because of the multitude.

Bob and his party fought their way to a boat which, fortunately for them, was near by. Before they reached it, one poor fellow was struck down and instantly beaten to death. The others backed their way into the boat, using their swords and revolvers with

which they were very proficient, having had constant practice for a year. After getting afloat the mob threw spears and stones after them without taking serious effect. When the little party reached the middle of the river they rested, but for only a few moments. As soon as the soldiers came to the river they procured a boat and resumed the chase.

The fugitives were handicapped; there was only one oar in the boat, and they did not know how to handle it, as the Chinese do on the head of a small boat. They hastily improvised a becket for the oar, with which they did fairly well, but the enemy gained on them rapidly. It was night, and as the darkness settled down the fugitives took courage. They gradually drew in to the opposite side of the river, and after proceeding a short distance further they pushed their boat as far as possible into the tully grass; there they lay quietly, hoping to evade their pursuers. Presently the soldiers came along, following the edge of the grass and noticing where it had been bent down; they soon discovered the boat of the runaways. With a wild yell the guards pressed their way onward. and as they could not reach Bob's boat quickly they poured a volley into it. But the birds had flown, for at the first yell Bob and his comrades quietly slipped into the water and pulled themselves a little down the river, resting there with their faces only out of water. The guards pushed their boat as far into the grass as possible and fired volleys in the direction of the shore. Feeling about with their spears on all sides, searching and listening for some time,

they concluded that the fugitives had either been shot or escaped to the shore. They then gave up the search and backed their boat out into the channel and began ascending the stream. So far as known, only two of the deserters, Bob and an Irish chap known by the name of Maloney, reached the bank of the river.

They rested awhile, hoping to hear from the other two comrades and then they searched diligently for them along the bank of the river, but failing to hear or see them, Bob and Maloney proceded, desiring to get as far down the river as possible before daylight. Maloney, with the exception of bruises, had come out unscathed, but Bob had received a ball in the calf of his left leg and had lost considerable blood. After bandaging the wound, he was able to proceed.

They arrived at Shanghai the evening of the fourth day after leaving camp. They lost much of their treasure in their running fight to the river, and while struggling in the water in the midst of the tully grass. They disposed of their gold and were glad to be rid of it.

They had some valuable jewelery left which served them well, as they used it for bribes on their way down to the city. It was a terrible experience, and their escape was miraculous. Few men ever pass through such a trying ordeal.

After reaching Americantown they found their way to the Sailors' Home and were taken in. On the next day, Bob and Maloney were arrested by the British authorities as deserters of the navy and were

taken on board an English warship, where a court-martial was convened.

Bob plead "not guilty" as he had never belonged to the navy; the court so decided and he was discharged, but poor Maloney was forced to plead "guilty" and the court established his guilt. As England and China were not at war with each other when Maloney deserted the navy, he was not condemned to death, although his sentence was very severe..

"Jack, did yer hever see a strong man cry?" said Bob. "Well, hi'm tellin' ye, Maloney cried like ha child, the chap didn't plead 'is own case hat hall, but honly said, 'Sure, me Lord, it's meself 'at's to blame fer it all.' Jack, hi felt hawfully sory fer Maloney, then hi hasked the court hif hi could say ha word fer 'im: 'Sa on, my man,' said the Lord Justice, 'My Lord, han' Gentlemen,' hi began, 'Maloney han hi thinken to make a stake, hinlisted hin the Imperial army. Hafter serving a year we 'eard that ha war was on with China han' hold Hingland. 'Bob, this will never do,' says Maloney, bearing arms against our own country, sure I'll niver fire another shot fer the hathens.' From that time, my Lord and Gentlemen," said I, "we decided to quit has we couldn't get a discharge. Five days hago we made a dash for liberty. Five chaps hof us in the gang, we 'ad ha 'ard fight hof hit both hon the land hand in the river. Three of the chaps fell by the way han entered the heternal kingdom. But Maloney han hi pulled through with hour lives and 'ere we har before you, gentlemen, pleading for mercy. My Lord and Gentle-

men, Maloney is a brave chap, han if hit be hany way possible, may hit please the court to forgive 'im."

"Well, Bob, what happened then," I asked.

"The Lord Justice then said," said Bob, "'Gentlemen of the Court, in view of this man's earnest and effective plea for his comrade; and the fact that has been substantiated that this man Maloney, the prisoner, actually risked his life rather than to bear arms against his country, I therefore reconsider the sentence of this man, Maloney. Gentlemen of the Court, I recommend that the prisoner, Maloney, be pardoned.'"

"Well, Jack, sure as hi'm livin'," said Bob, hevery one of them hofficers hagreed with the Lord Justice and Maloney was pardoned and sent haboard his ship which was in the fleet down hat Wu-sung, hand hi hain't seen 'im since that day."

"You did Maloney a good turn, Bob," I said, "and of course he will never forget you. How did you chaps get hold of so much gold and jewelry?" I inquired.

"Jack, hit was this way," said Bob. "Whenever we drove the rebels hout hof a town or 'ad to hevacuate ourselves, the women and children flocked around us for protection han throwed the gold han jewelry hat hour feet. They knowed they would be safer near Europeans. We never hasked for their treasure, but they was glad to give hit fer the little 'elp we could give 'em."

"When you shipped on the 'Two Sisters,' Bob, you were quite lame. Was it the result of the wound that you received?" I asked.

"Yes, Jack, that was just hit," he said, "but the ball wasn't hin very deep, so hi kept a washin' the wound han' workin' away hat hit, han' hat last hit backed hit's way hout. So hi'm all right now."

Bob was of strictly temperate habits. He did not even us tobacco, which was remarkable for a sailor, consequently his blood was pure and his physical condition good. He was not a large man, but was strong and wiry.

"Bob, tell me what was the most trying time of all your experience while in the Chinese service?" I said.

"The most hawful experience hof all the hexpedition," replied Bob, "was the 'alf 'our we lay hin the tully grass with just our mouths hout hof the water, hexpecting hevery second to be shot or 'arpooned with ha spear."

"Well, Bob, if you did lose all your treasure, you have your experience left. You ought to write a book about it," I suggested.

"Yes, Jack, I might hif hi honly knowed 'ow to do hit," answered Bob.

It was then eight bells and as soon as the port watch came on deck I went below. It is needless to say that I dreamed about the Chinese, treasure, war, running for my life, court-martials and such like.

We rounded Cape Satano the evening of the third day out and made Cape Idsu on the morning of the

fifth day. Cape Idsu is the southern extremity of the Idsu peninsula, the western boundary of the Gulf of Yedo. Cape Idsu cannot be mistaken for any other land in its vicinity, in clear weather, as it is bold and prominent.

The Gulf of Yedo is connected with Yedo Bay by Uraga Channel and it is safe of approach from the south and west, the entrance to which one can not fail to recognize. It is bounded on the east by Awa. There is also a chain of volcanic islands and detached rock extending from it in a south southeast direction for nearly three hundred miles.

When we reached about a mile and a-half to the east of Rock Island our course was northeast, quarter east, which led us within four miles northwest of Veries Island, from which position the center of the entrance to the Uraga Channel bore northeast by east, distance twenty-two miles.

"Mr. Stover," said Captain Benjamin, "in thick weather care must be taken when approaching Cape Sagami, not to be drawn into Odawari Bay, as a strong current sets in that direction. It is easily avoided if Veries Island is visible, by not bringing that island to bear to the southward by southwest by south."

While steering for the Uraga Channel, Tree Saddle Hill was readily recognized. It is situated on the south end of Sagami Peninsula and as we drew near to the channel the two small Plymouth rocks were plainly seen on its western side. We gave these

rocks and the Elmstone Rock a wide berth in passing, and after rounding Konotsaki at the same distance, hauled up sharp on the wind, heading north northwest, which course led us between Saratoga Spit and some broken ground off the small, wooded island, Suliusima (Perry's island).

We continued on this course until abreast Graem Bluff, at the south side of Mississippi Bay. From that position the elevated ground about Mandarin Bluff was recognized one mile to the northward of Treaty Point, showing to the seaward in brown cliffs wooded to the summit. I was glad that I was at the wheel while passing through the channel and heard Captain Benjamin and the mate discussing it.

"To avoid the Mala Ledge and all other known dangers, when rounding from the westward," said the captain, "a ship must not bring the extremity of Susaki westward of north by west, until the eastern extreme of the land bears east northeast. At night, soundings of forty fathoms may be considered as indicating close proximity to the dangers."

We then kept off and headed northeast, using a careful lead, not shoaling less than seven fathoms, and in rounding Treaty Point and Mandarin Bluff we did not approach within a mile of them. After rounding the Bluff we hauled up close by the wind and stood across the channel on the port tack. The wind being from the westward it was necessary for us to make short tacks while working into Yokohama Bay. North of Mandarin Bluff the depth of water decreased and the channel narrowed to one and one-

half miles. The lead there, as is the case around nearly all the shore of Yedo Bay, gives fair warning.

A good, stiff breeze was blowing, and the "Two Sisters" being in excellent trim, we worked up the bay in good shape, and came to anchor late in the afternoon. A Custom House boat came alongside, and after leaving an officer on board they took the captain on shore with them. After furling everything snug, coiling up the ropes, etc., we sent up cargo pennants, rove off gear, and made preparations for discharging the cargo.

A little before sundown three men and myself were sent ashore for the captain. I always enjoyed these shore trips; they made a little diversion for me and I felt pride in having full charge of the boat.

The next day was the Sabbath. After washing down and drying the decks, mopping the paint work, polishing the brass, etc., all hands went to breakfast. While the captain was taking his morning smoke on the quarter deck, after breakfast, I told Mrs. Benjamin about Bob's experience as a Chinese soldier, his narrow escape, his good habits, and his pleading for Maloney.

"I am glad, Jack, there is one among the crew with whom you can converse freely," replied Mrs. Benjamin, "try and get him to remain by the ship. He will make a good chum for you."

"He and Mr. Stover have had no trouble, so far, ma'am," I said, "we have had a number of good men, such as Wilson, Sam, Chips and others, but they

never stay by very long." Mrs. Benjamin then gave me some books and tracts to distribute among the crew, and a Bible for each one that did not have any.

After dinner Mr. Fletcher, the steward, and I took a stroll on shore. We indulged freely in the usual refreshments which were always in abundance in Japanese seaports, such as tea, cake, fruit and nuts. Mr. Fletcher drank some saki, a light wine, but did not care for it, saying: "It's neither wine nor whiskey."

We fell in with several companies of men from the warships in the harbor. They were all cruising about peacefully and in a respectable manner. There was no strong drink to be had in the town. The saki, before mentioned, could not disturb the equilibrium of a man-of-war's-man.

"Mr. Fletcher, if I should leave the 'Two Sisters' out here, I would locate in this place and open a market, and supply you sailors with meat, vegetables, etc.," remarked the steward.

"Capital idea," answered the second mate, "labor is cheap enough here, that's certain; besides you could sell at your own prices; but if I quit the 'Two Sisters' on this coast, I would steer for the States. You know my failing, long voyages are my only salavation."

"Yes," replied the steward, "and that failing is responsible for another which manifests itself whenever your enemy heaves in sight; that is, a weak will."

We enjoyed our visit on shore and after buying a few things we went aboard.

After discharging cargo we loaded again for Shanghai. Beside the usual merchandise carried before, we took in a large quantity of fire wood. It was split and sawed in stove length and tied up into bundles, about the size of an armful. Nothing unusual happened while we were loading. Several vessels arrived and departed. There was some competition among the warships; their crews practicing with yards, sails, guns and boat racing. It afforded us a little change from the regular hum-drum of harbor work. When we were ready for sea, Mrs. Benjamin went to Kanagawa to remain as a guest at the residence of the American consul until the "Two Sisters" returned.

"Jack," she said, "you must take good care of the captain and of the ship. I shall expect a favorable report from you when you get back."

"We hope to return in good shape, ma'am," I answered.

It was like leaving home to leave Mrs. Benjamin, and a spell of homesickness stole over me on our first night at sea. We anchored at Wu-sung the evening of the eighteenth day ater sailing from Yokohama, having had light wind and calms during the passage.

Our pilot informed us that England and France had declared war against China, and that hostilities had actually begun in earnest. A great fleet was moored along the edge of the channel for miles. I never fell in with so many warships before at one time.

The fleet was composed of French and English line-of-battle ships and large frigates. They were utilized chiefly as troop ships. China having no navy at that time, their only gunboat, "Confucius," which was engaged in the good work of searching for pirates, was allowed to pass up and down the river unmolested. All of the naval warfare was carried on by small gunboats on their way to Pekin.

The object of the Powers was to make a demonstration at the capital city, which they ultimately did. China was compelled to sue for peace, and paid a large indemnity. No other port of the empire was invaded. Indeed, the belligerents protected all the open seaports of the Empire against the Imperial enemies, as before stated, in order to facilitate commerce.

The following day we arrived at Shanghai and moored near our usual berth, off Frenchtown. A greater activity was manifested on every hand than I had witnessed there before. A double gang of coolies was sent aboard to handle the cargo, in order to get the ship off to sea again as soon as possible.

Lang-su was on hand with his sampan, newly painted and very neat and cozy in appearance. He knew about our collision with the junks on our last trip down the river. He told Captain Benjamin that there might be some trouble about it. Our charter party had investigated the matter; they secured an affidavit from the senior officer of the warships which were lying at Wu-sung at the time, testifying that the junks had been warned to clear the channel, but

had failed to heed the warning. The Chinese, finding that they did not have any case against us, dropped the matter, and we heard nothing more of it.

The "Two Sisters" had become by this time the best known European vessel on the coast. There was a small English brig there; she was a rakish looking craft and resembled a privateer. She was known as an opium trader. We had several sailing matches with her, to and from Japan; she could outsail us in close work on the wind, yet we always succeeded in reaching port a little in advance of her. It was the fifth morning in port. I was rubbing up the brass work around the wheel. The captain was walking the quarterdeck and enjoying his cigar.

"Hello, Jack," he exclaimed, "there comes a Yankee clipper up the river, probably it is the "Snowsquall." She is due here from the States; I reckon that there is some mail on board of that craft for us."

Sure enough he brought some letters aboard that afternoon and one of them was for me from my brother. My mother and sisters were well; they had all moved to New York City since I heard from them. My brother was working in a store; he expected to meet me on board the ship when we arrived. There was also lots of other news. They hoped that I would be homeward bound before the letter reached its destination. In one corner of the letter my brother had drawn a full rigged ship under sail with ports and everything complete; she looked like one of the large frigates down the river.

I was very glad to hear from the loved ones in my far-away Western home.

All of the crew were paid off except Bob. I told him what Mrs. Benjamin had said and induced him to stay by, another trip. Our gunner also was discharged and the guns taken ashore; we had no further need of their services, as the coast was being patrolled from north to south by English and French gunboats in search of pirates. In the meantime we had discharged and were taking in cargo again for Yokohama. From that time we carried full loads each way.

Mr. Fletcher and the mate had had many conflicts since we sailed from New York, but one occurred, while in port that trip, more serious than ever. It was evident that the two men could no longer sail together with any degree of harmony. The captain could not discharge either of them, as they had shipped for three years or until the ship returned to some port of the United States. Mr. Fletcher, however, consented to leave, to my great sorrow. The captain also regretted parting with so good an officer as the second mate had proved to be. They had sailed together in the "Two Sisters" since her first voyage.

On the evening of the day on which Mr. Fletcher was paid off, the steward, cook, Lang and I were lounging on the fore-hatch, spinning yarns with each other, when suddenly we heard a great commotion on the poop deck. Mr. Stover was seen running for the companionway and a man close behind him. We

all rushed aft and found Mr. Fletcher and the mate engaged in a hand-to-hand fight in the forward cabin. Mr. Stover was not slow in that kind of work, for he had practiced frequently with some member of the crew. He was no match for Mr. Fletcher, however, and if the Captain and steward had not interfered he would have been severely handled. The second mate then returned to the landing.

Having become discontented he had yielded doubtless to his old appetite, and being infuriated by whiskey, he had been prompted to come on board and attack the mate.

The same evening, at nine-thiry o'clock, he again came aboard, but at that time was too intoxicated to defend himself. I noticed him, before there was any demonstration, and helped him down to the main deck as quietly as possible. It was fortunate for Mr. Fletcher that the mate had turned in. It was my anchor watch until midnight, and I was determined to shield my friend if I could. By talking to him he was restrained from going aft to look for the mate. I told him how sorry I was that he had left the "Two Sisters" and how much I should miss him, what a good friend he had been, and how many things he had taught me. I told him that the old man had confidence in him and could always depend on him in a storm. I then reminded him of the vow which he had made when Tom was dying.

He remembered his promise, for he exclaimed: "Jack, my lad, Tom was all right, all right." Then he fell asleep. At midnight Bob relieved me. I told

him to watch Mr. Fletcher, but also to keep near the companionway, and if the mate should come on deck to tell him that all was well. I then lay down beside the second mate and was soon lost in slumber.

In the morning, at four A. M., Bob called the cook, and Mr. Fletcher and I were aroused. "Hello, Jack, what are you doing here?" he said, quite like himself again.

I then reminded him of the previous evening. He thanked me over and over again for taking care of him. I then told him, for the last time, how kind he had been to me, and how much I liked him. I expressed a hope that he would soon find a good ship, bound for the States. I gave him my mother's address, so that if he should land at New York he might call and tell her all about me.

Lang-su then quietly got his sampan ready and took Mr. Fletcher ashore. It was a great relief to me that he was safely beyond the reach of the mate. It was our last meeting; we never saw each other again, but to this day I remember his kindness to me on our first night out from Sandy Hook and on many other occasions during the twenty months we were shipmates. I learned that he joined the clipper-ship "White Squall," and sailed for Boston.

We spent the Fourth of July in port. The United States gunboat fired a National salute. A British and a French warship also saluted the stars and stripes. All the ships in port were dressed in bunting. Some of the foreign ships flew the American ensign from their fore-trucks. As soon as we were

loaded, a new crew came on board, and after getting our anchors we proceeded down the river and stood to sea on July seventh, 1860, wind southeast, raining, course full and by.

Our new second mate was an American chap, hailing from Bath, Maine. He was a good fellow, but did not possess Mr. Fletcher's experience as an officer. His name was Jeremiah Wicks. To my great disappointment I was taken out of the starboard watch and put into the mate's watch. The captain did not interfere, and I could not object, but if Mrs. Benjamin had been on board I think that she would have prevented it in her quiet way of doing things without friction. It is needless to say that I did not have any peace under these conditions. For example, in the starboard watch, during the night, when there was nothing going on, and not having the wheel, I could converse with the men, or if I chose, lie down under the lee of the center house and take a nap. Mr. Fletcher always gave me that privilege. Mr. Stover, however, made me walk the poop deck during all the spare time. He was continually growling at me and picking out the very meanest kind of work for me to do, such as scraping iron work and scouring the paint. If one of the men was found teaching me anything, he would make a great fuss about it. Such treatment was very exasperating.

Tom's brother, who went by the name of Ericson, was among the crew that trip. He was a good sailor but did not possess the frank and hopeful disposition of his brother. Ericson verified all that Tom had

said of himself in regard to his early training and education. I could not commune with him, as I had with Tom. Although he never passed through the schools, as Tom had, he could not be told or advised about anything. While he could take his share of strong drink he ridiculed the idea that it would ever become his master, but was so intoxicated when brought aboard the "Two Sisters" that I venture to say he did not know whether he was bound for Japan or Liverpool, or whether his name was Ericson or John Johnson. He occupied the same bunk that his brother Tom had used, and was also in the starboard watch.

We arrived at Yokohama, safe and sound, after a pleasant passage of ten days. Mr. Wicks, our new second mate, had not been accustomed to short trips and harbor work, such as handling cargo. Mr. Stover, consequently, had greater responsibility than usual, which made him more cross and disagreeable. Mr. Wicks, however, was quick to adapt himself to the situation, so that he and the mate pulled together quite well for a time.

The following day Mrs. Benjamin came on board and, as usual, after being absent for a time, she was glad to get back again. As she came on deck, the captain introduced her to Mr. Wicks, to whom she said, "I hope to become as favorably acquainted with you, sir, as I was with Mr. Fletcher, and to appreciate your services as I did his."

She had received her letters two weeks before; they had been forwarded from Shanghai by the British bark, "Toronto."

The next evening, talking over our home news, I told her what had occurred on the "Two Sisters" during her absence.

"I shall miss Mr. Fletcher," she said, "he was with us a long time. The captain and I always felt safe when Mr. Fletcher was on deck." I told her of Tom's brother and of my opinion of his character.

"Jack," she replied, "perhaps you are mistaken in regard to Erickson's disposition. You need not point him out to me, just wait and see if I can designate him from the rest of the crew."

Everything went well until the evening before sailing. The day had been warm and partly cloudy. The ship was lying to the port anchor, in four fathoms, with forty fathoms of chain out. The evening was very quiet. It was eight P. M., when suddenly, without warning, an earthquake occurred. It was the first that I had experienced, and as the ship began to shake and roll a strange sensation came over me: I was much afraid. All hands rushed on deck; the ship began to swing around and tug away at her cable. We payed out sixty fathoms more of chain, and stood by the starboard bower.

"It's all over," shouted the captain, "if a tidal wave does not follow, we are all right."

Mrs. Benjamin, after being assured that some one would stand in the companionway and call her if

anything happened, went below. The rest of us remained on deck all night, keeping watch. It was fortunate for us, and for the town, that no tidal wave followed.

At midnight, however, the great Fujiyama manifested itself, pouring forth red hot lava and shooting up flames that appeared to pierce the very clouds. Mrs. Benjamin was called to witness the grand display, the grandeur of which I described as being glorious and beautiful in appearance but fearful in its results.

No damage was caused by the earthquake among the shipping, nor in the immediate vicinity of the town, so far as we learned. The air was impregnated with sulphuric smoke, but a northerly wind drove it seaward. In talking about the earthquake, Mrs. Benjamin told me that scientists were not agreed as to their cause.

"Jack," she said, "we know that there must be a cause somewhere, for the effect is manifest to all. I would not attempt to explain the phenomena, but it appears to me as though the Almighty took hold of certain localities and shook them, just as a father might chastise a disobedient child.

I did not have the pleasure on that trip of taking the captain to and from the shore in the gig, as Lang with his sampan attended to all that kind of work. Lang did not like the Japanese, nor the landing; he was not used to a sand beach with, sometimes, a little surf rolling up. It was often difficult to get his boat off with his one oar.

"I no likee," he said, "chaffee up sampan outside, get too muchee water inside, I no savey." It was Lang's first and last trip with us.

On the morning of the day of sailing we took in thirty-five horses, which had not been broken. I never saw horses used in Japan, in those days. They were stalled in the lower hold, in the vicinity of the fore-hatch. It is not necessary to state that there was a considerable amount of kicking going on during that passage.

After making everything secure, we proceeded to sea, reaching Cape Idsu that evening, wind fair, but light. We lost five horses during the passage, otherwise everything went well and we came to anchor at Shanghai the twenty-first of August. When we entered the Wu-sung River everything had a warlike appearance. The warships, both great and small, and English and French troops were in evidence on every hand. The horses, which we had on board, were for the cavalry. There were thousands of them being shipped from Japan at that time, for the English and French armies in China.

While in port that trip I caught sight of Lord Elgin, who was commander-in-chief of the British forces. He was being rowed to the flagship when I saw him. We were moored about a cable's distance from the United States sloop of war "Hartford," which was in port. She ran up the Cross of St. George to her fore-truck and honored the great English soldier by manning the yards and firing a salute. In manning the yards, the men stand close by the side of each other along

the whole length of every yard, and as the "Hartford" was ship-rigged and had royal yards across, it required a larger number of men. For safety, life lines were stretched along the yards from the topping lifts into the halyards, about breast high. The men were all in uniform and made an imposing appearance.

The "Hartford" was a fine looking and powerful ship, and all the Americans on the coast were proud of her. She was the only United States vessel having a full band of music on board, that we had fallen in with on the coast.

We were lying so close to each other that it was a great treat for me to watch the men practicing with yards, sails, and guns. The gun drill I did not understand; I noticed only that they handled them easily. The yards and sails, they handled more quickly than the other warships in port, yet they did not compare favorably with the "Germantown's" crew. Probably the reason for it was that the "Hartford" was a steam vessel, while the "Germantown" depended upon sails exclusively; the "Hartford's" crew did not, consequently, have as much practice with yards and sails. The "Hartford" furnished us with excellent music, morning and evening, which was very entertaining. She left port forty-eight hours before we sailed, bound probably up the Yang-tse to observe the belligerents at the seat of war.

While we were loading, actual hostilities broke out between Mr. Stover and the steward. It happened one day at noon. The steward was hurrying to get

the dinner on the table, and as he was passing aft with some dishes of food the mate intercepted him. Words were exchanged between them; the steward became so enraged that war was declared at once. The food was scattered, dishes were broken. The captain was absent on shore. The second mate who was friendly with the steward endeavored to separate them, but failed. There were no belaying pins, revolvers nor knives in sight, and as the steward appeared to be doing well, no one else cared to interfere, so they fought on until both men decided to quit, the steward having a little advantage, though both were badly used up.

When the captain came on board the steward immediately requested to be discharged. He had sailed with Captain Benjamin for a number of years, and he regretted parting with him, but owing to the circumstances, and in accordance with his request, he was paid off.

The steward immediately sailed for Yokohama, where he opened a market as he had anticipated. He and the captain remained close friends and had many business transactions with each other while we remained on the coast. Although not so free and social as Mr. Fletcher had been with me, he was never unkind while teaching me the work of a cabin boy. I missed him in many ways.

The cook, who had been with us for several trips, became dissatisfied and was discharged. I then had the opportunity of practicing what I had learned in connection with the culinary department, as I was

obliged to do the cooking and cabin work for five days. Mrs. Benjamin assisted me by preparing the dining-table and keeping the cabins tidy. Bob also helped me a little evenings, so that I succeeded very well. Even Mr. Stover condescended to say that I did well.

A new cook was shipped who proved to be one of the best that I ever sailed with. He was a Chinese, but had had several years' experience in American ships, having been in Liverpool, Boston and New York. I was then taken out of the mate's watch and detailed to take charge of the cabin work, while the cook was to do all cooking, making bread, cake and pastry. I did not appreciate the change, for I had much rather have continued as a sailor boy, even in the mate's watch, but I did not have a choice in the matter. Being accustomed to the work I soon adapted myself to the situation.

After loading, we received on board forty Chinese passengers and passed out to sea on the fifteenth of September, 1860, bound for Hong Kong, China. We took our departure from North Saddle Island. I did not observe the true courses steered, as I was kept busy with my work in the cabin, but it was probably near to southwest, as the northwest point of Hong Kong is in latitude 22 degrees 45 minutes north, longitude, 114 degree 22 minutes east, distance from North Saddle Island about eight hundred and twenty-five miles. We made the passage in seventy-two hours, having all the wind that was necessary, from the northeast. We run down under courses, jib, fore-

topmast and mizzenstaysail and spanker, single-reefed topsails, with sometimes a topgallantsail set over them. The Chinese passengers were quartered between decks and did their cooking over a charcoal fire.

Two accidents occurred on our way to Hong Kong which are worthy of mention. The first caused the death of one man and an attempt to assassinate another, in which depravity, ignorance and superstition, the result of gross heathen darkness, was clearly set forth. It so happened that while one of the crew was working aloft, he accidentally dropped a heavy block. He instantly shouted, "Out from under." There were a number of passengers loitering about decks, and several directly underneath him. They did not understand the timely warning, consequently the falling block struck one of them on the top of his head causing his instant death. The Chinese became much excited. They took it for granted that the death of their friend had been caused purposely. They clamored loudly for the life of the man aloft, and gathered around the lower rigging on either side ready to kill him when he descended. The situation was serious for a time, as there were thirty-nine of them, while we numbered only thirteen. The captain by shrewd diplomacy, assisted by our Chinese cook, succeeded in pacifying them.

They agreed to go below, leaving a committee of six on deck to investigate. After they had retired between decks, in order to keep on the safe side, we secured the hatchway, which infuriated them and

they threatened to set fire to the ship. The captain told them that if they set the ship on fire that they would have to burn with her. Knowing that such a rash act would cause their immediate destruction, they desisted. Their committee shouted to them to be quiet, that no harm would come to them.

The man then came down from aloft, and after being questioned was, tempararily, locked in a state room. Among their committee were three intelligent merchants, who fully comprehended the situation and soon succeeded in persuading the other three.

The cause of their friend's death was then explained to those below. We agreed with the committee that six others, besides themselves, should remain on deck at one time. It was left to them as to how they should devide the time with each other. The committee then reported to the thirty-three that were below decks the result of their investigation and the agreement with the captain. This proved satisfactory and six of them came on deck, and with their committee they proceeded to bury the remains of their friend.

They purchased one of our water casks, and after taking out one of the heads, they placed the deceased in the cask in a sitting posture, with a tray in front containing rice, chop sticks, tea, and some Chinese dainties. The cask was then headed up water-tight and carefully lowered over the ship's side. Of course, the contents of the cask were all disarranged as soon as it struck the water. The Chinese hoped that by

setting the body of their friend adrift, it might at some time be cast upon the shores of the home land.

The second accident did not prove fatal to any one, but it caused some fear and inconvenience among the passengers. A heavy sea was running on our starboard quarter, and through the carelessness of the man at the wheel, the ship broached to a couple of points. Before he could get her off on her course again, a big fellow boarded us between the main and mizzen-rigging which stove the gig and carried off the booby hatch.

The passengers were lying with their heads as near under the hatchway as possible, in order to get fresh air. Of course, they received the full force of water as it rushed between decks. They were much alarmed and thoroughly soaked, and imagined that the ship was sinking, as we took in considerable water before the hatchway could be covered.

Our cook was soon on hand as he always was in an emergency. He told them there was not the least particle of danger, that the ship was making the best time possible and would probably land them safely in Hong Kong within twenty-four hours.

The cook's explanation and hopeful words proved to be as oil on the troubled waters, and they at once proceeded to adapt themselves to the situation. The whole incident was quite amusing to the crew, but very unpleasant for the passengers.

There were some things in connection with my work in the cabin which I enjoyed greatly; one was that I could help myself to as much pie and cake as

I wanted. Surely, any strong, healthy boy would appreciate this privilege. Another was, I had all night in. The cook served the coffee in the morning, so I was never called until six. The best of all, however, was that I did not have the mate to contend with, the captain having intimated to Mr. Stover that while I was doing the cabin work he would assume full control of me. Yet there were some things about my position which I did not appreciate. I missed the excitement which accompanied the duties of a real sailor boy, such as my trick at the wheel, taking in sails and going aloft.

I had always enjoyed the genial companionship of our old gunner since our first trip on the coast, but I was glad that his services could be dispensed with at that time with comparative safety, while the coast was being patrolled by foreign gun-boats. The black flag of piracy hovering about the China Sea and Indian Archipelago in those days was more dreaded by sailors than all other dangers combined.

There are two entrances to the Harbor of Hong Kong, one from the west and the other from the east. We entered the harbor from the west. When abreast Green Island we kept the peak of Lamma Island, Mt. Senhouse one thousand one hundred and forty feet high, open to the westward of Green Island, south, three-quarters east, until Devil's Peak, on the main near Lyemun Pass, was in line with a white rock on the south point of Won-chu-chau, or Stone Cutter's Island, then a southeast by east course led

us to the northward of Kellett's Bank and direct to the anchorage.

We came to anchor about one and a half miles from the landing jetty. The mail steamer which left the river at the same time with us, did not arrive until four hours later. The captain was taken on shore, but as our bills of lading were on the steamer, nothing could be done in the way of discharging cargo until after she had arrived. A lighter was sent off and the passengers disembarked with their luggage. We were very glad to get rid of them, and the man who let the block fall from aloft felt much safer.

Everything was different at Hong Kong; it was more like a European port, as it, indeed, was an English colony. The harbor was large and commodious; it is frequented at times by terrific typhoons, which prove very disastrous both to the shipping and on shore.

A side-wheel steamer, constructed like one of our Hudson River boats, plied daily between Hong Kong and Canton. There were no lighters propelled by one oar, as at Shanghai, for about all the freight came from Canton, Wampoo, and the neighboring islands, and was brought alongside in junks. They were well armed, each carrying a number of big guns, according to their size. We did not use our gig: the captain was taken to and from the jetty by Chinese boatmen. Their boats were modeled after the European plan and rowed by several men. I never saw a boat handled with one oar in that port.

Hong Kong Island is about nine miles long, northwest by west and southeast by east, two and a-half miles broad and with an area of about twenty-nine square miles; it lies between Lamma Island and the main, from which it is separated by a narrow channel, a quarter of a mile wide, Lyemun Pass.

The city of Victoria (Hong Kong) is on the north side of the island under the peak and facing the northeast; it is thus sheltered from the southwest monsoon and suffers from extreme heat during the summer. Although it has been visited by sickness from deadly malaria, yet it will compare favorably with many of the treaty ports which, under Chinese sanitary regulations, are said to be the most unhealthy in the world. Its excellent police, gas lighting, commercial regulations and other British improvements made it one of the best regulated colonies at that time in the East. Owing to the excessive heat of the city a site was occupied for several years as a sanitarium at Kow-loom on the northern shore of Victoria harbor. By the treaty of Tientsin this was ceded to Britain, and the tract about five square miles was laid out for villa residences in 1864. It is essentially a free port, no charges or dues being levied; it is the headquarters of the British military and naval forces in China. It has banking facilities and all of the appliances of a modern port.

Mrs. Benjamin, who had been somewhat nervous because of the Chinese passengers, spent a week on shore. The visit proved to be a pleasant one and beneficial to her health. "Jack," she said, "it was

real homelike on shore. It has much the appearance of a European town."

On our second Sabbath in port, Mr. Wicks, Bob and I went ashore to take a look at the city. There were many bar rooms and dance-halls in the vicinity of the water front. The second mate, while not a slave to strong drink, as was Mr. Fletcher, headed that way, as he never refused to take a glass with his ship-mates.

"Come in chaps, and have a smile," he said.

"Hexcuse me, sir, hi don't drink," said Bob; "hi rather take ha look hat the town."

"Come in then, let's have a cigar," persuaded the second mate.

"Hi don't 'have hany likin' fer smokin' heither," answered Bob.

"Well, I don't know as the drink would do us any good, but I must have a smoke anyhow," replied Mr. Wicks. He lit his pipe and we proceeded through some of the principal thoroughfares. There were many more Europeans promenading the streets in their Sunday attire than I had ever seen in Shanghai. There were some large public buildings and cozy residences, some of which were surrounded by lawns filled with frolicking children. We tarried a while and watched them. It was a pleasure for me, as I had not seen children at play in a long time.

"Hey, Jack, wouldn't you like to get over there and lend them a hand?" remarked the second mate.

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered; "look! some of them are older than I am, but I'm idly dreaming, for I'll ne'er be a child again."

"Hit takes me back again to my boyhood days in merry Hold Hingland," exclaimed Bob.

After feasting our eyes and ears with the beautiful home-like surroundings, and desiring to retain the impressions as long as possible, we did not visit the Chinese quarters but decided to return to the ship, which we did with pleasant memories of the now great city on the rocky island of Hong Kong. While lying at Hong Kong an American clipper ship, named "Challenge" or "Challenger," I have forgotten which, arrived in distress, and after a survey was held, was condemned.

After twenty-one days in port we weighed anchor and set sail for Shanghai, taking our departure from Victoria Peak. The northeast monsoon did not blow as heavily as on our way down. We experienced a stiff breeze, however, during all the passage. We had a dead beat to the windward all the way up to the Yang-tse, from thence we laid our course to the Wu-sung River on the starboard tack and from that point proceeded to Shanghai with a free wind and anchored in the vicinity of our usual berth, making the passage in eighteen days.

The French sailing frigate "Forte," left Hong Kong Roads eight hours in advance of us. We overhauled her off North Saddle Island and passed into the Yang-tse ahead of her. Mrs. Benjamin told me that she had heard in Shanghai that the "Forte" was the

ship which carried the remains of Napolean Bonaparte from St. Helena to France. Bob was the only man forward who remained by the ship. It was thought best that I should continue with the cabin work.

Sunday's ship was in port, and as he had not called on us, Captain Benjamin made it his business to go on board and inquire about him. He learned that Sunday had succeeded remarkably well, as we had anticipated. He had been promoted several times, first, as ordinary seaman; second, able seaman; third, captain of the maintop; fourth, boatswain, and was then serving as first gunner. Sunday had been transferred to a small gunboat, with headquarters at Singapore, and in connection with his other duties was acting as her pilot in the strait of Malacca and vicinity, where they were engaged in hunting down pirates.

The captain, telling about his visit on the flag ship, said: "The Admiral was very enthusiastic; he said that he would like me to furnish the British Navy with a thousand more of just such men as Sunday, to serve in the East. I asked the Admiral if Sunday had remained as pious as ever.

"Well," said the captain, "he introduced me to the chaplain who told me that Sunday improved as rapidly in spiritual understanding as he had in his temporal duties; that he had become well established and grounded in the faith."

After discharging and taking in cargo, and shipping a new crew we got under way, bound for Yoko-

hama. As the tug-boat was not available, we proceeded to work our way down the river. On reaching the middle ground, the wind being dead ahead and the channel not broad enough for us to tack, but a strong ebb tide running, we resorted to the backing and filling method.

Our old friend, the frigate "Forte," was lying about a mile below the middle ground. For some purpose they had run out a stream anchor into the middle of the channel, and they were there at that time with her launch picking it up. As we were backing across the river, the "Two Sisters" drifted down broadside upon them, and they were obliged to cut away from their anchor which exasperated their officer. Our pilot informed him that they did not have any more right to obstruct the channel than the Chinese, and that they would have to abide by the consequences. The pilot's retort did not help matters any, but we were soon out of reach of their words as they pulled back to their ship. We passed out to sea, that afternoon, and took our departure from Shaweishan Island, having worked well to the windward in smooth water.

"Mr. Stover," said the captain, "the monsoon is blowing from north northeast, we can just about lay our course for Cape Satano; if the wind backs up any more to the northward and does not blow too heavy we will check in the weather braces and set the topmaststunsails."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the mate, "but I reckon that the wind is more likely to haul into the northeast where it belongs at this time of year."

"Well, if it does," replied the captain, "we'll keep her going on the port tack and stand well to the southward."

Winter had now set in again on the coast and the nights were quite cold. We had set up our cabin stove and, as I took care of the fire, it meant a little more work for me. Mrs. Benjamin required that the cabin should be warm and comfortable; I also enjoyed it as much as any one, especially in the evenings.

Mrs. Benjamin told me that the United States frigate, "Niagara," was about due at Yokohama, with the Japanese embassy on board. "Jack," she said, you remember they left Yedo for the United States about last December. I have heard that they were highly entertained in America. They were the first dignitaries of Japan to visit Western civilization."

"I never saw an American frigate, ma'am," I replied, "I hope that we will be over there when she arrives."

After rounding Cape Satano we had a long beat to the windward until we reached Yedo Bay. When off Cape Idsu, late in the afternoon on the twenty-seventh day of November, we sighted a large ship under full sail sweeping down the gulf of Yedo. We soon made her out to be a steam war-vessel. She proved to be the "Niagara." They had landed the embassy at Yedo and were on their return voyage

to the United States. They signalled us that if we had any mail for them, to heave to and they would send a boat alongside, but as we did not, both of us proceeded on our course. I was much disappointed in not meeting the "Niagara" in port. She was at that time the pride of the United States Navy. We arrived at Yokohama on the following day, November twenty-eight, 1860.

I was afterward informed that the "Niagara," with the Japanese embassy on board, left Panama, United States of Columbia, June thirtieth, 1860, and arrived at Yedo Bay, by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, November ninth. The following day the embassy disembarked and on the twenty-seventh of November she stood to sea, touching at Hong Kong, Singapore, Aden, and Cape Town, arriving at Boston, April twenty-fourth, 1861.

We found that the steward who settled in Yokohama was doing a brisk trade. He furnished us with provisions, and Captain Benjamin did some trading in copper cash and other things. He did not come on board that trip. After discharging we took in the most valuable cargo that the "Two Sisters" had ever carried. It consisted chiefly of raw silk, said to be worth one million Mexican dollars.

While in port Mr. Stover had another narrow escape. During a quarrel with one of the crew he was stabbed, the knife striking his breast bone and causing a painful but not serious wound. The man requested to be taken before the American consul. Instead he was kept in irons forty-eight hours and then

released. The mate threatened to work it out of him on our way back to Shanghai.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "as the climate is much milder at Kanagawa during the winter months than it is to the westward of Japan, I have decided to remain over here again until the 'Two Sisters' returns."

I enjoyed the scenery between Yokohama and Kanagawa very much. The transportation facilities were not of the best. Their vehicles have two wheels, like our carts at home and are without springs. They are pulled by one or two men. This vehicle is called jin-riki-sha. The name is composed of three distinct words: jin, man; riki, pull; and sha, carriage. A quick witted Yankee, visiting Japan, on learning of this, promptly dubbed the jin-riki-sha, "Pullman-car."

Having finished loading we set sail from Yokohama for Shanghai. From thence to the Amherst Rocks we had a long pull to the windward of about four hundred miles; our true course was west by north, the wind veering between northwest and north. After standing well across the Yellow Sea, on the port tack, we were compelled to make several tacks. From Cape Satano the passage was very disagreeable. The cook and I got along nicely with our work and were not much exposed to the weather. We arrived at our regular anchorage safely and did not experience any casualties during the passage worthy of note. Our consignees were a little anxious, however, on account of our valuable cargo. Our nearest neighbor, while in port, was the "Hartford." Her band dispensed enjoyable music, mornings and evenings,

and her crew was more active while drilling than before.

On our passage from Japan, that trip, we spent Christmas in the vicinity of Volcano Island, it being off our port beam at noon. The captain opened a barrel of bottled ale and gave a portion of it to each of the crew. For our dinner we had canned meats and fruits. All hands had a holiday, which was enjoyed.

When about ready for sea again we tried to persuade Lang Su to go over to Japan with us again and take his sampan, but he absolutely refused, saying: "No, me no likee, too muchee sand beach, too muchee rough water." The captain offered him more money as an inducement, but it was of no avail. The Chinese did not seem to like their Japanese neighbors.

"Jack, we are now ready for sea again," said the captain, "I hope that it will be our last trip on the coast. We are to take five cabin passengers, which means more work for you; Bob will lend a hand whenever it is necessary."

The crew and passengers then came on board and after towing down the river, we stood off to sea.

"We'll make Satano to-morrow morning," said the captain on the afternoon of the second day out.

"Don't know, the weather looks rather dull," replied the mate.

"Well, we'll keep a good lookout and watch the barometer," answered the captain.

At four bells that evening the barometer began falling rapidly. "Mr. Stover, a heavy storm is approaching from some direction," said the captain.

"I wager you, sir, it's a typhoon from the northeast," suggested the mate, "and I reckon that we had better make everything snug aloft."

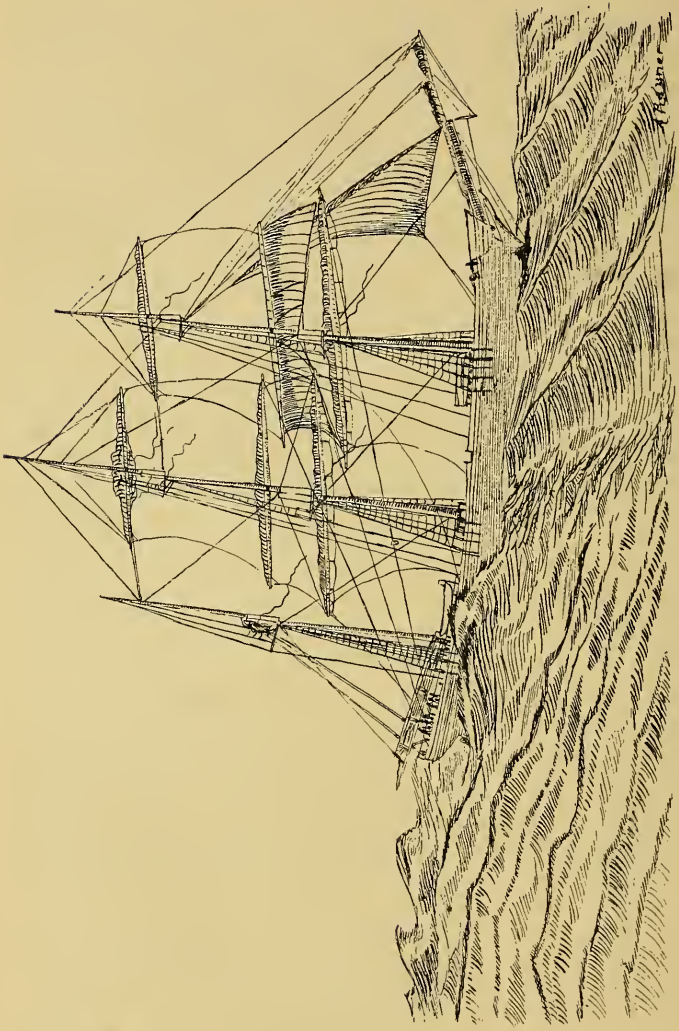
"All right," answered the captain, "take in all the light sails and see that they are well tied up with extra gaskets, for we don't want any sails breaking out while the storm is on. Send down the skysail and royal-yards, also stunsail-booms."

All of our passengers had made long voyages, and so they did not need to be waited on, but they made themselves very useful. One of them helped me to make things secure about the cabins and the others assisted on deck.

The storm did not break upon us, like a hurricane, but came on gradually. At ten P. M. we were under two-reefed topsails and reefed courses, the wind was increasing, so we close-reefed our topsails, took in the courses, hauled down the jib and reduced (took bunnet out) mizzenstaysail, and took in the spanker. At midnight it was blowing fiercely and was still increasing. We then set our mizzentrysail, took in topsails and foretopmaststaysail and hove the ship to on the port tack. By noon the following day the storm was at its height.

"In all of my experience," said Captain Benjamin, "I never saw a steady wind blow so heavily."

"This makes the third typhoon that I have fallen in with, and I never have experienced a moderate one



IN THE CENTER OF A TYPHOON.

yet. I reckon they don't happen," replied Mr. Stover, "they just blow as hard as ever they can and that's all there is about it."

For lack of sea-room it was impossible for us to escape the center of the storm. At two P. M., without any previous indication, the wind suddenly dropped and a dead calm prevailed. A heavy sea had been running, but it was now, as it were, all confused, the waves mounting up into peaks and tumbling over each other all about and over us. The calm lasted nearly three hours, and during this time the ship and rigging were subject to a much greater strain, than at any other time during the storm. Our decks were continually flooded, the sea breaking over us from every direction. Suddenly the wind burst out upon us again in great fury from the opposite direction. It was a welcome relief, however, as the sea soon became regular and the vessel did not labor so heavily. We brought the ship to the wind on the starboard tack and got our yards braced around without accident. During the night it seemed to blow as hard as it could. At seven bells, on the following morning, the wind and sea began to moderate. The wind was fair, but we made sail only sufficient to steady the ship until the typhoon had passed well out of our course.

"Many vessels have come to grief," said the old man, "by making sail too soon and running into the storm again."

"I hope, sir, that Mrs. Benjamin is safe," I said.

"Yes, Jack, I trust that she is," he answered. "These storms are sometimes more disastrous in port than at sea. We were fortunate that we did not lose our spars; the 'Two Sisters' behaved admirably."

During the height of the storm it was not safe for me to go back and forth from cabin to galley. Bob was, therefore, detailed to attend to that part of my work. By the following day a great change had taken place on the face of the great deep. A few hours previous there were darkness, the mighty tempest and the raging sea, awful to contemplate, majestically grand to behold, terrible to experience; but now a great calm, quiet, restful and beautiful profound stillness far and near. The great light of day flooding the surrounding ocean with his warmth and brightness, wooing it back again as it were, into peaceful quietness.

After being out twenty days we arrived at Yokohama. Everybody interested was glad when they saw the "Two Sisters" approaching the anchorage. They feared that she had been dismasted.

"Jack," I am glad to get back among you all again," said Mrs. Benjamin, "although I enjoyed my visit on shore very much, and I am feeling very well. How did you get along with your work during the storm with so many passengers?"

"They were all kind and considerate, ma'am, and helped me. On landing, as it was my fifteenth birthday, each of them gave me three dollars as a present. I decided to spend the money for curios."

At Yokohama the typhoon did considerable damage, both on shore and among the shipping. Several foreign vessels were blown high upon the beach, and a Dutch brig foundered at her anchor; it was said that not a junk was left afloat on the bay.

A full cargo was waiting for us and in order to have quick dispatch, an extra force of men was set at work discharging into lighters on either side. The chattering, laughing, and singing of the men, the rattle of purchase blocks, the clamor of lighter men while getting their boats in position—all made a change from the regular, everyday life on shipboard.

The former steward was still doing a thriving business at Yokohama. The morning after our arrival he came on board to solicit trade and take a look at us. As he came on deck I was astonished to see Mr. Stover greet him.

"Hello, Steward," he said, "I am glad to see you, 'let the dead past bury its dead.'"

"We'll make everything right again, Mr. Stover," replied the steward, as they shook hands with each other."

"It really seems quite like home, Jack," remarked the steward, "but one member of the family, Mr. Fletcher, is missing. The cabins look nice and tidy, and everything appears to be in shipshape, apple-pie order. By the appearance of things in the galley, I judge that you have a good cook." We were all glad to meet our old shipmate. It was the last time I ever saw him.

I was allowed to go ashore on the last Saturday in port. I bought a small cabinet, some fancy boxes and other articles, also a box of tea. I met a Custom House officer with whom I was quite well acquainted. He invited me to his house. He had two boys younger than I and a daughter of fifteen, of whom the father was very proud. Daughters were more appreciated in Japan than in China. The mother was not at home. The daughter could talk a little English and appeared pleased to entertain me. She invited me to sit down with her, Turkish fashion, in one of the squares on the neatly padded floor. A servant then brought in a small, low table and served tea and cake. The young lady inquired about my home and of the great city of New York. I answered her as far as my limited knowledge of the city extended and guessed at the rest. She presented me with a beautiful tea box. There were two boxes within a box. The exterior box was highly polished and inlaid with mother of pearl; the cover was furnished with hinges, lock and key. The interior boxes were also polished and were lined inside with a thin coating of lead and were fitted with sliding covers. They would hold a quarter of a pound of tea each. The father and brothers did not join this little tea party.

After an agreeable visit of half an hour I departed. She permitted me to kiss her hand and invited me to come again, which I promised to do if I returned to Yokohama.

The following Monday Mrs. Benjamin called at the custom officer's home and presented his daughter for me with a copy of "The Illustrated Life of Christ." Of course, the girl did not understand the book, but the officer was confident that his daughter would soon learn its contents. Mrs. Benjamin promised to write to Dr. Brown, the missionary, who would come and tell her about the Person whose life was recorded.

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, on her return, "the officer's daughter is a lovely young lady. You should have become acquainted with her before."

"The officer told me, ma'am," I replied, "that he would have taken me to his residence before, but whenever I came on shore at other times I was in company with some of the crew." I was thinking, however, of a lovely girl far, far away, whom I liked very much, but whom I never met again. During my absence our Heavenly Father kissed her to sleep and bore her away to the beautiful city above.

After loading we took our departure, bound for Shanghai. This proved to be our last trip to Japan.

"Jack, I will tell you something more about Hakodate or Hakodadi," said Mrs. Benjamin, one evening during the passage. "I was told, while at Kanagawa, that Hakodadi, on the north side of Tsugar strait, is situated at the northern slope of a high peninsula which is connected with the main land of Yeso by a long, sandy isthmus. It is an excellent roadstead, four miles broad and five miles long and for accessibility and safety is one of the finest harbors in the world. Its entrance is between Hakodadi Head and

Mussel Point which bear east and west of each other, distance four and two-thirds miles. The harbor is in the southeastern arm of the bay and is completely sheltered. This excellent port was thrown open to American commerce by the treaty procured by Commodore Perry, March thirty-first, 1854.

The town lies on the southern coast of the island of Yeso, on the western side of the small peninsula which forms one side of the harbor. They tell me that the place is picturesque, and its position and general aspect resemble Gibraltar in many particulars. The town, containing one thousand houses and about six thousand inhabitants, stretches for three miles along the base of a lofty promontory, divided into three principal peaks of from six hundred to one thousand feet in height, whose barren summits are often covered with snow.

"The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in commerce and fisheries and carry on a large trade with the interior. It is said that more than a thousand junks are seen occasionally at anchor in the harbor."

We arrived at our mooring, off Frenchtown, after ten days. A fairly good passage for that time of year. In order to discharge cargo before the expiration of the second years' charter, the work was pushed rapidly. By the middle of March the cargo was discharged, and having fulfilled every obligation of the year's contract, the "Two Sisters" was released. We were then free to charter for any part of the world.

Chapter XV.

Loading for New York

For several days we were all anxious to know to what part of the globe we were destined to go. The captain decided to leave the coast of China and Japan, which fact caused both Mrs. Benjamin and me to rejoice. There were four offers available, and the captain was undecided, for a time, which to accept. The offers were for San Francisco, Liverpool, Boston and New York. Late in the afternoon, on the twentieth of March, the captain came on board and relieved our anxiety by stating that he had chartered the "Two Sisters" for New York, and we were to begin, on the following day, to take in a cargo of tea.

Mrs. Benjamin went on shore to remain until the ship was ready for sea, in order to gather as much strength as possible before beginning the long, tedious voyage.

During our last visit at Yokohama she procured a small pug dug. We called it Nippon, after its native island. Nippon was a cunning little thing, and we all became attached to it, except Mr. Stover, who was not slow to express to contempt for our little pet, saying: "I have no use for that cur."

"Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, while I was assisting her to get ready for shore, "take good care of Nippon and keep him out of mischief." I knew very well

what she really meant was that I should keep him out of the mate's way as much as possible, which I promised to do.

Before loading with tea it is necessary for a ship to take in ballast. The "Two Sisters," however, was already ballasted, as our cargoes to Japan had generally been light. Therefore, we were in condition to take in cargo at once. Everything on board now took on a new aspect. The fact that we were about to begin loading for home filled me with fresh desires and great expectations. I was as happy as any boy, surrounded with similar environment, could be. All of my work went on smoothly.

Four of the crew had remained; they and Mr. Wicks, who had decided to sail for the States with us, were kept busy overhauling rigging and sails. Mr. Stover had decided to remain on the coast, but agreed to stay by until we were ready for sea, and during that time he exercised all his energy and skill in order to leave the "Two Sisters" in the best possible condition. Mr. Stover was the best man to take care of a ship that I ever sailed with. A special gang of stevedores came on board, most of them picked men, who were engaged chiefly in stowing cargoes of tea, and were expert at it. First they levelled off the ballast, making it perfectly smooth; they then covered it with thick matting. Then they measured the hold accurately and began work on scientific principles. The tea was shipped in the regulation whole, half and quarter boxes, wrapped in matting.

The following Sabbath proved to be a beautiful, bright day. A large fleet of vessels was in port and all of them were dressed in their holiday bunting. Our old friend, the "Hartford," was absent; we missed the entertainment which her crew and band had afforded us. Other warships in the harbor furnished us with music. After dinner, the cook having promised to do my afternoon's work, Mr. Wicks, Bob and I went on shore.

"Chaps, let's haul up for the walled city and take a stroll inside the gates," said the second mate.

"All right, sir, I'm with you. I will be glad to take one more cruise in that direction," I answered.

"Hi 'ave 'ad hall the hexperience in Chinese cities that hi want, han' hi'm not 'ankering after no more hof hit. Hi'll keep hoff fer the Sailor's Home, han 'unt hup some hof my hold shipmates," said Bob. So he parted company with us for the afternoon. Bob was a little afraid of being recognized in the city as a deserter from the Imperial army, hence his caution.

"Jack," said the second mate, as we were passing through the gate into the city, "I think we'll heave to and take a pilot."

"All right, sir," I answered, "I have had some difficulty in sailing through its narrow, crooked channels."

We then came to, and lay under the lee of the inner gate, on the port tack, with the maintopsail to the mast and the union jack flying from the foretruck. Presently an enterprising young pilot hove alongside. Was he a branch pilot? Yes, indeed, with a long list of testimonials from great admirals

and commanders of many navies of the world. We gave him full charge, and promised a very liberal fee of about thirty cents.

Everything looked about the same as on my previous visit, two years before. Really, there had been very little change in China since the days of Confucius, except that her people had come and gone, generation after generation. But their customs and surroundings had remained the same. We visited the principal temple. The spacious square in front of it was filled with devout worshippers, burning incense (josh papers), and prostrating themselves before their gods. All of them had sad countenances, expressive of a longing desire for something which they did not obtain by their worship.

We were then escorted to the general market of the city, a well chosen locality for observing the characteristics of the people. We found there the same sharp competition between sellers, and the same eagerness among buyers, to secure good bargains, as in other market places. The expression on the faces of those whose trade was dull was like that on the countenances of the worshippers at the temple. When approached by a customer, their faces would light up with bright anticipation. The buyers were, as a whole, a cheerful and happy crowd, rather noisy, but otherwise orderly and courteous to each other.

"Jack," remarked Mr. Wicks, "in buying and selling I find that human nature is about the same in all parts of the world; there are shrewd sellers and buyers in every clime."

After cruising about a while longer we kept off and steered for open sea room, arriving at the exit of the city in good condition. Before discharging our pilot he requested a written testimonial. The second mate complied with his request, certifying that Hung Chang had fulfilled his obligations as a guide, and signed "Commodore Perry and staff, United States Navy."

"Jack, that will compare favorably with the other signatures," laughingly remarked the second mate. We then kept away for Englishtown. While passing along the boulevard we were agreeably surprised to meet Mrs. Benjamin, who was in company with some lady friends, escorted by a British Naval officer. Mrs. Benjamin was pleased to meet her shipmates. She presented us to the company, with some kind words regarding our merit and faithfulness on shipboard. After she had made several inquiries concerning the "Two Sisters" we saluted and continued on our course.

As the sun was sinking fast beyond the town, we kept off for the quay. On reaching it, the shipping moored along the river presented itself in silent majesty. The sundown gun was fired, the magnificent display of colors vanished, and as the sweet melodious strain of England's national anthem, "God Save the Queen," filled the air, I thought of the millions upon millions of suffering humanity behind us, and wondered how long before a change for the better would come in the vast Empire of China.

When we reached the "Two Sisters" the second mate remarked, "Jack, I reckon that the next time we make a landing it will be in New York city."

The thought thrilled me with glad anticipation.

After I finished my evening's work, Mr. Stover inquired about my afternoon's stroll on shore. It appeared to me that as he was so soon to leave the ship he was endeavoring to make friends with me and settle up all old scores. I told him of my experience in the walled city, and of meeting Mrs. Benjamin.

"Mr. Stover, I hope you will get a good berth when you quit the 'Two Sisters,' I ventured to suggest.

"There are several vessels on the coast, Jack, which have temporary masters, perhaps I may get charge of one of them," he replied.

As Bob had returned, I slipped around forward to compare notes with him. "'Ello, Jack," said Bob, as I hove in sight, "'Ow did you find everything in the city?"

"All right," I answered. "We never met even one European inside the wall."

"Europeans hare not steering in that direction these days, Jack, I'm tellin' yer," said Bob.

"How about the Sailor's Home?" I inquired, "Did you fall in with any old shipmates?"

"Sure as yer born, Jack, I run afoul of Maloney. He was just on shore fer a lark. 'I't a fine time I'm havin', Bob,' says he, 'Come on over across the strate and let's have a smile.' 'None of yer drink fer this

chap, Maloney,' I says. 'Sure an' yer right, Bob,' says he, 'there's no drink fer me either in yer honor's company. I remember the court-marital trial, Bob,' says he, 'sure an' it's yerself that should be studyin' the law.' "

"Bob, how was Maloney getting on, on board his ship?" I inquired.

"He's been raised," replied Bob, "'as got two stripes on 'is harm. Hi don't just hexactly know what it stands fer. Captain of the forecastle or suthin' like that. 'E tried to hargue me hout hof goin' to the States han henlist hin the navy with 'im, but hi told 'im hi was bound fer hold Hengland. Hi stood by 'im Jack, down to 'is boat. 'Bob,' says Maloney, has we parted company, 'Hi'll never ferget hour hescape down the river together, and your hearnest pleadings fer me at the trial.' "

The following week was an eventful and busy one on board the "Two Sisters." We finished loading Friday afternoon. Every foot of available space in the lower hold and between decks had been neatly packed with boxes of tea with skill unsurpassed by stevedores of any other port in the world. Our hatches were caulked, and securely battened down. Our Chinese cook had left, and another cook had been duly installed, and a steward also had been shipped. He and I were kept busy stowing away provisions. Mrs. Benjamin came on board Saturday morning. Everything possible for her comfort during the voyage had been procured and packed away.

The British ship, "Vesuvius," arrived at Wu-sung the previous Saturday. It was known by her officers and crew that the cargo of coal had been on fire for several days. They succeeded in keeping it smothered until the ship arrived, when it suddenly broke out and in a short time the vessel was totally destroyed. The first officer of the "Vesuvius," Mr. Brown, shipped with us in place of Mr. Stover.

"Mr. Brown," said Mr. Stover, as he turned over to him all the ship's papers, cargo accounts, etc., "I am sure, sir, that the cargo was counted correctly. Every box was tagged with a bamboo stick, which was collected at the hatchway. If any box were not counted it would speak for itself before being stowed away."

"When the cargo is counted out, it will tell the story and I have no doubt that it will confirm your account," replied Mr. Brown. "One thing is certain," he added, "after knocking about for two years on the coast, the 'Two Sisters' is in excellent condition. I am doubtful, sir, that I shall give as good satisfaction in that direction."

Mr. Stover was pleased with the little compliment, which he well deserved. "Don't know, sir," he replied. "Mighty fine vessel you came out in, I reckon, everything being equal, that you can take care of a ship even better than I."

At five P. M. Saturday, we were about ready for sea. Mr. Stover's luggage had been sent ashore and he was ready to leave the ship. Mrs. Benjamin came on deck to see him off, and in her usual pleasant

manner gave him a few hopeful words. Thanking him for his services she bade him farewell. Mr. Stover, who had always displayed so much boldness and roughness in the past was much affected.

"I have always appreciated your kindness, ma'am," he replied, "and I shall never forget you."

I was the last one of whom he took leave, the captain being on shore. "Jack, my boy, we've had some rough times together and have seen some high seas, but now it is all over and past. We part as good friends, eh?" he said, as he shook my hand.

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, "I shall miss you Mr. Stover, and that's the truth."

After our mutual experiences, pleasant and otherwise, I felt, when Mr. Stover went over the ship's side, that a worthy shipmate had parted company with me. That evening I turned over to the steward all of my responsibility in the cabin. According to the captain's promise, I was ordered to take up again the duties of a sailor boy.

The next day was the Sabbath. After washing decks and having breakfast, I had an opportunity to look about a little. The cabin work had kept me so busy since Mr. Newton, our former steward left us, that I had scarcely had time to think of myself. Mr. Wicks, Bob and I attended divine service on board the Bethel. In the afternoon some ladies and gentlemen, friends of the captain, came on board to say farewell. Among them was our townsman of whom I have before spoken as being interested in the dry dock at Shanghai. He expressed a desire

to embark with us, but was not quite ready. He expected, however, to sail for home before long.

"Well, why didn't you get ready, sir? I gave you fair warning," said the captain.

"That's a fact, you did, and I thank you for it, captain," he replied, "the old phrase, 'Circumstances alter cases,' is applicable in my case. You know that the ship, 'Kingfisher,' was in the dock at the time of the accident, and her back was broken, which cost a big pile of money, and we haven't yet quite recovered from the losses, but as soon as we do, I expect to sail for old Long Island once more."

The following morning the pilot and crew came on board. After breakfast Lang Su was paid off, and discharged with an elaborate testimonial; he had been a faithful boatman and when we said good-bye, it was like parting with an old friend. Everything being ready we proceeded to get under way. A flood tide was running, but a good, fair breeze was blowing. After getting our first anchor, we hove in the second cable short, then made sail, broke out the anchor and stood down the river under topsails, jib, and spanker. After getting below the shipping, we got our anchors on the bow and made all sail as quickly as possible. While passing through the fleet at anchor Captain Benjamin and I were kept busy dipping our ensign, saying, as it were, "good-bye," to each one. All the warships laying above Wu-sung also exchanged salutations with us as we passed by.

When we reached the Yang-tse, we met a head-wind, a good working breeze was blowing, however,

and an ebb tide running. After working down to the light-vessel and over the bar, we met the sloop of war, "Hartford," steaming in. She was under three top-sails, jib and spanker.

We knew that the war clouds had gathered over our fair home land, that the "Star of the West" had been fired upon in Charleston harbor, and that our brothers were in deadly conflict with one another. We comforted ourselves, however, with the earnest hope that the strife would soon be over. The "Hartford" had been ordered home. It was fortunate for American commerce in the East that her officers and crew remained loyal to the stars and stripes.

While working down the Yang-tse there were several ships in company with us. They were bound for Japan and other ports on the coast. We had quite an exciting race to the windward. The "Two Sisters" proved to be the best boat in the fleet, having outsailed them all. We discharged our pilot and took our departure from the North Saddle Island, standing to sea on the starboard tack, wind to the southward, on the twenty-third day of April, 1861.

CHAPTER XVI.

Homeward Bound, From Shanghai to Anjer

At five that afternoon the anchors having been properly secured and everything made snug on deck and aloft, all hands were mustered aft. The captain then addressed the officers and men in a few words. He said:

"We have a long and tedious voyage ahead of us. I expect every man of you to do his duty. I promise each of you due reward for faithful service. I trust that peace and harmony will prevail between officers and men." The men replied simultaneously, "Aye, aye, sir."

Mrs. Benjamin, who was standing by, said: "Captain, officers and men, I count myself the least of all the ship's company. I will endeavor to make our voyage together as agreeable and pleasant as possible. I desire to be a help and comfort to you all in sickness or in health." All hands then gave three hearty cheers for the Mistress and the "Two Sisters." The officers then chose their watches after which the starboard watch went to supper.

Our ship's company consisted of captain, Mrs. Benjamin, mate and second mate, carpenter, cook and steward, eight men before the mast, and myself; sixteen, all told. My friend, Bob, George and Frank, two American chaps, and Johnson, a Swede, were

chosen for the port watch. Hansen, Nelson and Carl, three Norwegians, and Louis, a Frenchman, were chosen for the starboard watch. Each officer picked the men out alternately, the mate having first choice. I was assigned to the port watch.

The Captain's Wife.

I was below during the last dog-watch that evening. The captain and Mr. Brown were consulting the charts and discussing the different routes. "I have decided," said the captain, "to take the route

leading to the westward of Luzon and Mindoro, and pass across the strait of Mindoro, thence along the coast of Panay. After reaching Cape Naso we will make for the strait of Basilan, passing by the southwest extremity of Mindanao. After reaching the Celebes Sea by the strait of Basilan, we will stand for the strait of Macassar. While passing through the strait of Macassar we will keep to the southward and passing to the north of the Little Paternosteres make for the coast of Borneo. Then sail across the Java Sea and reach the Indian Ocean by the strait of Sunda."

"I reckon the route which you have designated, sir, is the best one for us to take down through the Indian Archipelago at this time of the year," replied the mate. "On my last voyage, sir, we quit Hong Kong in the fall and stood to the eastward of the Philippine Islands and proceeded via Pitt's Passage."

"I have consulted the best authorities that I could find on the different routes," said the captain, "and for this season of the year all of them favor the route which we expect to follow. We will endeavor to get soundings on the Maccles-Field Bank, and if possible to weather Cape Calabite, the northwestern point of Mindoro, without tacking."

On the third Sabbath out, the thirteenth of May, we had reached about two hundred miles to the southward of Hong Kong. During the last three weeks we had been on the starboard tack, steering full and by. The monsoon had been very light, and sometimes we were becalmed. The wind having now

favored us a little, we checked in our weather braces a bit, and run up the topmaststuddingsails. At noon we were heading south, making eight knots. Everything so far had gone smoothly on board the ship. We had a very good crew, both fore and aft, excepting the Frenchman, who was inclined to make trouble.

Our first Sunday at sea I distributed books, tracts, and Bibles and delivered a special message from Mrs. Benjamin. The Frenchman did not appear to appreciate them. The rest of the men were much pleased. Our carpenter was a French Canadian; he was a good man but in poor health. The master of the culinary department was a Southern darkey, a good cook, always good natured and quite religious. As he had much to do with the health of the ship's company he was dubbed "Doctor" or "Doc." Our steward was somewhat of a gentleman steward. He had been in business in Shanghai and shipped with us for small wages, working his way home, as it were, instead of paying passage money. He was a good fellow and did his work well. Mr. Brown was a stern, commanding officer but never unkind to any one, unless one tried to take advantage of good treatment. The Frenchman tried it and was brought up with a round turn.

I felt a sense of freedom and a greater personal responsibility in Mr. Brown's watch than I had ever experienced under Mr. Stover. It is needless to say that I enjoyed my work much better. I had been detailed to keep the after-cabin tidy, as the steward was a stranger and Mrs. Benjamin being below most

of the time, preferred me to do that work. I also looked after her personal needs, as usual. That afternoon I told her about each of the crew, and what they said about the books which she sent them.

"Jack, I am glad that everything is going on nicely," she said, "perhaps the Frenchman is more appreciative than he really appears to be. Tell him that we are his friends. Here is an opportunity for you to help him."

"Don't know about it, ma'am," I answered, "Frenchie is rather a hard case. I haven't got to know him yet."

"Well, Jack," she continued, "I am glad that we have one professed Christian forward. I hope that the cook will live his religion and be a help to us all."

"I heard the captain say, ma'am, that we were to pass near to the Philippine Islands."

"Yes, Jack, I am reading about them, and I will tell you something about the principal ones as we pass by them. They are not of much commercial value to the world, at this time, but probably will be in the future, and it is well for us to know something about their past and present condition."

"If they belonged to England or the United States, they would soon be developed, ma'am," I suggested.

"England may acquire them at some future date but they are too far away from the United States for it to be especially interested in them," she replied.

At noon on the following Tuesday we were in latitude 15 degrees 50 minutes north, longitude 114 de-

grees 5 minutes east. "We are well on the bank, sir," said the captain.

"I reckon we are, but the wind is hauling more to the southward, sir," replied the mate.

"That's a fact; we'll take in the topmaststunsails and brace up sharp, then get out the deep sea lead and see if we can find bottom."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Mr. Brown, as he proceeded to have the orders executed. As the lead was taken forward the ship was brought up into the wind. We got soundings at forty-five fathoms, coral rock bottom.

"There are gaps on this bank with no soundings at one hundred fathoms: we were lucky in not striking one of them," said the captain. "In looking over the chart," he continued, "I find that the Macclesfield Bank was discovered by an English ship of that name in 1701."

"I reckon that the sea breaking over shoal spots in heavy weather was the cause which led to the discovery of the Banks, sir," said the mate.

"Land ho!" shouted a man in the foretopmast crosstrees, who had been sent aloft a few minutes before to see if anything was in sight.

"Where away?" called out the captain.

"Right ahead and along the lee bow, sir," came the answer.

"It's the island of Luzon," said Captain Benjamin; "it's impossible for us to weather Cape Calabite on this tack, we will stand in shore and work along down the coast."

"No doubt, sir, we will fall in with some variable winds in that vicinity," said Mr. Brown.

"Yes, that's so, the nearer in shore we get the less persistently will the monsoon assert itself," said the captain.

It was my wheel that afternoon, from one to four bells, after which I was ordered to report to Mrs. Benjamin, who had some work for me to attend to in the after-cabin. "Jack," she said, "while you are assisting me I will help you a little by telling you about Luzon."

"Luzon," began Mrs. Benjamin, "is the largest and most important of the Las Islas Philippines. It is of an exceedingly irregular figure, participating in this character with the other volcanic islands of the Archipelago, such as Mindanao, Halmahura, and Celebes, the volcanic agency being apparently continuous through all these, and extending northward toward Japan and Kamchatka. Measured along its greatest length it is five hundred miles in extent, but the great mass of the island is in the northern peninsula, which is one hundred and thirty-five miles broad in some places. Its form has been compared to the bent arm, 'Brazo Dobbadoe,' and its accurate area is nearly double that of Ireland. It is divided by the Spaniards into nineteen provinces, of which that of Tondo, which contains the capital, Manila, is the most important. Most of the civilization and European residents of the island are centered in its capital, to which the Spanish policy restricts all its commerce.

Of the northern and eastern coast we know very little and our hydrographical knowledge is also lacking. This portion of the island is scarcely subject to Spain, as it has no trade nor productions. For a large portion of the year it is a lee shore, and because of this and the strong currents which prevail close to it, it is avoided by ships at all times."

"There goes eight bells, ma'am," I said. "I am going forward to call on Bob this dog-watch below. We are going to do some mending; he is quite a tailor and helps me out very much."

After several days of light winds and with an occasional favorable squall we succeeded in weathering Cape Calabite, the northwestern extreme of Mindoro; we then passed through the channel to the eastward of the Apo Bank. In crossing the strait of Mindoro, the wind being variable, we gave the coast a berth of about ten miles, after which we passed the islands of Ambolon au Ilin, at a distance of about fifteen miles, and stood for the coast of Panay. At four bells on the evening that we were passing Mindoro, Mrs. Benjamin gave me some information in regard to the island.

"Mindoro Island," she said, "is seventy-six miles from north to south and its northern coast is of about the same length. It is an island of great natural fertility, its climate is very hot and the rains almost incessant. Twenty-five miles eastward of Cape Calabite is the Albra de Ilog, and between them are the ruins of a remarkable church. It stands on a narrow plain

called Punta de Santonas, now deserted, but its existence shows that the island must have once been populous, before the incursions of the pirates, about the middle of the last century. The coast of the island is exceedingly unhealthy and is uninhabited. Twelve miles eastward of the Albra de Ilog is the Puerto Galera, only fit for boats, and thus named because it was a refuge for the galleys in pursuit of the pirates. Mindoro is at present not very important: the remnant of its once civilized population, a miserable and degraded remnant, now lives in the interior, and the alleged unhealthfulness of its shores prevents immigration to restore its former fertility."

In keeping along the coast of Panay, working some distance from that island, according to circumstances, we approached the island of Quiniluban, and past the dry sand bank between that island and the coast of Panay. When I came on deck, at eight bells that afternoon, a heavy squall was coming up from the westward. It seemed as though the southwest monsoon was gathering its forces to resist the southeast monsoon which had begun to assert itself and claimed the right of way.

"Mr. Brown," said the captain, "we have reached Cape Naso: our true course now for the strait of Basilan or the southwest extreme of Mandanao is southeast by east, half east, distance about two hundred and seventy-five miles."

"How do you head?" called out the mate to the man at the wheel. "South by east, sir."

"Nothing to the windward?" shouted the captain.

"Nothing to the windward, sir," came back the answer.

We were on the starboard tack; the great, black squall cloud, bordered with a light fringe, indicating a strong wind was coming up on us fast.

"We ought to make forty or fifty miles in this squall," said Mr. Brown.

"I hope that we may, but the barometer is falling rapidly, I don't want to take too many chances," said the captain as he ordered all the light sails taken in. After taking in the skysail, royals, upperstaysails, flying-jib, and mizzentopsail, Bob and I ran up the main-rigging. He furled the royal and I the skysail. On our way down we tied up the mizzentopmaststaysail. The squall now burst upon us, the weather braces had been checked in and we were running free.

"Stand by the gallant and topsail-halyards," shouted the mate.

"Aye, aye, sir" came the answer from fore and aft.

The captain ordered me to report to Mrs. Benjamin that so far all was well.

"I am glad to see you, Jack. How is everything on deck?" she inquired.

"The captain told me to say, ma'am, that all was well," I answered. I then told her the particulars about the squall, what sail we were under, etc. "We are making about thirteen knots. The captain said if the wind continued all night it would run us down to within one hundred and twenty miles of Mindanao."

"I was reading about that island, Jack, when the squall struck us," said Mrs. Benjamin, "if I were feeling well this afternoon I would be in the companion-way watching you all."

"The captain thought of that, ma'am," I answered, "when he ordered me to report to you."

"We are doing very well, sir," said Mr. Brown, after the log had been thrown at six P. M. "If our old sails only hold out we will be lucky."

"Don't know, they are badly worn, chafing and slapping about in calm weather. I hope they will stay by us until we reach Anjer; then we will bend our winter canvas," replied the captain.

The squall continued with an abundance of rain until two P. M. It passed over without causing any damage. During that time we made about one hundred miles on our true course. After that we had another spell of calm weather.

It was two days after the squall before we sighted the island of Mindanao. While entering the strait of Basilan, between the southwest extreme of Mindanao and Sulu Island, in about latitude 7 degrees 30 minutes north, longitude 122 degrees 20 minutes east, during my watch below, Mrs. Benjamin told me something about Mindanao.

"This island, Jack, is the most southern one of the Philippines and, next to Luzon, is the largest, but it is not very well known. Until a comparatively recent period the Spaniards held only the north and northeastern portion, leaving the great Bayora, the southern, and this part of the island in the hands of

pirates, who spread terror over the surrounding seas; but some vigorous measures have been taken against them, and by the aid of the Spanish post, established at the mouth of its principal river, it is hoped that this bad reputation may be removed. The island is about two hundred seventy miles long from east to west, and two hundred forty-five miles, from north to south."

"Sail ho!" shouted some one on deck.

"A small steamer heading straight for us, sir," shouted the second mate, who had been sent aloft to investigate.

Smoke from the steamer was distinctly visible from the deck, and her hull soon hove in full view. We made her out to be a gunboat flying the Spanish ensign. I then hurried below and reported to Mrs. Benjamin. "She will soon be alongside, ma'am; you had better come on deck and take a look at her."

"Yes, Jack, I intend to, I am very glad the stranger proves to be a friend."

The Spaniard, desiring to have some conversation with us, rounded up under our quarter, and came close aboard to the windward. We were making about six knots. As Mrs. Benjamin made her appearance, the gunboat's officers saluted, raising their caps. After the customary salutations came several inquiries. "How many days out?" "Are you all well on board?" "Have you fallen in with any suspicious looking boats or crafts of any kind?" When we had answered these questions, adding some pleasant remarks, they informed us that within two months they

had captured three vessels under the "black flag." They told us, however, that we would not be likely to fall in with any of the cut-throats in the Celebes or Java Seas, as the Dutch and English authorities had been pursuing them vigorously in those waters of late. After this we bade each other farewell, and they steamed away toward the coast of Mindanao.

The wind being light, we were nearly two days in passing through the strait of Basilan, from the Sulu Sea into the Celebes. "If the southwest monsoon had failed us, Mr. Brown," said Captain Benjamin, "we would have entered the Celebes by one of the channels west of the Sulu Archipelago. The route is safe of navigation by night as well as by day. Ships are known to have passed from one sea to the other between these islands in four hours."

"I'm well satisfied, as it is," replied the mate, "we have met the southeast monsoon in the best latitude possible for us. There will be, probably, twenty-four hours of calm weather, sir, before it asserts itself."

"There is no doubt but that the monsoon will persist and in due time claim the right of way," said the captain.

"In making for the strait of Macasa we have several hundred miles of clear sailing ahead of us. And in the meantime we had better set up our standing-rigging, fore and aft. During the extreme hot weather which we are experiencing, the shrouds and backstays have stretched considerably."

"This Sea of Celebes is quite a good sized pond, sir, and if we watch our chances between the squalls,

it will be a good plan to tauten up a bit everything on deck and aloft," replied Mr. Brown.

After supper the following evening Mrs. Benjamin and I spent a little time together talking about Celebes, as we had been in sight of that island since we passed through the strait of Basilan.

"This island of Celebes," said Mrs. Benjamin, "one of the most singular in the world, forms the eastern limit of the strait. Except in some small portions it has never been surveyed; on the coast not examined there appear to be few dangers to navigation. The water close to us is very deep, so far as is known, but these observations give but little knowledge of its real character. Four long peninsulas, joined together, form the island. From this cause it has few or no rivers worth mentioning, and because of it's mountainous character the fertilizing effect of these few streams is carried at once into the deep waters of the ocean. Thus, there is but little agriculture, and the total population of the island does not much, if at all, exceed a million, while if it were as fertile as Java it ought to have ten times as many, as the area of Celebes is one-half larger than Java. The people of Celebes are of the same race as those of Sumatra, Java, and Borneo, but are divided into a great number of tribes, possessing every variety of civilization, from the savage cannibal to the man of letters. The inhabitants of Celebes are the most skilful and adventurous native mariners and merchants of the archipelago. Their little vessels, of peculiar build, called padeneakan, and from forty to fifty tons

burden, conduct the carrying trade from one end of the archipelago to the other. Their outward and homeward voyages being guided by the monsoons. Besides the trade conducted in Celebes itself, the people of this island are to be found as settlers in every part of the archipelago where there is trade and protection, and many vessels belonging to them sail from these settlements. The whole of the island is nominally, at least, subject to the Dutch, and it is divided into three provinces. Makassar is a free port; it was declared so by an ordinance from the Dutch governor-general. This was a most noteworthy fact, as it had a great effect on the commerce of the adjacent countries. Subsequently, to the enfranchisement of Makassar, two places on the northeast end of Celebes, Manado on the north side and Kema on the opposite side, were declared free ports on September 28, 1848."

"I shall remember much of what you have told me, ma'am, about Celebes; I should perefer to reside in Makassar under the Dutch administration than at Manila subject to the Spanish rule," I remarked.

The next three days we had very light winds from south to east, during which time we did not have watch and watch, all hands were on deck from eight A. M. until five P. M. and were kept busy setting up rigging. After reaching Cape Donda, the northwest point of Celebes, our course down the strait of Makassar being to the southward, we soon crossed the equator in longitude about 119 degrees 48 minutes east. As we were to pass a little to the north

of the little Paternosteres and, as these isles were surrounded by shoals, Captain Benjamin was very cautious when approaching them.

While he and Mr. Brown were consulting the chart and discussing their position, it being my watch below, I overheard the following remarks: "I find that there are thirteen islands in this group and they lie in about the middle of the strait," said the captain. "They are surrounded by banks of sand and coral, above and under water, scattered over a space of seventy miles."

"On which side of the Pulolaut Island have you decided to pass, sir?" inquired the mate.

"Pulolaut forms the southwest side of Macassas Strait, it is about fifty-six miles long from northeast to southwest, with a reef of breakers extending from its south point," said the captain. "Of course, there is a strait between the island and the southeast part of Borneo, but some part of it is dangerous of navigation, so I think we had better leave Pulolaut on the starboard hand in passing." After reaching Cape Salatan, the southern point of Borneo, we stood to the westward to cross the Java Sea for the strait of Sunda.

A very pleasant surprise awaited us, especially Captain and Mrs. Benjamin and myself. As the rest of the crew knew nothing of the history of our outward voyage, the incident appeared very romantic to them, nevertheless it was real to us. It was four bells in the afternoon on our forty-sixth day out; we were two hundred and forty miles from the strait, and the

weather was clear. We were on the port tack, under full sail, making from two to three knots; only a light air was stirring from the south and the surrounding sea was smooth and restful as a mill pond.

"I think I can discern smoke rising from the horizon on our lee bow, sir," said Mr. Brown.

"Yes," replied the captain, after he had examined the object with his glass, "smoke it is, and it must be from a steam-vessel." A man was sent aloft to make out the stranger, if possible. He soon reported a steamship heading directly for us.

"She's somewhat like the gunboat, our Spanish friend," remarked the captain, as the vessel hove in plain sight.

"She's an English gunboat, sir," exclaimed the mate; "Look, they have just unfurled the British ensign."

"That's so," answered the captain, as he ordered me to get out the stars and stripes, also our burgee.

Mr. Wicks and I soon ran up our colors. There was just about enough wind to display "old glory" in full view, and our burgee could be read several miles distant. Mrs. Benjamin was occupying her chair on deck. The watch below had also turned out to greet the visitor.

As the gun-boat rounded up under our quarter and steamed close alongside to the starboard, a boat was lowered and they proceeded to board us. We concluded that their captain had some private despatches which he wished to forward to Anjer. We noticed that the officer in charge of the boat was a Malay.

"Is it possible that it may be Sunday!" exclaimed Mrs. Benjamin as she made her way to the gangway.

"It is Sunday, as sure as we are living," replied the captain.

In a few moments Sunday stood on deck before us, a living monument to the power of Christianity and civilization. He was dressed in the uniform of a naval officer, and he wore it gracefully, because he had earned the position by two years of patient study and faithful service. He first saluted Mrs. Benjamin, saying, "Hail the Mistress."

He grasped both of her thin, white hands with his big brawny ones as though he might crush them, but he was as gentle and humble as on the night when he lay prostrate on our deck, pleading for his life. Sunday then greeted Captain Benjamin and expressed his heartfelt gratitude. "Captain," he said, "do you remember, sir, that the morning after my rescue from the savages, I became fearful and afraid to trust you all and leaped into the sea and struck out for freedom, and how you sent a boat's crew after me and brought me back?" He then added, "I might have reached the land, sir, but I would have remained an uncivilized heathen to this day."

After assuring Mrs. Benjamin that he was still trusting in Jehovah, he encircled me with his strong arms and kissed me, saying: "Boy Jack, you always said kind words to Sunday from the first day and told me many things. Our Father in heaven, He knows about it."

Failing to recognize any one else, the captain explained that the old crew had left the ship long ago. Sunday inquired especially after Mr. Fletcher, the cook, Wilson, Sam, and Chips. "The cook," he said, "was the first man on the 'Two Sisters' to understand that I was a slave prisoner of the pirates. All the crew were good men," he remarked.

After he had greeted us, Sunday handed Captain Benjamin a letter, with the compliments of his commander. Like the Spanish gunboat, they were searching for pirates and were cruising around the island of Java at that time. He informed us that they had broken up several bands of desperadoes. On their first expedition from Singapore, they visited the island of his captivity and found that there existed there a conspiracy between the natives and an organized band of pirates against the mechantmen of all nations, who happened to pass in that vicinity. He learned that the old chief, his former master, who boarded the "Two Sisters" on that beautiful Sabbath afternoon as friends, led the desperate attack on us that night and was killed, with about thirty of his followers. He stated that Malay troops were now stationed on some of the islands in that vicinity and were doing good service.

Mrs. Benjamin assured Sunday that we had always had great confidence in him and that she would watch his future career with bright anticipation. "We had a fearful experience, Sunday, that night in which you were thrown providentially across our pathway," she exclaimed; "it was a great pleasure to have the

opportunity to help you on a little, not only in this life but in the way of life everlasting."

After passing a very pleasant half-hour with us, recalling other incidents of the past, and talking about his future plans, Sunday bade us farewell and pulled away for his ship. He carried with him a note for his captain, in which Captain Benjamin thanked the commander for his courtesy in laying by so long and permitting his officer to visit us, besides answering some questions in regard to Sunday. Before losing sight of them we said "Good-bye" to each other for the last time by dipping our colors. During the remainder of the voyage the crew never tired of asking me questions and hearing about Sunday.

At four A. M., on the third day following, we were off Batavia. "Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin that morning after breakfast, "we may have some company this afternoon, so we will make things tidy about the after-cabin, and in the meantime as we are passing through the strait of Sunda, I will tell you a little of what I have read about our present surroundings.

"The strait of Sunda is a singular break in the continuity of that great chain of volcanic mountains which runs from northwest to southeast through Sumatra, and is continued eastward through Java. This depression in the mountain chains is not very much below the sea level, for the general maximum depth of the strait is not more than thirty to fifty fathoms; but this slight depression, geologically speaking, has produced a great contrast in the islands

on either side of it. Each has a distinct class of animal and vegetable life. Thus, the elephant and tapir of Sumatra do not exist in Java. The wild hog and rhinoceros of Sumatra are of a different species from those found in Java. The orang-outang is found in Sumatra but not in Java. The birds also are quite different; many varieties inhabit one island that are not on the other. These curious contrasts are also found to exist between the islands further to the eastward. These remarkable facts in the distribution of life on the earth have been much discussed by naturalists.

"The strait derives its name from the western portion of Java, which is peopled by the Sunda nation, who speak a different language, and are less advanced in civilization than the rest of the Javanese. There are numerous islands in it which separate the strait into several channels, of which that along the Java coast is the most used."

About eight bells that afternoon we came to anchor at Anjer, the twelfth of June, fifty days out from Shanghai.

"Furl everything up snug, Mr. Brown, I think that we will lie here for the night," ordered Captain Benjamin.

Several Dutch officers came aboard, and reported that the United States ship, "Hartford," passed to the westward on the first of June. They also reported that Fort Sumter in Charlestown Harbor had surrendered to the Southern Confederacy and that the southern coast of the United States was lined

with Confederate privateers. Captain Benjamin accompanied the officers on shore to report, and to order fresh provisions and water. Mrs. Benjamin did not venture to land, because the landing was a little difficult, on account of surf rolling in upon the beach.

After the sails were furled and decks cleared up, we disposed of all the rain-water we had on hand (as it was highly flavored with tar, paint and varnish) to make room for fresh water from the shore. Several boats came alongside. The crew bought of the natives curios, fruit, cocoanuts, two orang-outangs, several monkeys and birds, so that when the "Two Sisters" left the straits we had quite a menagerie on board.

The captain sent on a supply of water, buffalo meat, several sheep, some poultry, a new milch goat, a large quantity of yams with other vegetables, and fruits. By sunset all the provisions had been taken in and stowed away. The captain brought on board several presents for his wife.

About two miles east northeast from Forth Point is the flag-staff at Anjer, in latitude 6 degrees 3 minutes south, longitude 105 degrees 54 minutes east. The town is not easily seen in coming from the westward, being situated in a valley where the houses are scattered among the cocoanut trees and nearly obscured by them and by a spur of a chain of hills inland. The easternmost of these is a sharp, peaked hill called Anjer Peak, directly over the town.

The anchorage at that time (June, 1861), was north by west from the fort, in from twelve to nineteen

fathoms, soft ground. The landing was dangerous during the northwest monsoon because of a high surf. Since then the anchorage and its surroundings have been materialy changed by earthquake and unheaval. In the southeast monsoon, ships, both outward and homeward bound, generally call at Anjer for water and refreshments, unless they are content to purchase the latter from some of the numerous boats that are usually on the lookout for vessels passing through the strait. The Dutch had a harbor master, also a few Javanese troops stationed at Anjer.

Chapter XVII.

From Anjer to Cape of Good Hope

At four A. M. the following morning, all hands were called to get under way, and we proceeded to sea, taking our departure from Java Head, standing to the southwest, wind light from the eastward.

"We will endeavor to find the latitude in which the southeast trade is the strongest, which will insure our quickest passage to the Cape," remarked Captain Benjamin.

"I think that we will find the most favorable winds, sir, somewhere between 15 degrees and 20 degrees," replied Mr. Brown, "perhaps we might do better, sir, to pass near to the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon."

For several days after, the watch on deck was kept busy bending our best sails, including topgallantsails and topsails, reeving off some new running-rigging, and overhauling the studdingsail-gear.

"It is not the hurricane season," said the captain, "but in making for the cape we are liable to have a gale at any time. My experience is, Mr. Brown, with all due respect to the observations of others, whenever it gets ready to blow in the Indian Ocean it blows without respect to seasons or localities."

"All right, sir," said the mate. "I have the preventor-braces ready to send aloft, so that when we get a good, stiff breeze we'll take the best possible advantage of it."

After reaching the latitude of Mauritius, we stood for that island, intending to sight it and then pass to the southward and make for Bourbon. The south-east trade was not as strong as we had anticipated, but we were doing quite well, making from eight to ten knots.

"After passing the islands we will run down some more latitude," remarked the captain.

Poor Chips had become discouraged, he had not been well during any part of the voyage, and after leaving Anjer he had not been able to do any work. "Jack," he said, so long as I could keep on deck, I thought maybe I might pull through, so I tried to heave ahead a little, but it ain't no use, Jack, the fight's going too strong for me."

"We don't know about that, Chips," I replied, "we must try and look on the bright side of things. The captain and Mrs. Benjamin are studying your case; there are lots of chances yet for you to get well. Cheer up, shipmate, you remember that you told me there were loved ones in Quebec looking for you."

"Yes, Jack, I remember, that's one bright spot to look at," he said.

Up to that time the members of our little menagerie were doing well. The goat was allowed to wander about the main deck at will during the day, but to prevent its predecessor's fate, it was kept confined at night. I fed and milked it, as I had some experience in that art on our voyage out. The orang-outangs had the liberty of the ship, but were very retiring, keeping their own company exclusively.

They seemed to realize that they were prisoners, being carried away from their home. The monkeys were very happy, saucy and mischievous. One of them, while on his way down the foretopmaststuddingsail-sheet was thrown overboard. They were only half as large as the orang-outangs and not nearly as intelligent. One of the sheep had been dressed for the table. Our birds were not doing well, several having succumbed.

"Well, Mr. Brown, where are we at?" asked the captain after they had reckoned up the ship's position, at twelve o'clock on the twenty-ninth day out from Anjer.

"I place the ship, sir, in longitude 63 degrees 20 minutes east, and in latitude 20 degrees 40 minutes south," answered the mate.

"We agree exactly," said the captain, after looking over his figures. The wind was east, southeast and rather light, and we were making only seven knots.

"I think that we will change our plan, and instead of sighting the islands we will steer southwest by west in search of a stronger breeze, remarked the captain, as he ordered, "Keep her southwest by west and nothing to the southard."

"Southwest by west and nothing to the southard, sir," answered the man at the wheel.

"As we have over fourteen degrees south latitude to make before rounding the Cape, I think that you are right, sir, in standing to the southwest, beside, all the sails will draw better after everything is

trimmed and tautened up," replied Mr. Brown. "Starboard braces," he shouted.

Chips had become very weak, not able even to leave his berth. I was detailed during my watch on deck to take care of him. Like Tom, he was very grateful for the attention that he received. It was several days after changing our course that I had my last talk with our shipmate, who was nigh unto death.

"Chips," I said, after making his berth comfortable, smoothing his pillow and changing his position, "would you like me to read for you?"

"Yes, Jack, read from my prayer book, if you please," he answered.

I had read only a few minutes when he became restful and fell asleep. In a quarter of an hour he awoke much excited, and called out in a strong voice, "Land ho! land ho!"

"Where away, Chips?" I asked.

"Oh, I thought it was Mauritius, I must have been dreaming, Jack," he said, in a whisper. Poor fellow! He had anticipated seeing land once more, and appeared disappointed that it was only a dream.

"We are a long distance to the south and west of the islands," I said, hoping to comfort him; "we will be around the Cape before you know it, making for St. Helena, and when we sight that island we will be so much nearer home." The word "home" startled him.

"Oh, my home, my poor old mother!" he exclaimed, "I shall never see land again, Jack, my body will go down into the sea," he moaned.

He then became very restless and his mind wandered. It was eight bells, evening, the captain and Mrs. Benjamin came in. Mrs. Benjamin said a few comforting words to him and uttered a fervent prayer. She proved to be a ministering angel to the sick man and he at once became quiet.

We were in the midst of the Indian Ocean, standing beside a dying Christian, and as Mrs. Benjamin with a gentle voice breathed out a prayer in language as simple as the lips of a devout, consecrated woman could frame, I wondered whether it would be any nearer heaven if we were in the greatest cathedral on the earth. The cook, who was a good nurse, then came in to relieve me.

"Good night, Chips," I said, "I will be with you again after midnight." He understood, but made no answer. He pressed my hand, however, as I took his hand in mine. I then went to my room and turned in.

As we continued making south latitude the southeast wind increased in strength. At four A. M. that morning the ship was under full sail including studdingsails fore and aft, making thirteen knots. We were heading southwest by west. When I came on deck I found that the carpenter had gone "the way of all flesh." His body had been made ready for burial. The cook told me that Chips left his thanks to all hands for their care.

"'Tell Jack,' he said 'to be a good boy.'" The cook expressed his belief that Chips was a good Catholic and died in "the faith of the Son of God."

At eight bells (noon) the time set for the burial, the wind had increased to almost a gale. We had furled our skysail, royals, flying-jib, upperstaysails and mizzentopsail and had taken in the studdingsails.

"Do you intend to bring the ship into the wind?" asked Mr. Brown, "it's blowing a good stiff breeze, sir."

"That's a fact," replied the captain, "but I don't propose to bury the man with the ship running at the rate of fourteen knots. Lower away the degallantsails and clew up the mainsail," he ordered.

Everything being now ready to bring the ship to, the captain shouted, "Hard down, your wheel, light up the head-sheets, starboard fore-braces."

As soon as these orders were executed and the maintopsail laid aback, all hands assembled amidship. As soon as the ship lost headway, Captain Benjamin read from Chip's prayer book a selection which he himself had chosen, after which the body was launched through the starboard port into the deep.

In a few moments the following orders were given: "Hard up your helm, fill away the maintopsail, weather fore-braces, board the main-tack." The ship was soon driving on her course again under full lowersails and topgallantsails.

At four bells that evening, the wind still increasing, we took in topgallantsails, single-reefed the topsails,

put a reef in the spanker, and hauled down the main-topmaststaysail. The "Two Sisters" was doing her very best, making fourteen knots.

"Jack," said Captain Benjamin, "I guess that the customs officer's daughter at Yokohama has let clean go of you now. The Long Island girls have a good, strong grip on us at last."

"The officer's daughter is a nice, good girl, sir, but I like Western civilization the best," I answered.

"Look out there! don't let her broach to with you," shouted Mr. Brown, as the "Two Sisters" took a broad sheer to the windward.

"Haye, haye, sir," answered Sam, who was at the wheel.

As the mate always allowed me to make myself as comfortable as possible while on deck at night, a pleasant contrast to Mr. Stover's rigid discipline, and the weather being cold and wet, I spent the last hour of that dog-watch in the galley, chatting with the cook.

The cook was ever ready to hear more about Sunday and our experiences with the pirates. I was also equally interested in the story of his former life as a slave in the South, of his escape from bondage, finding his way to Baltimore, and from thence to New York, on board of a coaster. How he joined the ship, "Southern Cross," and made a voyage to Calcutta and back to New York as cook's mate.

"Yo see, Jack, I'se brought up in Massa's kitchen on de ole plantation, so's I knowed somethink 'bout cookin'," he said.

"Doc, do you ever expect to meet your wife and children again?" I asked.

"Dat's jus' what I does, dat is, if de good Lord spares us. In de fust place, when we gits to New York, if de Northern folks wants colored soldiers, why I'se de man, and when de war gits over, de darkies will go free, fer dat's what de white man say, den I goes back to ole Virginy and finds mah honey and de chill'en."

"Doc, suppose that your former master sold your wife and children before the war began, maybe they are way down in Texas somewhere by this time."

The cook sprang to his feet with clenched fists, being much agitated as any true husband and father would have been. I realized that I had, unintentionally, touched a vital cord in the black man's heart, which vibrated through his whole being. While I was trying to apologize he became quiet and resumed his seat.

"No, no, Jack," he said, "ole Massa he mighty good man, Massa neber sell 'em, no, no, he neber sell 'em."

"But why did you run away from him if he was such a good master?" I asked.

"Jack," answered the cook with a good degree of honest pride, "I likes to be free and my wife and chill'en free, too. I 'spected, Jack, to work fo' some money, den go to de ole Massa and buy myself and all de family. Massa, he sell 'em all to me cheap."

"I suppose that your master tried to hunt you down with bloodhounds," I remarked.

"No, no, Jack," he answered with apparent satisfaction and respect for his former master, "ole Massa wouldn't neber set dogs arter his niggers, no, sah."

"There goes eight bells; good night, cook, I'm glad it's my eight hours in."

"We have reached 20 degrees east longitude and 34 degrees ten minutes south latitude, and will soon be off the Cape, Mr. Brown, and it is just noon of the forty-sixth day out from Anjer," said Captain Benjamin.

"We have had a splendid run for the last ten days, sir," answered the mate, "but no doubt we'll have a change in the weather soon, as the wind is dying out, gradually. Do you intend to make the land, sir?"

"We will keep inshore, if possible, in order to escape the adverse current," replied the captain.

At noon, two days later, we were off the Cape in a dead calm. There was every appearance of a storm approaching, the weather was thickening and the barometer falling rapidly. At two P. M. a breeze sprang up from west southwest. We stood in shore under full sail.

"There isn't the least doubt in my mind, Mr. Brown, but that we are about to experience a heavy gale from the northwest," said the captain. "If we can possibly avoid it, we must not get over fifty or seventy-five miles off shore, at the most, for the wind blowing against the current makes terribly heavy seas in that vicinity."

At eight bells, P. M., the wind was blowing a good, stiff breeze, from west northwest, weather thick. "All hands on deck. Tack ship," shouted the mate.

"After we get around on the starboard tack we'll shorten sail, Mr. Brown," said the old man.

"Aye, aye, sir" answered the mate. "It's going to blow to-night, and that's certain."

As the wind began to increase rapidly, all the upper sails were taken in, including topgallantsails. While the other sails were being tied up, I furled the mainskysail. At four bells we two-reefed the topsails, reefed the courses and spanker, and hauled down the jib, also sent down the skysail and royalyards. Bob and I handled the skysail and mainroyal-yard. Strange to say I enjoyed it, nothing suited me better than to be taking in sail, sending down yards and such like, and the heavier the storm, the better I was pleased. At eight bells, evening, blowing fiercely, we close-reefed the topsails and took in the mainsail and spanker and set the mizzentrysail.

"I think that we are snug enough for the present, Mr. Brown," said the old man, "we'll stand off shore until midnight."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the mate, "I reckon the wind will back around to the southward, and moderate by to-morrow noon."

At midnight as the storm was still increasing, the sea running very high, we took in the foresail and foretopsail. After the sails were tied up snug we hove the ship to. By noon the following day the weather moderated, as

Mr. Brown had predicted. At two P. M. all hands were called out to wear ship and make sail.

The wind was then blowing from southwest and it was very cold. It was the first day of August, consequently the middle of winter in that latitude. By four bells that evening the skysail and royal yards had been sent aloft, and the "Two Sisters" was under full sail heading northwest. We were fifty days out from Anjer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From the Cape of Good Hope to New York

"Do you expect to sight St. Helena, sir?" inquired Mr. Brown. It was at noon the next day after rounding the Cape.

"Yes, if we ever get there," answered the captain. "I would like to test our chronometer. As a rule the southeast trade is very light during this season of the year."

"We have about 20 degrees of latitude and 23½ degrees of longitude to make before reaching the island, sir," said the mate, "however, we are doing very well at present, making eight knots."

We had harpooned two porpoises since leaving Anjer, which added to our supplies of fresh provisions, beside our live stock. We had still remaining six fowl, two sheep, and the goat. The latter was the most sagacious, independent, matter-of-fact animal that I ever saw. It seemed to know when a storm was brewing but did not apparently care whether it was good weather or bad. It took its usual walk about the main decks every day, always keeping out of every one's way except when some one purposely crossed her path, then "Nanny," as we called her, would promptly resent the insult and assert her right of way. We had laid in a special supply of provender for her maintenance, and she, in turn, furnished Mrs. Benjamin with some very good milk. All the animals of our little menagerie, including the birds, had perished. One

of the orang-outangs was lost overboard, and his mate, apparently, mourned itself to death.

The monkeys were very cunning, and furnished us much amusement, but they had been so mischievous that we were relieved when the last one was gone. On one occasion Mrs. Benjamin discovered one of the little imps examining the ship's chronometer. The ticking of the instrument had evidently attracted the attention of the inquisitive little animal and it at once proceeded to investigate. The pesky thing had just succeeded in opening the case when Mrs. Benjamin appeared on the scene and saved the valuable and necessary instrument from being rendered useless. If the chronometer had been put out of use, the captain would have been obliged to resort to the tedious and complicated method of finding the longitude by lunar observations.

On anothr occasion the cook's store room was invaded. There was a large stone jar containing eggs. Mr. Monkey was found sitting on the edge of the jar, picking out eggs and breaking them on deck. The creature did not eat them and was simply amusing himself. They would steal anything that they could carry and take it aloft and make faces at you. They were fond of the cook, who had to be very cautious while dishing up the food to keep their paws out of it, as they were always on the lookout to get something.

Several days after rounding the Cape, Mr. Brown and Frenchie had a serious scrap, in which the latter got the worst of it. It occurred on the poop deck. Both men went down opposite the port main-rigging, the mate on top, whereupon he seized a belaying pin, and if the old man had not interferred just then and put an end to the

conflict, Frenchie would have been badly hurt; even as it was he was roughly handled. Strange as it may appear, and contrary to the general rule, all the men sided with the mate.

"Jack, Frenchie doesn't know when 'e's in ha good ship," exclaimed Bob, "hif ha chap's got good hofficiers han' tries to take hadvantage over 'em, 'e hought to be learnt better, that's my hopinion."

"Frenchie ought to have Mr. Stover to deal with, then he would have some reasons for growling, eh, Bob?" I suggested.

"Well, I's thinkin' that's what 'e would," answered Bob.

During the next five days nothing unusual occurred. The wind had been light since leaving the Cape. We had averaged about six knots. It was very pleasant and growing warmer every day. We had sent down our best sails and bent the old ones, which were considered safe enough in tropical weather. I told Mrs. Benjamin of the several talks I had had with the crew, how that each one of them was pleased with the books which she had sent them, from time to time; that even Frenchie realized there was one good person at least, on board the ship.

Mrs. Benjamin was much interested in the cook's story of his former life as a slave, and his future intentions and purposes in regard to his family. Poor Mrs. Benjamin! We realized that her physical strength was slipping away; her spiritual strength, however, and her strong determination to do all the good she could had not abated in the least.

"Jack," she said, "as we expect to pass in sight of the island of St. Helena, I will tell you all I know about it.

Perhaps I will be obliged to have you read for me, before we arrive at New York."

"I hope that it will not be necessary, ma'am," I answered.

"I trust it will not, Jack," she replied, "but I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. The Island of St. Helena is perhaps the best known of all the lonely islands in the world. The greatest length of the island is ten and one-half miles, breadth seven miles, area forty-seven square miles. The population is between three and four thousand. It is eight hundred and fifty miles from the island of Ascension, the nearest land. The island was discovered in 1502, on St. Helena's Day, May 22, whence its name. It afterward became a Dutch possession, ceded by Holland, about the middle of the seventeenth century, to the English East India Company, and was made over by them to the British crown in 1833. Its value consisted in its being a convenient halting place on the homeward voyage from India, a value enhanced by the fact that ten years previously, the Cape of Good Hope had been colonized by the Dutch. On the outward voyage, however, it is not available for sailing vessels, which, under the influence of the easterly trade winds, could reach it only after overshooting it far, both to west and to the south, and this difficulty of access peculiarly fitted it to be the residence of Napoleon Bonaparte, who here lingered in hopeless captivity from 1815 to 1821. There is one good inlet, called James Bay, possessing a fine harbor. Here is situated Jamestown, the only place of any note in the island. There are several plains, the largest of which is Longwood, where stands the house in which Napoleon lived."

"It appears sad to me, ma'am, that such a great man should have been compelled to linger and die on this lonely island in the midst of the sea," I intimated.

"Whether Napoleon Bonaparte was a great man or otherwise, Jack, I am not prepared to say," replied Mrs. Benjamin, "It is certain, however, that he was a great military genius, a mighty man of war. All the nations of Europe were afraid of him, and even after he had been banished to St. Helena, feared that by some miraculous power he might escape and suddenly appear in some part of France at the head of a powerful army."

During the afternoon of the tenth day from the Cape we passed about twenty-three miles to the westward of St. Helena. We did not get a good view of the island as a heavy cloud hung over it. According to Frenchie's version the island was always enveloped in a thick cloud, as a curse upon it. Bob declared that the Frenchman was dreaming. A number of stories were told of Napoleon by members of the crew, that evening, during the last dog-watch. One of the anecdotes related, was as follows:

One of the daughters of the commandant of St. Helena, a child of about thirteen years, named Betsy, and the great soldier became much attached to each other. When

NOTE: The tomb of Napoleon is in Paris, located in the center of the city. It is worth a trip abroad to see it. It was built by popular subscription of the people of Paris in 1843, at a cost of over five million dollars, to hold all that is mortal of that great military leader. Visitors are permitted to walk in and look down on the stone coffin holding his ashes. It is hewn out of one solid piece of porphyry, and is thirteen feet long by six and one-half feet wide. Above the tomb rises a dome three hundred and forty-four feet high. The mosaic pavement represents a laurel wreath, and in it are inscribed the names of the great battles he won.—Ziegler Magazine.

the officer was relieved and ready to depart for England, the child was much grieved to leave her old friend. Napoleon asked what he should give her for a keepsake to remember him. She requested a lock of his hair, whereupon he gave it to her, also one to each member of the family. It was said that Betsy was ever mindful of her friend on the far away, lonely island, and that when the news of his death reached England, there was one person in Great Britain who mourned for him sincerely.

Frank, one of the American chaps, then sang a song in honor of the dead hero. One of the stanzas ran thus:

"He has fought his last fight:
He has won his last battle
No sound can awake him to glory again."

After passing St. Helena, we stood for the island of Ascension. The southeast trade-wind continued moderate, interspersed with an occasional squall from the eastward. The watch on deck was kept busy for several days during this period of the voyage, scraping and painting the chain-plates, bobstays and anchors, also all of the iron work on deck and aloft.

The night before sighting the island of Ascension, I had a long chat with Mr. Brown and told him about my home, its surroundings and our outward voyage.

"My mother is still living, Jack," he said, "and I have a wife and two children; my home is in Brighton, England, I expect to go across as soon as we get to New York. If I can find a ship to suit me, well and good, if not, I shall take the steamer. I intended to make the round voyage in the ship I went out in, but, as you know, she was burned at Wu-sung. My! my! It was lucky for us that we made port before the fire broke out."

"How do you like to sail in American ships, sir?" I asked.

"I like American ships, all right, Jack," he said, "but I prefer to sail out of one of my home ports. It is better for my family."

"I do hope that Mrs. Benjamin will live to get home, Jack," said Mr. Brown, "she is certainly one of the very best women I ever knew."

The mate's remarks startled me, for, while I suspected that Mrs. Benjamin's health was failing, I still hoped that it might not be as I had feared.

"Jack, we will run by Ascension tomorrow, if everything goes well, and as I have been looking it up today, I might as well tell you something about it," said Mr. Brown.

"That will be first rate, sir," I exclaimed. "Mrs. Benjamin always tells me about the islands we are to pass by, but she had a bad turn yesterday."

"Well, Jack," said the mate, "the island is one of the single islands of the globe. It is said to have received its name from the circumstance of its having been discovered by a Spanish navigator on Ascension Day. It is nearly in the middle of the South Atlantic, about eight miles long by six broad, its area being about thirty-six square miles. Though it was discovered as early as 1510, yet it remained uninhabited until 1815, when, in connection with Napoleon Bonaparte's detention in St. Helena, the English took possession of it. It is now used for a naval station. There are only twenty to thirty souls on the island. From the extreme dryness of the climate, which, though, is healthy, the surface is almost destitute of

verdure. A few European vegetables are cultivated there."

When I came on deck the following morning, Ascension was in plain view, a little on the starboard bow. We passed five miles to the westward of the island.

"The chronometer places us ten miles too far west," said the captain, after the exact position of the ship had been ascertained by the method of bearings, course and distance.

"Well, sir, we made the island all right," replied Mr. Brown.

"Yes, but we are allowing about eight miles, you know," answered the old man.

I brought Mrs. Benjamin's chair on deck and the captain assisted her to it. "Poor, lonely, little island," she exclaimed. "Thou art only a tiny speck upon the surface of the great ocean, but thou art anchored. God is present everywhere," she added reverently. "No doubt the sight of this island has gladdened the hearts of many a starving, thirsty mariner since the Almighty anchored it here. Oh, there is so much real hunger and thirst in this life, gentlemen," said she. "I trust that all the ship's company in due time will gain a safe anchorage in the heaven of eternal rest where the inhabitants are never sick."

We crossed the equator on the twenty-fifth of August, about noon, in longitude 23 degrees 18 minutes west, making the fourth time since leaving New York. We ran into the doldrums one degree south, after which we had light variable winds and calms for a number of days with an occasional squall. My experience with Old Neptune on our voyage out was vividly recalled, indeed, I

rehearsed the whole affair to all hands during the dog-watch discourses.

"Eh, chaps, there was three hof us on the ship hi went hout hin," said Bob, "they put us hall straight through the regulation racket."

We fell in with the northeast trade-wind in latitude 10 degrees 24 minutes north, longitude 28 degrees 40 minutes west; meanwhile, after catching all the rain water we needed, all hands were kept at work setting up rigging, squaring seizings, painting ship outside and varnishing decks.

The trade-winds proved to be from moderate to fresh, sometimes blowing a good, stiff breeze, veering back and forth from north to northeast. We were steering full and by, most of the time, but occasionally we were swinging topmaststuddingsails with the weather braces checked in a bit. As the captain had anticipated a strong breeze, we made all ready to take advantage of it by bending our best sails, reaving off some new running rigging and getting up our preventer braces.

"Sail ho!" shouted the second mate, who was aloft, examining chafing gear. "Where away?" called out the old man.

"One point on the weather bow, sir," answered Mr. Wicks.

The stranger came sweeping down upon us under full sail, majestically. She proved to be the British ship "Loch Erin," twenty days out from Liverpool, bound for Calcutta. They were all well, and requested to be reported. In comparing our reckoning it was found that we differed from each other five miles in longitude, but as the two ships met and passed so quickly the difference

was considered unimportant. Just before meeting the "Loch Erin," as the day was fairly pleasant, I ran below to assist Mrs. Benjamin on deck.

"She is a fine looking ship, ma'am," I said, "we'll soon be abeam of her."

"You must excuse me this time, Jack, I would like to see our English cousin very much, but the wind is too strong for me today. Go, Jack, and learn all you can about her and let me know," answered Mrs. Benjamin.

"Well, where are we today, Mr. Brown?" asked the old man, after they had taken the sun at noon on the twentieth day from the equator.

"I placed the ship in the latitude of Cape Henry, sir, longitude, 60 degrees 40 minutes west," replied the mate. "That's about it," said the captain.

"I intend to make the coast as far north as it is convenient, in order to escape any of the southern privateers which may be cruising along in shore. I was warned at Anjer not to sight the land south of Cape May."

"A load of tea would be a valuable prize for an enemy, if they succeeded in getting us into one of their ports," replied the mate.

At the dinner table that day Mr. Wicks, the steward and I discussed the voyage and the prospects of soon making port. "It is a very good time of year to come on the coast, especially to the northward of Cape Hatteras," suggested the second mate.

"Yes," answered the steward. "I reckoned on that, sir, before I shipped. I had a little business at Shanghai which was paying me fairly well, so I planned not to arrive here in the winter season."

"Well, Jack, what do you say about it?" said Mr. Wicks.

"I didn't have any plans about the matter, sir," I answered, "but I am glad that it has so happened that we are here just at the right time of the year."

"I expect to visit my home and get to sea again and off the coast before winter sets in," said the second mate. "I intend to sail for Frisco, if I can find a ship to suit me."

"But sailors are not always allowed to choose a ship for themselves, sir," intimated the steward. His remark was made with a bit of sarcasm.

"Yes, that is too sadly true, but a sailor is master of the situation if he only masters himself," exclaimed Mr. Wicks. "I always choose the ship I am to sail in. I never yet allowed a 'land shark' to steal my money for the sake of a few drinks of whiskey, and shove me off to sea not knowing either the name of the ship or whither I was bound, with a five-dollar outfit and a 'dead horse,' (two or three month's advanced pay), shackled around my neck."

"I am glad, Mr. Wicks," said Mrs. Benjamin, who had been assisted to a seat in the forward cabin, "to know that you are free from the awful habit of strong drink. We had several such men as you have mentioned on our way out, and a number of them while on the coast of China and Japan, came on board. I requested Captain Benjamin, before leaving New York, that as far as possible the 'Two Sisters' might be a temperance ship, which, sir, explains why the men are never called aft to 'splice the main brace' (have a glass of rum), during bad

weather, after reefing down. Hot coffee is always served instead, at such times, as you all can testify."

"There isn't a man aboard the ship, ma'am, who wouldn't prefer a pot of hot coffee in a storm to a glass of grog," exclaimed Mr. Wicks.

After thanking Mrs. Benjamin for her company and kind remarks, the second mate went on deck. I then assisted her to her cabin. It was the last conversation she ever held with us, collectively. It was a great grief for me to realize that the one who had been a true friend in so many times of need, during the last three years, was growing weaker and weaker every day.

During the few days previous to falling in with a pilot. all the bright work on deck had been scraped and varnished, and the paint work touched up with fresh paint. The anchors got over the bow, chains bent. The "Two Sisters" looked as trim as a yacht.

"Sail ho," shouted a man from aloft. "Where away?" called out the mate.

"Four points on the weather bow; she appears to be a small vessel, sir, heading for us," answered the man. We were running free on the port tack, the wind abeam, blowing fresh.

"We are in the latitude of Cape May, too far up the coast for a privateer boat," said Captain Benjamin as he came on deck with his glasses. We soon made out the stranger to be a topsail schooner.

"Just the right rig for a privateer, sir," exclaimed Mr. Brown.

"Well, they'll have to do some sailing if they calculate on overhauling us before dark," replied the old man. "Keep her off a couple of points. Weather braces," he

shouted. "We'll see if he attempts to follow us." While these orders were being executed, I ran below to explain to Mrs. Benjamin, who then kept her berth most of the time, fearing she might have been unduly excited.

"Hello, Jack, is it a pilot?" she asked cheerfully as I entered the room.

"The captain thinks we are a little too far off shore for a pilot, ma'am, it's a small vessel, though," I answered, probably a fruiter. We may fall in with a pilot toward night," I intimated.

"I am pleased, Jack, that we are so near home."

"Jack," she said, "there is a commotion on deck, go and learn what it is about, then you may come and read for me if you will." I hastened to obey.

When I reached the deck I found that the stranger had not attempted to follow us. The captain, therefore, desiring to speak to him, we ran up signals, signifying our intention, braced sharp up and stood across his bow. Immediately, however, the suspicious-looking craft hauled up on the wind, tacked ship and headed in shore.

"It is evident he is as shy of us as we were of him," said the captain.

"I can't account for it, sir, except he is really a privateer and takes the 'Two Sisters' to be a sloop of war in disguise," replied the mate.

"Well, we'll not fool with him any longer, if he is a privateer let him overhaul us if he can," exclaimed the old man. "Keep her off on our course, weather braces," he ordered.

I had been excused from my trick at the wheel and standing watch and watch, and all other duties on deck

for the last eight days, and detailed to attend to Mrs. Benjamin's wants whenever I was needed. As soon as I had learned the condition of things on deck, therefore, I reported to her as requested.

"Jack, why are we changing our course so often with a good, strong, fair wind?" asked Mrs. Benjamin. I explained the whole situation.

"There seems to have been a great deal of undue precaution on both sides," she said, smiling.

"Don't know, ma'am," I answered, "the stranger was a rakish looking craft."

"Well, Jack, I am glad the captain is vigilant," she said, thoughtfully. "I have trusted him through many a storm; I feel quite rested now, Jack, and if you please you may read for me the fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of St. John's Gospel."

While I was reading, the old man came down to get a cigar. "Hello, Jack, you and Mrs. Benjamin holding meeting, hey, that's right," he said, "I guess I'll have a smoke."

"You need not be in a hurry, Captain," said Mrs. Benjamin, as the old man turned to go on deck.

"I am on the lookout for a pilot, ma'am," he answered.

After reading to Mrs. Benjamin, she repeated several of the Scripture promises.

"Those words are very precious to me," said Mrs. Benjamin.

As she requested me to choose a hymn I selected a favorite one of hers and read as follows:

"From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat."

"Those lines are very comforting and appropriate, Jack," said Mrs. Benjamin, "there is so much assurance, quietness and comfort expressed in them. Now, Jack, as it is quiet on deck, I will try and take a little nap."

"I hope that we will fall in with a pilot, ma'am, by the time you awake. The Union Jack is already flying at the fore truck," I replied.

"The prospect thrills me. Why, Jack, just think of it," she exclaimed, "a pilot off our own home port. Good-bye for the present." I went forward to the galley and gave the cook an order about Mrs. Benjamin's supper.

"How does de missus do, Jack?" he inquired.

"The mistress is sleeping at present, and trying to retain as much strength as possible in order to be able to get on shore tomorrow. The old man says the mistress likes your cooking, Doc, so you must fix up something nice tonight."

"Dats jus' w'at I knows how to, Jack," he replied, "dere wus a young missus on de ole plantation dat wus sick long time with de consumptiveness, pore honey! All de darkies like her, dear, good soul, done gone ten years ago. Well, Jack, de young missus liked good eatin' an' I knows jes' w'at de sick folks wants."

Just before sunset on the twenty-eighth day from the equator, the second mate went aloft with the glass to

look for land or a pilot boat. "I judge that we are eighteen miles off shore and ten miles south of Absecom, Mr. Brown," said the old man.

"That places us about forty-eight miles south southeast of Barnegat, sir," replied the mate.

"Sail ho!" reported Mr. Wicks, "a small fore-and-aft rigged vessel, sir, bearing down on our weather beam." We were under full sail, wind south, southwest, blowing a stiff breeze.

We soon made out the craft to be a pilot boat, whereupon we took in our studdingsails, hauled down flying jib, clewed up the mainskysail, after which we hauled the ship up to the westward and stood for him. Just before meeting each other we clewed up the mainsail.

"Hard down your wheel, light up head-sheets, back the main-yard," shouted the captain.

In a few minutes the pilot boat rounded up under our lee and launched a boat, and in another minute or two a New York pilot climbed up the ship's side. "Hard up your helm," he ordered on reaching the deck, "trim down head-sheets, fill away the maintopsail and board the main tack."

While these orders were being executed, Captain Benjamin and the pilot exchanged salutations. "Where are we at, sir?" asked the old man.

"In the latitude of Great Egg Harbor, twenty miles off shore, sir," answered the pilot, "keep her northwest by west," he ordered.

"Northwest by west, sir," answered the man at the wheel.

"Captain, I intend to make the land, sir, as soon as possible, and stand well in shore. The wind is likely to burst out on us from the northward at any time."

"What's the news, pilot, how about the war?" inquired Mr. Brown.

"Oh, we are killing each other off down South by the thousands," he answered, "you are mighty lucky you did not get picked up by a privateer." He then distributed some New York Heralds among the officers and crew. I took one of the papers and hastened to communicate with Mrs. Benjamin.

"We have a New York pilot, ma'am, at last. We'll be in by tomorrow morning, he thinks. He says the war is just awful. People being killed by the thousands," I rattled on, much excited. "I have a paper, shall I read all the news for you, ma'am?"

"I am glad that we have a pilot, Jack, but the war is too terrible to think of, you need not read about it just now," replied Mrs. Benjamin, quietly.

At eight bells, that evening, we were eighteen miles south of Barnegat, wind dead aft and rather light. We had our maintopmast, topgallant and four lower studding-sails set on either side with the mainsail clewed up, making from eight to nine knots.

"I will anchor the 'Two Sisters' at quarantine before morning, captain, if nothing happens," said the pilot.

But something did happen; at ten P. M. all hands were called on deck to shorten sail, we had reached as far north as Barnegat, when suddenly the wind burst out from the north striking the "Two Sisters" flat aback. In five minutes it was blowing a gale; we were in great danger

of losing some of our spars. After getting our studding-sails in we manned the port fore braces and starboard main braces and braced the yards sharp up. In the meantime, as the ship was making stern way rapidly, the helm was cast hard to the starboard, we then hauled the spanker-boom hard over to the port and trimmed the headsails down with the port-sheets.

While the ship was veering to the eastward we took in the skysail, royals and upperstaysails. As soon as we had filled away on the port tack, we braced the head yards around, and when we had gathered headway, changed the wheel and trimmed down the head-sheets; then we took in topgallantsails, mizzentopsail, hauled down flying-jib and maintopmaststaysail, then boarded the main tack. We were then standing off shore.

At four A M., the following morning, the wind having moderated and veered to the eastward, we tacked ship, and at daylight the weather clearing up, made all sail and stood for the Sandy Hook lightship, distance about fifty miles.

"Having a 'dry easter,' captain," said the pilot, as the sun made his appearance all bright and glorious, "we can pick up a tug off the Hook, sir, if you wish to tow up the bay."

"Don't know about it, Pilot, charging war prices, I suppose," intimated the old man.

"War prices have not struck us very heavy yet, sir," replied the pilot, "but, no doubt, they will e'er long; they'll charge from forty to fifty dollars to take us up."

Mrs. Benjamin and I talked the situation all over that morning. It proved to be the last lengthy conversation we ever had with each other. "We will reach Sandy

Hook by noon, ma'am, and I think that the captain will then take a tug and if he does the pilot says you can land at the city about four o'clock this afternoon," I reported eagerly. "Do you expect to get on deck, ma'am, while we are going up the lower bay?" I asked.

"No, Jack, the surrounding scenery is quite familiar to me as I have passed out and in this harbor several times. I think it will be better for me to keep my berth until after passing quarantine, then I shall make my toilet for the last time, perhaps, on board the 'Two Sisters.' Jack, we will probably never be shipmates again, you have been a good boy and a help to me in many, many ways. When I meet your mother I can tell her something about you which I am sure will please her."

"I am very thankful, ma'am," I replied, "for all the things which you have taught me, for all your kind words and for the very many times that you have helped me, especially during Mr. Stover's administration. I'm sure that I shall never forget them, ma'am."

"Well, Jack, I am glad if I have been a help to you in any way during the last three years. So far as our duties toward each other are concerned, the voyage has been a pleasant one," replied Mrs. Benjamin, "I will excuse you now, Jack, you may go on deck, only report to me occasionally how things are going on."

I was glad to get on deck, as we were meeting and passing vessels every few minutes. The lightship and Sandy Hook were in full view. At twelve-thirty P. M., when about two miles and a half west by south of the lightship, a tug rounded up along side.

"Do you want a tow, captain?" shouted the skipper.

"For how much?" called out the old man.

"I will anchor you off the Battery for fifty dollars," he answered.

"Can't pay it," said Captain Benjamin, "I have very tight owners."

"Who are your owners?" asked the skipper. We then run up our company's flag to the main truck.

As the crafty skipper discerned the flag he shouted, "Good-bye, captain," and steamed ahead. That was only a little bluff of his, however, for in a few minutes he slowed down, and as we came up alongside of him he offered to take hold of us for forty dollars.

"I'll give you thirty-five dollars and furnish the hawser," replied the old man, the wind being rather light, a tug was much to be desired.

"It's a big fall, captain, but I'll take it, stand by with your line," he shouted. As soon as we were taken in tow, all the sails were taken in and being in good condition, the work of unbending then progressed as rapidly as possible. I reported to Mrs. Benjamin all the recent events.

"I am glad, Jack, that we have secured a tug," she said, "now we will soon surprise our dear ones at home."

Just then the captain entered the after-cabin. "Mrs. Benjamin, we are on the home stretch at last," he said. "You can prepare to go ashore. We probably will land about four o'clock. Jack is here to help you, and if you need any assistance, let me know."

"Thank you, captain," she replied, "Jack and I can make all the necessary preparations. In the first place, Jack, you can get out my trunk and valise; we will take what I need for the next few days, and you may place them in the valise, and the rest of my things you may pack in the trunk. You know where all the curios are, a

part of them are for the captain's folk and the rest for mine. They are all labeled. If I should not come on board again, Captain Benjamin will look out for them." After I had finished packing and strapping the trunk, Mrs. Benjamin asked me to go on deck to see where we were. I was surprised to find that we had passed Fort Wadsworth and were rapidly nearing quarantine. I immediately reported.

"The captain says, ma'am, that the doctor will board us in a short time and will probably come into the cabin to see you. The 'Two Sisters' looks very strange aloft," I said, "all of the light sails have been sent down and the men are now unbending the courses and topsails."

"Jack, you may go and watch for the quarantine officer," said she, "and as soon as he arrives let me know."

As I went on deck the tug had just slowed down; a gangway ladder was placed in position, and in a few minutes the officer came up the ship's side. As soon as he and the old man had exchanged salutations, and all the crew accounted for, he requested to see Mrs. Benjamin. I then hastened and reported to her that the doctor was inquiring about her.

"He is a very pleasant appearing gentleman, besides, the captain will accompany him into the cabin."

"Then I will excuse you, Jack, for the present," she said.

As the doctor was leaving the ship, I overheard him remark to the old man, "Captain, you are very fortunate in bringing your wife into port alive."

"Is there anything that you can prescribe, doctor?" asked the captain.

"A change of surroundings would be beneficial to her, sir, for a time," he replied. As the officer shoved off and they pulled away, Captain Benjamin repeated in an undertone, "For a time, only for a short time," then he turned and went below.

I then turned to and took a little part in the hurry and bustle on deck. Leather tags had been prepared, and I was set at work tagging sails after they had been tied up. Also coils of running rigging and some of the chafing gear.

After passing Bedlow's Island, and when Castle Williams on Governor's Island was on our starboard beam, several boarding house runners boarded us. Each of them had a bottle of whiskey. As they were advertising their respective houses, they turned to and worked with the men, treating them often. Bob, Johnson, Frank and the cook, however, would not drink, which fact offended the land sharks and a fight ensued. They were compelled to retreat to their boats, threatening dire vengeance as they rowed off. During the fight I was struck on the right shoulder with a belaying pin which one of them threw. The missile was aimed at Bob, I simply got in its way. The captain having come on deck, I was ordered below. I reported to Mrs. Benjamin what was going on and about the fight.

"Jack, you have always been very good in keeping me posted of all the happenings on deck, and I am glad to know that some of our crew are temperance men," she said, "but please don't mention the disturbance any more for the present."

Just then we heard the order given, "Stand by the starboard anchor," and in a few moments the pilot

shouted, "Let go." As the chain rattled through the hawse pipes I was thrilled with joyful anticipation.

"We have heard that sound many times while in China and Japan, but it has a different meaning for us now," remarked Mrs. Benjamin.

"Well, we have arrived at last, Mrs. Benjamin, after one hundred and fifty-three days at sea, and are anchored in the North River, close off the Battery," said the old man, as he came below. "I have a boat already alongside, and as soon as I can gather up the ship's papers, if you are ready, we will disembark."

"It is the twenty-third day of September, which makes just three years since we sailed from New York, captain, and I do thank our Heavenly Father for our safe arrival," replied Mrs. Benjamin. "I am all ready, sir," she said, after I had adjusted her rubbers.

"Take good care of everything, Jack, I shall be on board after the ship is docked," said Captain Benjamin. "Aye, aye, sir," I answered.

Mrs. Benjamin then took his arm and they proceeded on deck. I followed with a large chair. After she was seated at the gangway the officers and crew gathered around her to say farewell.

"We have had a long, but pleasant voyage together, shipmates, I thank you all for your services," she said.

A single purchase had been sent up to the starboard mainyard arm; as it was being adjusted to Mrs. Benjamin's chair, she bade me good-bye, saying: "Captain, how will Jack find his mother?" These were the last words that I ever heard her utter.

"I'll find his mother, all right," answered the old man. Mrs. Benjamin was then carefully hoisted over the ship's side and lowered into the boat.

"You may look for a tug, Mr. Brown, the first thing tomorrow morning," said the captain. "Aye, aye, sir," replied the mate. The boat was then rowed away for the landing.

The work of stowing away the sails, unreeving running rigging and stopping it up, sending down studdingsail-booms and chafing gear went on rapidly. By sundown the "Two Sisters" looked trim and neat as a pin. That evening, while seated alone on the bobby hatch, musing over the voyage just ended, I thought of my mother and of her piercing cry of anguish when she last saw me from the deck of the towboat off Sandy Hook, and how glad she would be to see her boy again. I wondered if all the loved ones left at home were alive and well.

During the afternoon we saw some magnificent looking clipper ships on their way out to sea. A number of warships were anchored near by, lofty and majestic in appearance; river crafts, some of them real floating palaces were continually passing to and fro. Along the water front of the great city at even-tide much activity was displayed. As I thus meditated, I heard, in fancy, the "Two Sisters" thus soliloquizing:

I carried thee across the sea,
And brought thee back over the oceans,
Yet no one praises me.
Through hurricanes and calms,
In safety I have brought thee,
And now my anchor is cast,
My sails are furled, my voyage is past,
But nobody praises me.

Quickly I answered, in thought:

Well done, gallant bark, faithful and brave.
Thou didst carry us across the oceans,
And brought us back over the wave,
In hurricanes and calms,
Safely thou hast brought us through,
And now thy anchor is cast.
Thy sails are furled, thy voyage past,
I will praise thee, "Two Sisters," staunch and true.

Conclusion

On the following morning after rigging in the jib-boom, and stopping up the headgear, a tug boat came alongside. The "Two Sisters" was then docked in Catherine Slip, just below the ferry, and the captain came on board.

"Jack, your mother is not living in the city," he said, "as near as I can learn she has removed to her home at Setauket. You can go up home on Saturday, and if you wish, you may come down again on the following Monday and keep ship for a few weeks."

"All right, sir," I answered, "if all is well at home, I will be glad to do it."

All hands were paid off before noon, and had quit the ship, excepting the first mate and myself. Mr. Brown remained by the "Two Sisters" until the cargo was discharged. I saw Bob and the cook once, after that day, but I never again met any member of the crews we had had during the whole three years.

In the afternoon a lady relative of Mrs. Benjamin came on board and took charge of her things, and they were all taken ashore. The lady asked me many questions of the voyage and about Mrs. Benjamin. "Has Mrs. Benjamin gone to Setauket, ma'am?" I asked.

"No, Jack, she is at a friend's house a few miles out of the city, and will remain there for a few days before going to her own home. She is very weak at present," said the lady.

"Tell her, ma'am, I trust that she will soon be much better, that the 'Two Sisters' seems likes a different vessel without her mistress," I replied.

"Jack," said Mr. Brown, that evening, after a night watchman had been duly installed. "I am going over to Jersey City to meet a friend, and if you like, you may coast along with me as far as Broadway."

"All right, sir," I answered, and in a few minutes we were under way heading for the great thoroughfare of the metropolis.

"Now, Jack, keep your ears and your eyes open," said the mate, "so that you can run back to the ship in the same channel."

"Aye, aye, sir, I can make the ship all right," I answered, with much confidence.

As we sailed on, Mr. Brown pointed out the different points of interest, and, after reaching Broadway, he ordered me to wear ship and stand for Catherine Ferry.

"Good night, Jack," he said, "I'll be aboard the first thing in the morning." "So long, sir," I answered.

I wore ship as I was ordered; but as all the surroundings were bright and gay I hove to for awhile. "Where are we at?" I ventured to ask a chap who had just hailed me. The stranger appeared to be all right, but his rig looked suspicious.

"Why, we are on the Bowery, young fellow, where are you from?" he inquired blandly. "From China," I replied.

"Ha, ha, I thought you were a sailor boy, brave fellow," he said, endeavoring to flatter me, "come along with me, my hearty, and I'll show you some of the sights."

"I'm not out for a lark, tonight," I answered firmly.

Immediately he revealed his cloven foot: "Yese better git out of this place thin, I'm tellin' ye," he ejaculated, as he kept off. I then filled away and stood off and on, under lower sails, locating myself now and then.

As there were so many gallant crafts in sight and so much to attract my attention; before I knew it, it was eight bells, midnight. I then made all sail and kept away for my anchorage. I soon discovered that I was off my soundings. Then I hailed an officer.

"I have lost my reckoning, sir, where am I at?" I asked.

"Where are you bound?" he inquired. "Catherine Ferry, sir," I replied.

"Catherine Ferry, eh," he said. "Well, you keep off and run down four blocks, then starboard your helm, and go ahead four blocks more, which will lead you to the street you're looking for. Then port your wheel and run for the ferry."

"Aye, aye, sir," I answered, and proceeded.

As the weather began to thicken up and the wind increased to a gale, I soon became all mixed with my course and distance. I continued carrying sail, however, but couldn't make out anything except tall buildings and long streets. After sailing on and on for about two hours I became disabled and taking in all sail I came to anchor on somebody's front steps. As I was very weary I turned in, as it were, and soon fell asleep. It must have been about five A. M. when I was rudely awakened by two policemen.

"Hello, what are you doing here? Get up out of this."

"I am lost, sir," I stammered, soon as I could pull myself together.

"Ye's lost, are ye, faith, it's the loikes of yese that wese after lookin' for," said one of the cops.

After searching me and finding nothing suspicious, the other officer questioned me. "Where do you belong, and what are you doing up here, and where are you trying to get to?"

"I belong to the clipper-bark 'Two Sisters,' just in from China, sir, we docked near Catherine Ferry yesterday morning, and I am trying to find my ship," I replied.

"He isn't one of the toughs that we are looking for, Pat," said the officer. "His language, dress, and his whole make-up proves that fact. Come along with me, young fellow, I'll put you in the right channel."

So I got under way, and after making about a quarter of a mile my pilot hailed one of the tenders belonging to the belt line, showing a red light. "Let this chap off at Catherine Slip," ordered the cop, as I boarded the craft.

"All right, sir," answered the officer in charge, and pulled the signal to go ahead. My capital consisted of five cents, which, for the time being had been deposited between my teeth. When the purser came round for my passage money it was so defaced that he would not accept it. As he picked me up in distress, however, I was carried to my destination. Sure enough, there was the "Two Sisters" looming up in the darkness, truly she appeared like home to me.

"Hello, Jack, out all night, eh?" said the watchman as I stepped on deck.

"Got lost, sir," I replied, endeavoring to explain.

"Got lost, eh," he ejaculated, "tell that to the marines."

I made him no answer, but hastened to my berth, recalling the old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." I turned out a little before seven, after a refreshing nap.

Mr. Brown came on board and also the stevedores: As the hatches had been previously surveyed, the work of discharging began at once. While Mr. Brown was taking account of cargo, I acted as substitute for second mate, having charge of the cabin and looking out for everything about decks. I said nothing about my experience of the previous night, and as the watchman did not consider it any of his business he did not mention it, to my great satisfaction.

The following day being Saturday, was a great day for me and the loved ones at home. I had heard old tars remark that going into port, especially home port, was the brightest spot in a sailor's career. "And here I am," I thought, "not only in a home port, but actually on the way to my own home." I boarded the steamer "Ocean Wave," at nine A. M., and in a few minutes we were steaming up the East River for Long Island Sound. After passing some very picturesque and beautiful scenery on either side, we reached Fort Schuyler, which we passed on our port hand, and stood for the entrance to the sound, between Execution Rock and Sands Point, which we rounded on our starboard hand.

My home lay about thirty-eight miles to the eastward, on the Long Island shore, a little to the east of Old Field Point. It was a bright day, and the sound was as calm and smooth as a sea of glass. Some of the passengers thought it was altogether too smooth, some rough water, they argued, would make the trip more interesting.

"Everything is so quiet and monotonous," exclaimed a dandy-looking chap who was lounging about the promenade deck in company with a young lady, apparently his sweetheart. Wishing to impart some nautical information to the young couple I rounded up alongside of them.

"Excuse me, sir," I said apologetically, "I have just arrived from China, and can stand as much rough water as anyone on board, but the smoother it is the better for this craft, sir, and for all concerned, and as we are making the very best time possible toward our destination, I think that we had better let well enough alone."

They did not appear to be in any special need of my experience, however, or my company, as they were otherwise engaged. I then kept off and went down into the main saloon. I met there several ladies and gentlemen who knew me, but I did not recognize any of them until they made themselves known. They gathered about me and asked all manner of questions about my voyage. We had a pleasant and enjoyable trip down the sound, and in due time we made the first landing at a little village about four miles west of my home.

Just before reaching the landing the channel became very narrow and the tide was running flood very swiftly. The skipper handled his craft very skilfully, however, and tied up to the wharf as easily as you would lead a horse to the hitching post.

Now, it so happened that my brother anticipated my arrival that day. He, therefore, procured a conveyance and proceeded to the landing to meet me. Of course, I was not looking for him, as I did not intend to land there.

While I was watching the crew handling freight I noticed a young man who came on board, apparently in

search of some one; in a few moments I recognized my brother. After greeting each other, we at once headed for home. Leaving the village, our road led through thick woods for about two miles. It all appeared very beautiful to me. My brother and I, in the meantime, conversed rapidly. He was anxious to hear about China, Japan, volcanoes, typhoons, pirates, whales, flying fish and water spouts, all at once. As we journeyed on, the scenery became more and more familiar, and as we neared our home I quit talking and just simply looked about me.

I shall never forget the expression of joy on my mother's face as she met me that day at the front door of our home. Time and anxious care had left a few wrinkles upon her brow, but in appearance and affection she was the very same mother who bade me farewell off Sandy Hook three years previously. All four of us children had grown so fast we would have hardly known each other, if we had met on the street. Perhaps the most eventful time of my life was the day that I left home for the first time, and the most joyful day in all my life's history was when I returned. It was indeed a glad meeting for us all. They were very much pleased, especially my sisters, with the curios, fancy boxes and other things which I brought them.

I repeated to my mother and sisters all that I had told my brother about the voyage, and added much more. As my friends and neighbors began to call, I was kept busy answering questions. Amid all the joy and gladness of this scene, some relatives and neighbors were missing; they had passed on to the land which is brighter than day. The time passed rapidly, and on the following Monday I returned to New York to keep ship for a time.

"Hello, Jack, glad to have you back again, how is everything at home?" asked Mr. Brown, as I boarded the "Two Sisters."

"I found all my folks well, sir, and I had a pleasant visit." I then told him all about it.

"Why, Jack, that makes me feel homesick," said the mate, "but never mind, I've found a ship for Liverpool, and as soon as the 'Two Sisters' is discharged I'm off for jolly old England."

That afternoon the captain came on board for a few minutes. He reported that Mrs. Benjamin had not improved in health; that the removal from the ship to the comfortable home of her relative was not as beneficial as had been anticipated.

We finished discharging the afternoon of the fourth day of October, after which the "Two Sisters" was towed to a wharf at Hunter's Point. Mr. Brown then packed up his luggage, bade me farewell, and quit the ship. A strange sensation came over me that evening, when I fully realized that I was alone, especially as I recalled the sunshine and shadows, the storms and strife, and the very many scenes enacted on board during the voyage. It is needless to say that I was very lonesome. On the next day the brig "Yankee Blade," which belonged to the same company as the "Two Sisters" was tied up alongside. There was a young chap like myself who was keeping ship aboard the brig. We were company for each other, and spent most of our time spinning yarns about our experiences. On Monday, the seventh, the captain came on board with several friends to look about the ship. "How is Mrs. Benjamin, sir?" I inquired.

"Not any better, Jack," he answered discouragingly. "I fear that she will never reach Setauket alive."

"Mrs. Benjamin is bound for a brighter habitation than any earthly home," I ventured to suggest.

"You're right, Jack, and she will soon be there," he answered.

"Please remember me to her, sir, and say that everything is all right on board the ship."

After giving me some orders about fenders, he and his friends departed. The "Yankee Blade" was towed away on the ninth and the "Two Sisters" and I were alone again.

On Friday morning, the eleventh of October, 1861, eighteen days after our arrival, a messenger came on board leaving a note from the captain, stating that Mrs. Benjamin had passed on to her heavenly home on the tenth, at six P. M. Her remains would be taken to Setauket on the twelfth, where the last sad rites would be solemnized on the thirteenth. I was ordered to dress the ship in mourning for the following three days. I had anticipated that the sad event would soon happen, yet it came suddenly, like the outburst of a hurricane. After setting the colors at half mast there was very little for me to do save to read and meditate.

I thought of the departed one, of her holy ambitions and desires to do good which had been limited, from the human standpoint, because of physical weakness. Now that her spirit had been clothed upon with everlasting strength, the sphere of her activities was boundless, far beyond the imagination of any finite being. I was sure that our dear friend had received her new name, expressive of the Savior's love, and had heard Him say,

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Many years have passed away
Since they moored her frail bark
In the quiet churchyard on the green;
But the memory of her counsel,
Shed's a light across my path,
Daily calling me to Heaven,
Even from these earthly scenes.
When my voyage here is ended,
And I reach the eternal shore,
I shall greet her at the landing,
To go out again no more.

THE END.

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